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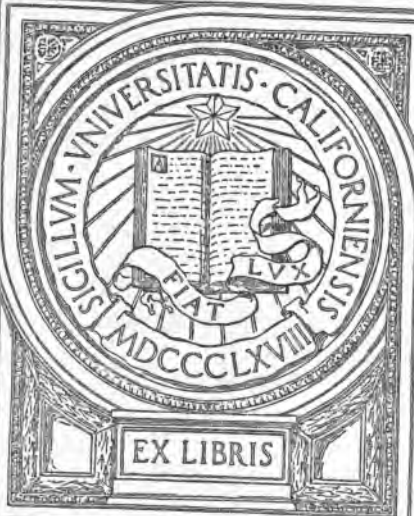
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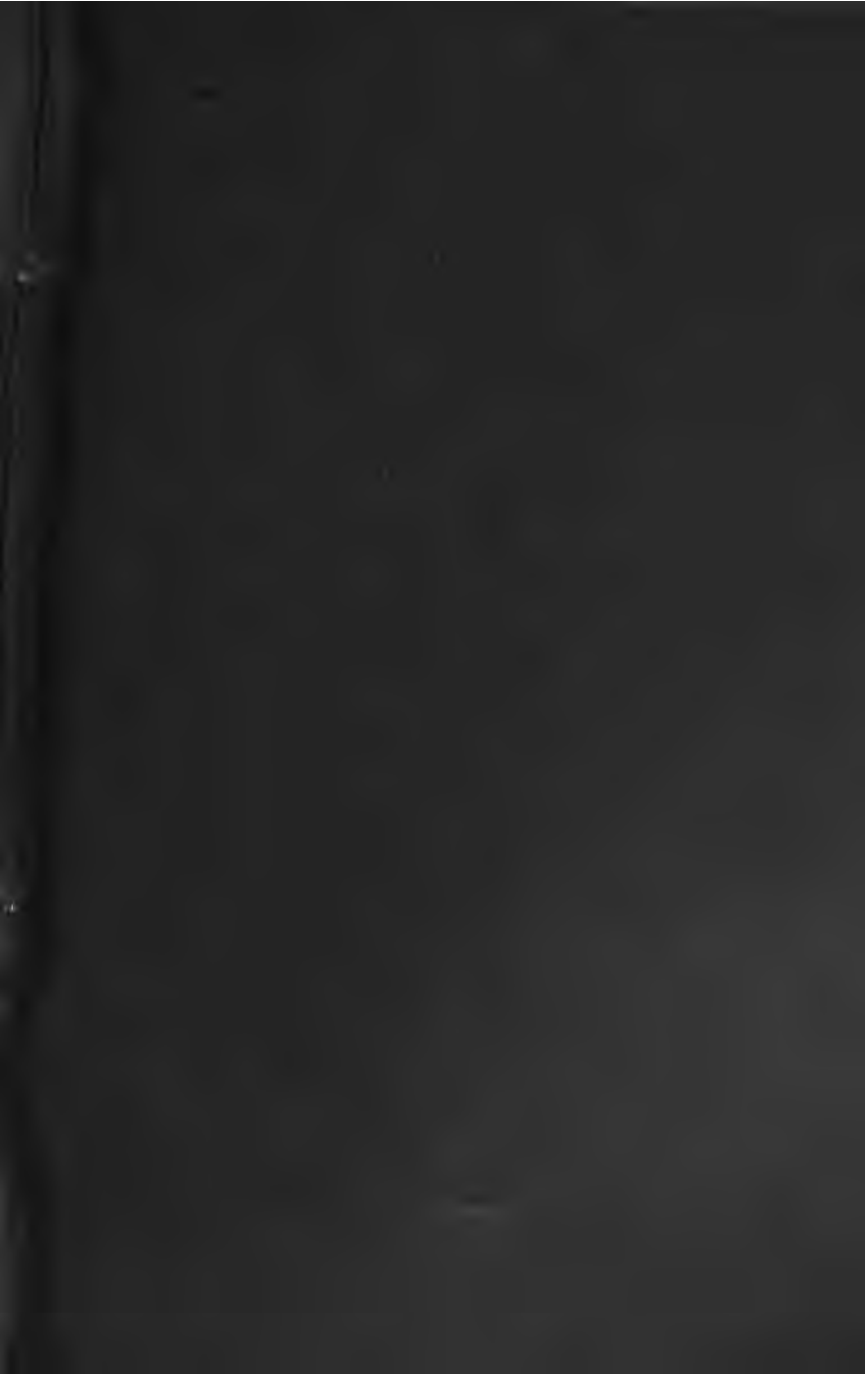


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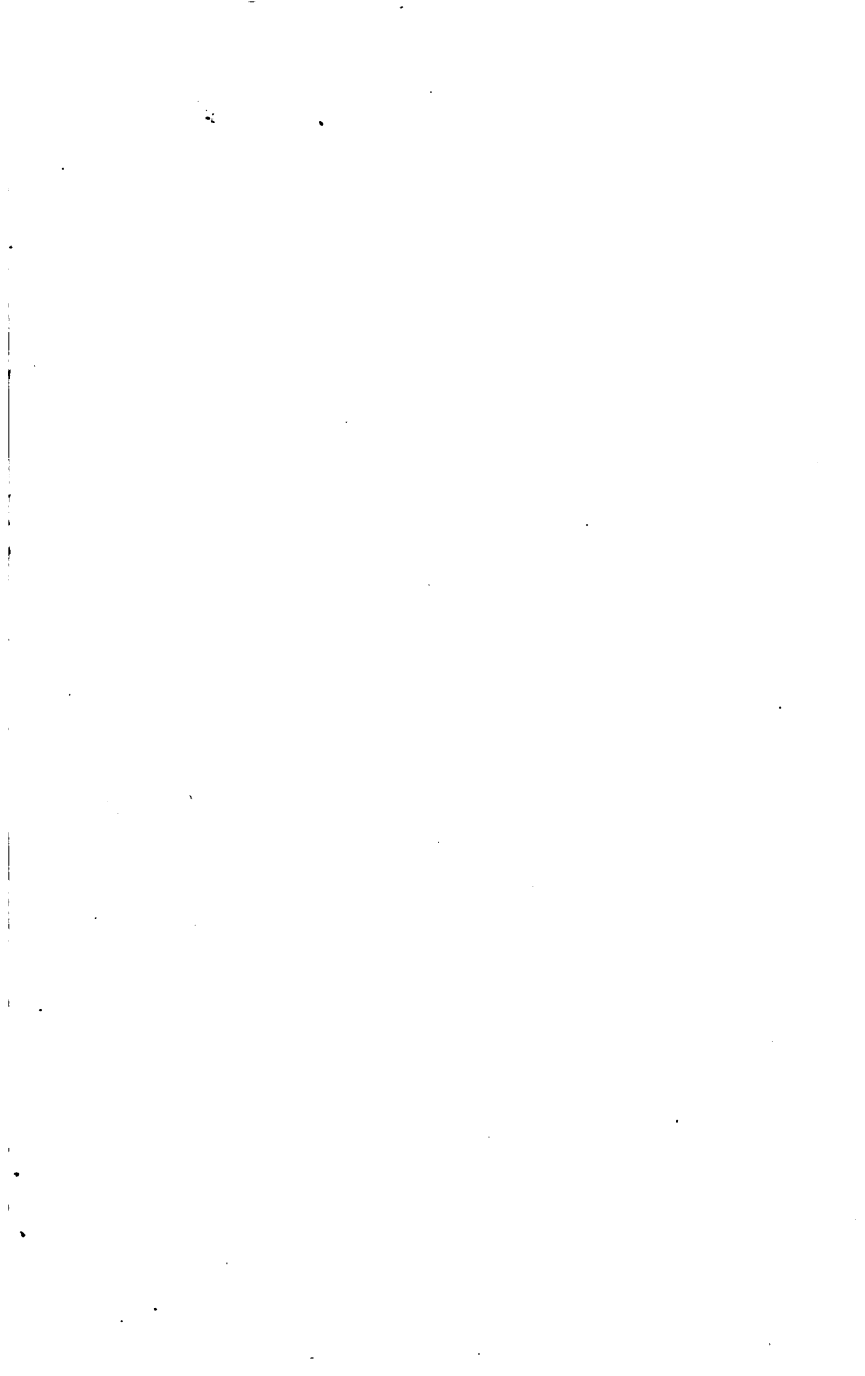


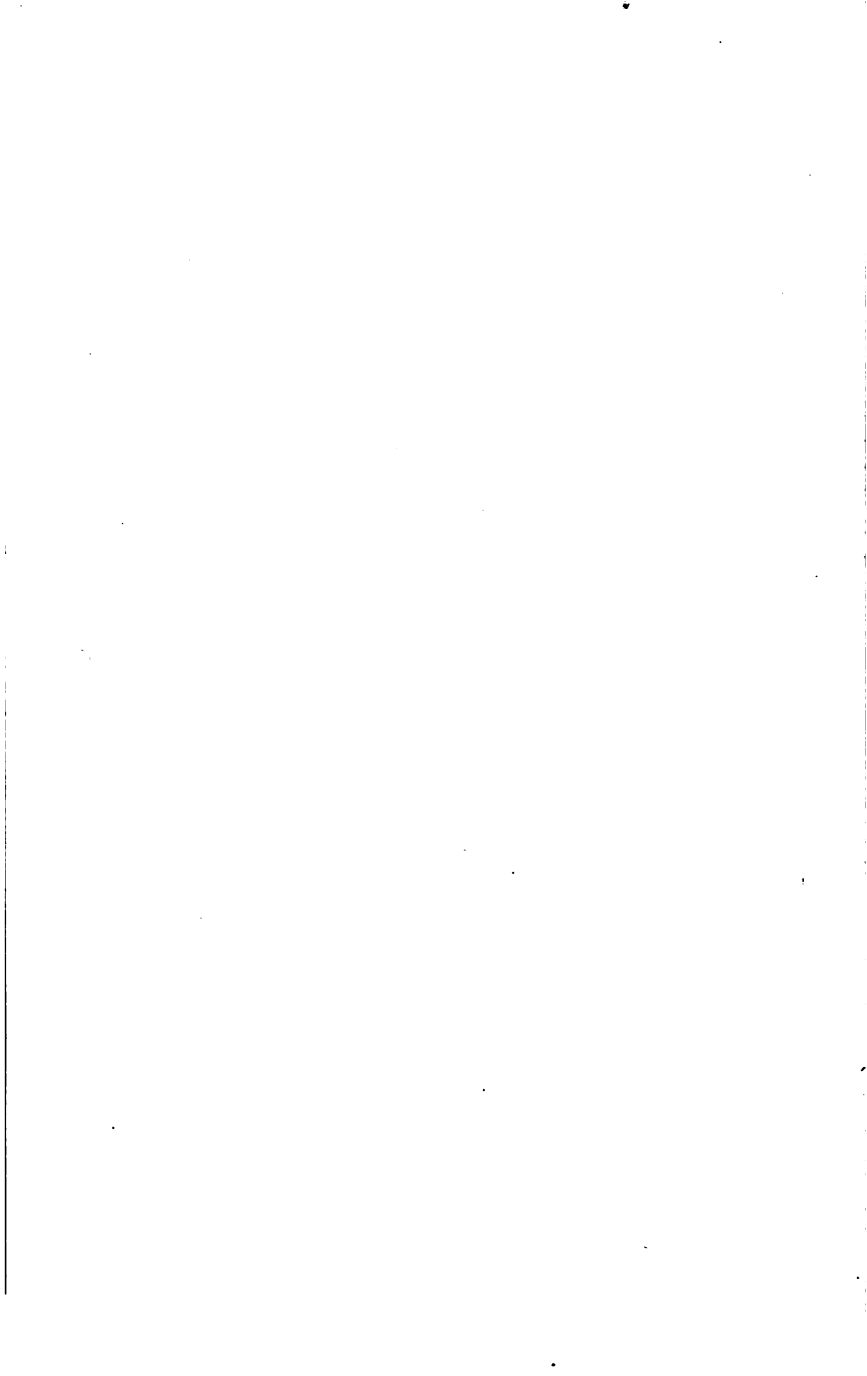
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Mrs S. O. Ragland.
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New and Practical System

OF THE CULTURE OF

VOICE AND ACTION,

AND A COMPLETE ANALYSIS OF

THE HUMAN PASSIONS,

WITH AN

APPENDIX OF READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

DESIGNED FOR

PUBLIC SPEAKERS, TEACHERS, AND STUDENTS,

BY
PROF. J. E. FROBISHER.

—————
EARNEST EXPRESSION: NOT DELICATE DECLAMATION.
—————

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KW

P R E F A C E.

HAVING been professionally engaged a number of years, as a Reader in Public, and also as a Teacher of Elocution in New York, I have frequently been consulted with reference to various works upon the subject. When a thorough investigation, a complete analysis was desired, I have heartily recommended "THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN VOICE," by Dr. RUSH; otherwise, I have suggested different text-books, according to the intentions of those making the inquiries.

At times, in the latter case, I have had misgivings as to the results of my advice; for, in none of the lesser works I have recommended, would *all* the means of vocal expression sufficiently correspond in style to those I inculcated, and it seemed to be the FORM alone that many persons PARTICULARLY desired.

Furthermore, I have needed a manual by which instruction, in a method which I claim in many respects to be new in its plan and arrangement, could be imparted more reliably than by oral means alone. I have, therefore, prepared this volume, as an *improvement* upon my former efforts, the last published five years ago, which I now send forth to accomplish what it may in the furtherance of the noble art of reading and speaking *well*.

In the following treatise I have inserted, occasionally, quotations from authors on art and painting, as well as elocu-

tion; but as, in many instances, I have *very considerably* changed their *phraseology* to adapt them to *my meaning*, I have omitted entirely the usual punctuative marks, which, if used, would be variously scattered throughout, as well as placed at the sides of the pages, and thus tend to disfigure their typographical appearance.

I have borrowed incidentally another's vehicle, making the necessary alterations, to transmit my own impressions at a smaller sacrifice of time than by contriving a means altogether original.

If the critic chooses, however, to be captious and illiberal with such an arrangement he may be so at his pleasure. With the more indulgent of mankind I sincerely hope my intentions will justify the course I have pursued.

I have drawn from numerous sources, but my chief inspiration is due to a thorough, laborious study of "*The Philosophy*" of Dr. Rush. Many of the *illustrations*, though in a *form* of my *own*, are from the above-mentioned work.

In the *practical* part of this system I have so *enlarged* upon the elements, and *mechanized* the examples, that many will doubtless pass a *hasty* judgment upon its efficacy. My *own observation* and *daily experience* satisfies me, however, that the art of elocution can be *successfully* taught *only* in some such manner as I herein suggest. I also feel satisfied that a CAREFUL STUDY and TRIAL of this system, not a MERE PERUSAL, will induce others to believe as I do.

Speaking is an ART; and in ONE sense ALL arts are *mechanical*. They have all SEEMINGLY arbitrary principles, or laws. Music, Painting, and Sculpture, have an infinitude of details; and there is no reason whatever why Elocution should be exempt from some such similar restraints, or limits, which do not ENFEEBLE art by this necessary restriction, but GUIDE

and IMPEL it in the proper direction only to INCREASE its NATURAL tendencies.

In this method I have simply done what the conjoined experiments of voice, ear, and eye, have suggested to be the BEST means of showing OTHERS how to practice by *analysis*, instead of relying on mere impulse and INSTINCTIVE unguided effort. To be sure, I have multiplied the combinations of principles in a great variety of ways, but if the student will remember that there are but FIVE great leading principles, and the object is to DEVELOPE them more successfully, he will not become alarmed at the abundance of means before him.

These FIVE principles, as enumerated by Dr. Rush, embrace EVERYTHING. They are as follows:—QUALITY, which includes the NATURAL, the FALSETTE, the WHISPERING, and the OROTUND VOICES; FORCE, which comprehends the different *stresses* &c.; QUANTITY, which refers to the TIME of syllables and PAUSES in discourse; ABRUPTNESS, the STACCATO of speech, which differs essentially from slow or rapid time; and PITCH, to which belong the SKIPS, SLIDES, and WAVES, of whole tones and semitones.

The great trouble of studying Elocution without the living teacher arises, principally, from the novitiate MISTAKING COMBINATIONS and the higher graces for the PRINCIPLES THEMSELVES, and thus becoming disheartened at the SEEMING amount of work before him. If *properly* pursued, Elocution becomes one of the most delightful of studies, and it is hoped that these pages may tend to prove it such.

The selections for reading and speaking, in the latter part of this Manual, were chosen, in most instances, because less frequently found in works of this kind. The author has only taken such old pieces, for practice with pupils, as he deemed necessary, and then endeavored, *as far as possible*, to add *new*

material, of a humorous as well as serious style, hoping thereby to suit a variety of tastes. How far he has succeeded in this attempt he leaves others to judge.

The diagram on page 88, was executed by one of the ladies of the Engraving Class of the Cooper Union.

In conclusion, the author would most heartily acknowledge the very valuable assistance of Mr. D. F. DIMON, Elocutionist, of this city.

J. E. F.

NEW YORK, *Jan. 1st*, 1867.

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CULTURE OF THE VOICE.

To one who has paid but little attention to the subject the study of Elocution seems to be a great undertaking. Much has been said, and many panegyrics have been pronounced upon the art ; indeed a vast amount has been written also upon the necessity of study and practice of elementary elocution in order to become a good reader or speaker ; and yet all that has been said and written, in both ancient and modern times, can be condensed into the very concise and limited expression—**BE NATURAL.**

Nature is harmonious, and, being governed by immutable laws, produces only sweet concords of sound and motion. When these laws are violated, discord is the inevitable result. This holds good—particularly so—in human speech. Man, when closeted from active life, engaged in the depths of philosophic pursuits and studies, becomes a passive receptacle of thought. He thus perverts and violates Nature's laws by the expansion of his mental, at the sacrifice of his vocal and physical powers.

Public speaking should be energetic in its character. The larger public spaces are to be filled with a fulness and strength of voice that comes from a more than mere every-day conversational power of expression ; and unless persons have already this character of voice, they must of *necessity*, by an elementary and persistent thorough practice, *tone up* their vocal organs requisite

to the demand, prior to any considerable effort in the use of them, or *failure will be inevitable*. Articulate words, to be heard agreeably by an audience, must be well filled and made round, with air expelled from strong, active lungs. It behooves us, therefore, in the first place, to see that the breathing apparatus is in good working order. To regulate this portion, and to see that it works easily and appropriately, should be our first effort toward improvement in this noble art. By training our lungs so that we can breathe deeply and thoroughly, and fill the very lowest air-cells in them, and thus speak with the *whole*, as it were, of ourselves and not simply with the lips and throat, we shall experience none of those distressing feelings which so harass the larger portion of our public speakers, in the shape of bronchitis and other annoying throat-diseases. The *throat* should very *rarely be used other* than as an *extended or widened passage*, straight in its direction, for breath to come up from the lungs, and thus be made a *secondary* instrument in forming articulate expression of our thoughts.

All *irritation* of the throat, as far as regards its use in public speaking, arises from the comparative *exclusiveness* of its employment, and thus making it do nearly all the work, when it should be used *merely* as an assistant.

This straining the throat, instead of energizing the voice, proves the ruin and misery of many who might, under proper cultivation, become celebrated among the gifted.

The lungs are the great means ; the throat, mouth, tongue, teeth, lips, and even the nose, only assist in forming that wonderful feature, the human voice. They would all work with comparative ease and comfort to their individual owners, from the first beam of intelli-

gence upon infantile mind, even into advanced age, were they not cramped by enervating, artificial habits. The atmosphere of ill-ventilated, over-heated school-rooms, dwellings, churches, places of business, public halls, colleges, and, in short, all sedentary pursuits, have the strongest tendency to weaken the lungs and prevent their proper action. The air breathed in such places, and under such circumstances, becomes greatly insufficient and impure ; the lack of exercise also lessens the animal heat of the body, and artificial heat is supplied and kept in the rooms with *closed doors* and *windows*, till it is breathed *over* and *over again*, and rendered fearfully poisonous and totally unfit for further use.

This weakens all parts of the system, but chiefly the lungs, and the muscles, membranes, and delicate linings of the throat. These lose their vigor, and become doubly susceptible to the slightest chafing.

Now the sooner a person learns to breathe, and learns that the air must be fresh and pure, the sooner he will feel what it is to have sound lungs and throat, and furthermore, what it is to speak at least with ease and comfort, if not with skill and elegance.

In order that the lungs and vocal apparatus may be strengthened correctly, they should first be exercised independently of language, by a series of vocal gymnastic exercises.

But, even with healthy lungs and a strong voice, there is great liability to mismanagement of the vocal powers in loud speaking ; for, when uncultivated, the voice seems inclined naturally, when energetically used, to rise to a high and piercing pitch in vociferation, making the effort extremely painful to the speaker and unpleasant to the hearer. This manner of speaking tears the sides of the throat, producing inflammation and bronchitis. In the immediate exercise it over-exhausts

the air from the lungs, causing an inward pressure and sinking of the chest, which gives rise to sharp, acute pains.

Those who speak from *pure excitement* alone, *especially novices* in the art, are most likely to affect this style. They lose all command of the voice, and make sad havoc of themselves by the *very powers* which, if cultivated to the necessary standard, would prove wonderfully effective.

How many clergymen do we see that have broken themselves down by an improper management of the lungs and voice! They have struggled on in the violence of their excitement until they have prematurely ruined themselves. By a just application of principles, they could have controlled their voices at pleasure, and made them subserve any reasonable and satisfactory demand.

Many a voice is said to be feeble because it is formed in the throat, with the least perceptible assistance of the lungs, and an improper use is made of the vocal organs. At the very time such a voice may be strong, but its power is smothered by erroneous application of means.

Demosthenes, whose voice was weak, whose articulation was defective, by a course of systematic training such as few have ever subjected themselves to, demonstrated that the practical application of the principles of this art can be learned. Cicero, even after he had attained to some eminence as a pleader, his voice being harsh, and as in high excitement he rose to a high pitch, fearing he might strain himself, applied to teachers, and even went to Asia and other places, to hear the best, and receive further instruction. The ancient orators thought the culture of the voice the matter of first importance.

Curran cultivated his powers with the utmost assiduity. His voice and utterance were naturally shrill and impeded ; or, as he remarked, *in a state of nature*. He daily read aloud, slowly and distinctly, and studiously observed and imitated skilful speakers. The success of this exercise was so complete that his greatest excellencies were the clearness of his articulation and a graduated intonation. His person was without grace or dignity, short and ill-proportioned, and to conceal these *deficiencies* he practised continually before a mirror to acquire the proper *action*. He debated questions alone, as if he were before the club. He declaimed from Junius, Milton, Shakspeare and others. By industry he rose to eminence.

Dr. Rush says, few persons are aware of the influence that loud speaking or vociferation has on the quality of the voice. It is one of the artificial modes of producing the orotund. It takes the voice from its meagre mincing about the lips, and transfers it, at least in semblance, to the back of the mouth, or to the throat. It imparts a grave fulness to its quality ; and, by creating a strength of organ, gives confidence to the speaker in his more forcible efforts, and an unhesitating facility in all the moderate exertions of speech.

When the mind is prepared by elementary and by systematic practice, the feeling which prompts expression will find the confirmed and pliant organ ready to effect a satisfactory and elegant accomplishment of its designs.

The organs of speech are capable of a certain range of exertion. To fulfil all the demands of a complete Elocution, they should be carried to the full extent of that capability. No one can read correctly or with elegance, if he does not both understand and feel what

he utters. But these are not exclusively the means of success. Sense and feeling must have a well-tempered material in the voice.

In speaking of the mental requisites for good reading, we must not overlook our frequent neglect to discriminate between strong feelings and delicate ones.

The mind, or nervous temperament, must furnish the design of Elocution; the ear must watch over the lines and coloring of its expression.

An ability to measure nicely the time, force, and pitch of sounds, is indispensable to the higher excellencies of speech. It is impossible to say how much of the musical ear, properly so called, is the result of cultivation.

The voice, for public speaking, must be **LARGER** than for conversation, and be properly proportioned. In illustration, to a certain extent, might be cited the story of the statues. A large public edifice required a statue as the crowning piece upon its loftiest tower high above the rest of its architectural designs. Orders were issued that the various sculptors of the country might compete in furnishing an appropriate figure. The day appointed at length arrived, and among the rest was a huge, rough, but well-proportioned statue, giant-like in size, which was not only rejected by the judges without deliberation, but was the ridicule of all.

The finest and most suitable of the others was then selected; it was raised aloft to the tower, but it was too small to be in keeping with the great height, and its polished surface so reflected the rays of the sun as to make it an undistinguishable mass of stone.

It was lowered to the ground, and after some hesitation it was decided at last to try the large one so rudely rejected. To the surprise of all it was none too

large, and its roughness only served to absorb the glare of the sun and to give a just and agreeable reflection to the eyes of those who gazed upon it.

Thus it is with public speaking; an ordinary voice is too small. Distance and large spaces require a large voice. As regards the application of the foregoing illustration, the voice has decidedly the advantage, for it can be cultivated to a strong sonorous condition, and be used with the utmost delicacy in conversation, and sound immeasurably richer than a puny voice, or it can be applied in the most energetic manner to public speaking, with equal facility. Its public exertion need not destroy its private delicacy.

The clear and robust sounds depend upon breathing gently; not forcing the breath, but sparing it, that the delicate muscles of the throat and palate may not be irritated, but become more elastic, and expand into an arch-like shape. Sounds are more sonorous and clear from the space they vibrate in. Thus knowing how to spare and make good use of the breath is of the greatest importance, as this gives the power of expanding and sustaining firm sounds, of sending forth the voice in the *most energetic or most delicate manner*, and so coloring every emotion the sense requires.

Sometimes early defective example places the student in a painful and embarrassing position. When his manner is formed, and the organs of speech are hardened into almost inflexible rigidity, he discovers something wrong. He then applies himself to the study of Elocution, in hope of effacing, in a few lessons, the habits, and acquiring, in a short time, the mastery of an art, which, from the union it requires of judgment, taste, and feeling with natural qualifications and mechanical skill, is, perhaps, surpassed by none in difficulty of acquisition. Discredit is thrown upon the

art, which properly belongs to the *artist*, at such a time.

He has, it is true, an arduous, though *not insuperable* task. He must retrograde and *begin* again. Let him labor steadily and perseveringly in private, but cast aside all attention to manner when in public. Let improvement be the gradual and unconscious result of previous practice. He should avoid all appearance of display, and of a puerile preference of the means to the great ends to be attained.

Elocution cannot be taught by *rules*. One is sure to employ the inflections of voice that are natural and suitable, the *shortest* and *easiest* way, if the voice is sufficiently *trained*, and the meaning *understood*. Aim *directly* at becoming a *good speaker*. When this end is attained, rules are needless.

ALL have the public voice but with most it is undeveloped. With such it requires faithful, systematic, long-continued practice.

A young man once applied to a celebrated vocalist for instruction. The agreement was that he would be received one year on condition that he would patiently, faithfully practise as he was directed. The instruction commenced on a plain but irksome exercise, which was repeated day after day without the least variation, except as to a rigid, exacting increase of skill in its execution. This continued for three, for six months, and then the pupil thought there would certainly be some change. But no; the entire year was exhausted on this one, simple, but all-efficient exercise. Now what?

The pupil agreed to another year, and to his surprise it was merely another feature for the entire twelve months. One more year of equal perseverance he was told would finish his instruction. To the utter

astonishment of the young man, another year passed with not even a new exercise, but a combination of those of the preceding years. Three years of toil had expired and he awaited the advice of the vocalist. He was told that he had received all that it was in the power of his teacher to impart as regarded the cultivation of his voice, and he was urged to go forth into the world and use it.

Thus it is with reading and speaking; the voice is first to be *formed*. It is to be strengthened by an *increased capacity* of the *lungs*, and an *acquired strong respiratory action*. Its thorough discipline must be mastered, from the *lightest whisper* to the *loudest shouting*; not with a view to actual use, but for securing a command over every degree of force and pliancy. Even in a few weeks a stentorian power can be imparted to a comparatively weak voice. This practice, if understood, is highly invigorating and enables a person to operate easily with either the lightest or the most energetic efforts.

When I speak of the capacity of the lungs, I do not mean a large chest simply, for the chest may be broad but the lungs may resemble the dried up meat of a filbert. Dumb-bells do not expand the lungs but merely enlarge their chamber. The only *true* means is by *systematic, artistic breathing*; and *hardening* the *muscles* around the *neck* by wearing the clothing sufficiently *loose* to allow the air to circulate freely around them.

It is absolutely necessary, before fluent and easy utterance, to have command over a greater quantity of air in the lungs, and to invigorate and brace up the muscles around the throat, to give them an expansive energy to admit and expel air to any degree of intensity whatever, without injurious effects.

To make speech sonorous and metallic in its character the sides must be practised to expand well with the head erect, the chest forward and the lungs kept filled. The lungs are like the bellows to an organ; for it will not emit full, musical sounds unless the bellows freely supply the air.

In reading even in a sitting posture never huddle up or bend over, but sit erect, and keep otherwise as near as possible to a standing posture.

Whether the voice is used as by a reader or not, those who value their lungs and vocal powers should attend particularly to the ventilation of their apartments, especially those in which they sleep. They should never sit or sleep in a room that is not *properly aired*. The author, even in mid winter has his windows lowered several inches, both day and night, or in some manner a door ajar, leading to another apartment or to a hall way, through which fresh air is constantly admitted.

The vocal organs become enervated and paralyzed for want of action, but a far *worse* fate awaits them if deprived of *pure air*, for then they become *diseased*.

When actually speaking do not mistake *loudness* for *intensity*. The one is merely voice or bellowing: the other is the meaning deeply imbued with the bright hues of feeling.

The orator may gesticulate with the desperation of a lunatic and shout loud enough to tear the welkin, but this is monstrous; all that is needed when the voice is strong, is earnestness. The practice of the voice is one thing; its application, very nearly another. The voice must be practised to its fullest capability to render it strong and flexible, but no one need to shout while actually speaking. He who vociferates at any time without judgment, will injure the vocal organs;

he who smothers the voice will be heard with difficulty. It must be clear and penetrating ; every stroke of the voice should be perceived, every vibration instantly apprehended.

Pure, firm, decided tones are formed only on a full, retentive breath and by a quick opening of the mouth ; like the foot promptly lifted as in marching without shuffling. Deep tones express our inmost feelings ; and it is by a perfect control, a power to *economize* the breath, that great speakers hold audiences in breathless expectation, as they alarmingly but gradually increase the volume and deepen the tones of their voices, and then delicately diminish the power to almost a mere breathing expression.

When the student has at last learned the right way he will gladly leave the tones of conversation, when in public, and set utterance free from trammels, and urge it forth in broad emphatic speaking, the only style that sways and carries along an audience.

THE SILENT PRACTICE.

The best practice is in the open air ; the next in a large hall or well-ventilated room. But if a person is so circumstanced as not to be able to practise aloud, without greatly annoying people, he can use a means, which I call the SILENT PRACTICE, by which the voice can be even skilfully improved. In this exercise he is to sufficiently intone the words to give them audibility, and by intense will and a determined inward mental and an outward physical force, *seem* to shout and gesticulate as if in the very depths of the forest or on the wild and lonely sea shore. It requires, however, rigid and exacting application ; and thus effects nearly all that may be needed. Practice of this kind

cannot be heard even by those in an adjoining room, but great skill is necessary to prevent straining even by this method. The exercise must be *gradually* and not *directly* powerful, and yet be earnest enough in its character to produce the desired results.

To equalize and divide the labor with the voice, it is advisable to pace the room in a seemingly furious manner, to gesticulate freely and lustily, with the eyes full of fire and expression; and all this, even though the whole frame be excited to a glow of enthusiasm and animation, can be done without the least disturbance to others in the immediate vicinity.

If the room is well aired, and the person deeply inflates the lungs, and concentrates his mind on the purpose, it is impossible not to derive immense benefit.

Personal experience with pupils, has demonstrated that a radically weak voice can be made strong by such a method. Breathing alone would do much toward the attainment of the end proposed, but a combination with the efforts of the body tends to facilitate the matter.

This apparently extravagant exercise is merely for practice, and it renders all the speaking powers extremely strong and pliant.

In private, the breath may be violently drawn in and as violently expelled, but in public, it must be imperceptibly supplied. The same with action; if either is obtruded it mars the expression. The public use of both should be mainly characterised by simplicity and strength.

EXPRESSION.

When the voice is prepared by elementary training, and is capable of fulfilling all demands, then public

speaking should be earnest ; not merely with a louder noise and more vehement gesture, as in practice, but with reality and sensibility. It is difficult to acquire the habits which induce that native feeling, and freshness of expression. It must be living, soul-kindling. It can be professedly cultivated, and even mechanically, but with the sincerity and earnestness of a man bent on great effects ; as of realities which he understands and feels in the very depths of his soul. This is the only means of producing what the age demands—powerful, earnest orators, and not graceful, delicate declaimers.

The simplest truths when communicated powerfully come to us warm and living from the speaker's soul. Sometimes a single sentence uttered in this manner goes deep into the hearer's heart and teaches more than could be gathered in hours from the written page. There is not an atom to spare in the works of nature, and its greatest structures are its simplest. Simplicity is the highest and the most enduring of all qualities. It is the mean of extremes and exactly answers to its end.

The orator should have his language red-hot with passion, but everything like effort should disappear ; and even the most exciting expressions should be given with a smooth, severe simplicity that is delicate as well as energetic.

The two extremes of speaking, between which is found this exact simplicity, are *rant* and *apathy*. The object of Elocution is to explain those natural principles already created, which properly control expression ; to develop and cultivate voice and feeling to the extent desired ; and to refine, not pervert nature ; and the greatest orators are those who have this art subservient to native powers. Even in the calmest and most subdued expression there should always be

evinced a great susceptibility of emotion and energy, or it will assume the character of sluggishness. In the gentlest mood, however light the feeling, to influence and move others we must ourselves be influenced and moved. In every shade of emotion persons should guard watchfully against styles—the bombastic, the theatrical, the lofty—which betray themselves by the tones of the voice failing to penetrate to the very bottom of the soul, and which are ready instantly to die away in the ear of the auditor which derives no internal animation from the effort.

Cicero says he requires not a feigned compassion, nor incentives to sorrow, but that which is real, flowing from the sighs of a wounded heart. He also remarks that commiseration ought to be of short duration, for nothing dries up sooner than a tear.

Even in pathos and emotions of pity the orator himself must not weep, but control his feelings, or the delivery is degraded.

The poet cannot see to write when his eyes are filled with tears; he must rise superior to his grief before he can sublimate his grief in song.

The artist is a master, not a slave; he wields his passion, he is not hurried along by it. He possesses and is not possessed. Art enshrines the great sadness of the world, but is itself not sad. Hazlitt says, that whatever is genuine in art must proceed from the impulse of nature and individual genius. The ideal is not the preference of that which exists only in the mind to that which is fine in nature, but to that which is less so. There is nothing fine in art but what is taken almost immediately, and as it were in the mass, from what is finer in nature. Where there have been the finest models in nature, there have been the finest works in art. In the study of this art, the

proper object, when a good foundation is laid in the voice, is the directness of one's endeavor to acquire that exacting habit which is able to exclude all that is foreign and omit nothing in expression that is essential to its just and elegant proportions.

A speaker should be *artless*, even in *vehemence*; and have a negligent air of naturalness, and yet be able to fill even plain truths with feeling. In the most exciting expressions the words must not be given so rapidly as to prevent the proper emphasis and thorough intonation of each syllable. Precipitation kills the meaning.

Sensibility will move even ordinary men to speak well at times; it is this which prompts the words that burn, but it must be genuine. It must be delicate, not tampered with; it *cannot* be *forced*. It must be an urgent thirsting for truth, a tortured mental struggling *within* for *outward* vocal life.

The voice can be cultivated to work out the feelings which are already in the soul ready to be summoned into action. It can breathe them out with a glow of animation and purpose that eventually assumes a character of reality. A few words show the presence of the orator; as with a painter the roughest sketch betrays the hand of the master. The most eloquent manner of speaking is the most easily acquired, for it is as simple as it is natural. Many overreach and work themselves up by *extraordinary* instead of *gentle* means beyond the fervid and simple style to a bombastic and frigid declamation.

The aim should be the repose, not absence of expression. Taste will refine a sufficiently cultivated voice; and sincerity, vigor, and power can never be harmonized until softened by taste.

When expression is the result of mere feeling, truth

is sacrificed for its appearance; show is mistaken for substance; and the result is violent, bizarre, capricious.

There is also great danger of overdoing the technical principles, and mere imitation is imbecility. Here imitation is used as the end instead of the corrective, the improvement and bringing out of natural powers.

To imitate, for something beyond the principles, will exalt not degrade originality.

When a pupil has once laid hold of a principle he will see where his teacher deviates, and even be able to correct him. Principles will guide also in the study of deformities for the very purpose of avoiding them.

The rules of criticism are not arbitrary. In the mind there is an innate power which only requires development to appreciate the true, and separate it from the false.

Wayward prejudices may for a time esteem even deformities as excellencies, and even take delight in distortion. Eye and ear may become the slave of habit and receive most pleasure from the peculiarities to which they have been accustomed.

Public speakers of all kinds, especially lawyers and clergymen, from the fact of their occupying high intellectual positions, have a great controlling influence over younger aspirants in the same directions.

Many speakers have faults peculiar to themselves, and they become, by their examples, the instructors of herds of worthless imitators. The youthful Demosthenes is told to watch the best (?) speakers; he copies alike both good and bad habits and the result is merely a confirmed imitation; the bad habits of course display themselves to a very disagreeable extent, as the idiosyncracies of the former do not sit well on the latter.

The only sure means is by a study of the *principles*, referring constantly to nature for their application. Nature is varied, refined, and subtle beyond retention, therefore refer to her continually; recur to her at every step and in this way *daily* renew strength. The principles of art endue nature with an air of intellect and sentiment.

If we are not natural we are repulsive. Affectation will be detected. Sometimes we put on airs when striving to be natural; this is absurd, for we ought rather to ascertain faults with a determination to remove them.

If the speaker feels the sentiment, even a bad voice will show it in every degree, for it *never* plays *false*, and there is no *substitute* for *reality*. We can seem to be real till living reality comes, and is gracefully natural. Discipline will effect this, and will awaken dormant energies to an extent little suspected by most people.

Success depends upon filling the soul with the *mighty* purpose of excelling; of shrinking from no labor that is essential to the purpose, and keeping constantly in view the reality and simplicity of nature. There should be a right-onwardness in expression; a rushing to the end, which keeps the mind awake and on the alert.

There should be a freedom from superfluousness of feeling, and a point or focus to which all should tend; everything foreign to this is ruinous, yet it should have all that is necessary to completeness.

Anxious, critical study, however, is apt, unless properly directed, to interfere with nature; for we study principles merely as such, and apply them to words merely as words, instead of cultivating the voice to bring out the meaning and feeling from those otherwise silent symbols.

The voice, from improper application, is apt to be *loud*, instead of *intense*, *dignified*, and *conversational* in tone. This makes a speaker unnatural, no matter how natural his common utterance, and he displays *himself* like an actor ; for there are so few good actors that it is generally conceded that in the mass they do display themselves to the entire neglect of the characters they vainly strive to sustain.

The ancients represented *existencies*, we the effects ; they portrayed the *terrible*, we *terribly*. Hence our exaggeration, mannerism, *false* grace, and excess. *For when we strive after effect we never think we can be effective enough.*

Feeling cannot be expressed by words alone, or even by tones of voice ; but by the flash on the cheek, the look of the eye, the contracted brow, the compressed lip, the heaving breast, trembling frame, rigid muscle, the general bearing of the whole body.

A slight movement of the head, a turn of the hand, a judicious pause or interruption of gesture, or change of position of the feet, often illuminates the meaning of a passage and sends it glowing into the understanding ; and yet, there are times when even the wonders of the eye will lose much of their charm, if not supported by the still more imposing organ of the voice.

We are told by an author that it made the blood run cold and the hair to almost stand on end to hear Edward Irving read the 137th Psalm, in the old Scotch version, (see Contents,) and it was the richest treat to hear him repeat the Lord's Prayer.

Mr. Windham, after hearing Pitt, walked home lost in amazement at the compass of human eloquence. But even Pitt writhed under the eloquence of Sheridan. On one occasion the House was adjourned, so as not to decide a question under the influence of such *powerful* eloquence.

Discipline must be preparatory and private ; must consist in practice of action, in loud reading and speaking, till all the excellencies of a good elocution become part of one's nature. (Nor will it be as long as we may have supposed, before we begin to experience these results.) Then we shall, as though they were gifts of nature, carry them into general use. Our private training will bring the graces imperceptibly into our public action, and all our defects will be gradually supplanted by them. Thus may we learn to speak by principles, yet we never need be embarrassed by them.

With a competent teacher, the learner may *aim directly* at great excellence. Avoid bad habits and awkward restraints ; thus, indirectly, the beauties and graces will ensue.

When, at last, through severe labor, and patient, assiduous toil, the powers are capable of exemplifying the sublime in oratory, the mind is so overpowered and taken such possession of that no room is left for minute details ; and the more intense the man's intellectual and emotional life becomes at the same time, the more he demands those effects which call forth such harmonious energizing of the soul, and constitute the highest luxury of expression.

READING.—The only difference between Reading and Speaking is in the degrees of force by which the principles are applied. Reading is necessarily more restrained than Speaking, but it is advisable to cultivate acute susceptibility in both.

Reading should have a dramatic character, which is not of necessity stage-like. Animated, earnest, expressive reading is not theatrical. It is like the conversation of an *earnest* person *thinking to himself aloud* ; and if one far-fetched, over-done expression is given the charm is gone.

It will be far removed from artificial or reading tones, and, though natural, will be superior to the familiar tones of conversation.

Dr. Rush says, that to read as we talk—that is, naturally and with expression—is an excellent rule ; but if our natural manner or accent be faulty, we should endeavor to correct rather than imitate it.

In this art a vulgar ear may perceive defects in the finest examples, but it takes a high degree of culture to really appreciate excellencies.

We should read slowly and distinctly, with the same pains that we take in talking ; so that if another were listening he would think we were talking instead of reading. In public we simply increase the power of this same manner. Reading is merely speaking what one sees in a book, just as he would express his own ideas as they flow in conversation ; and no one reads well until he does it in this natural way. Children read like parrots, for they never understand what they read ; they merely pronounce the words.

Pay no attention to the voice in public, but dwell intently on the sense, trusting all the rest to nature and prior practice for tones, emphasis, and inflections.

He who understands and fully feels, who earnestly occupies his mind with the matter, and is exclusively absorbed with that feeling, will be likely to communicate the same impression to his hearers. But this cannot be the case if he is occupied with the thought of what their opinion will be of his reading, and how his voice ought to be regulated ; if, in short, he is thinking of himself, and of course thus detracts his attention from that by which it should be altogether occupied.

In reading the Scriptures, or similar composition, we should use great judgment. The sentiments in such are not intended to appear as our own. In such ex-

ceptions pay close attention to the meaning, and leave the utterance to nature.

As you read reason out the language particular by particular, and yet do not give a feeble catalogue of terms, for that weakens the force. Do not be *too precise*, and yet have everything accurate.

The sense should be studied thoroughly, by attention to the various positions of the verbs and their nominatives, especially: then to the conjunctions, relative pronouns, adverbs, and prepositions, as being the next most important parts of speech.

By these particulars learn to grasp each period, and from them pass to paragraphs, until you can master the comprehensive whole of all the matter before you, and thus give the ruling passion or prevailing sentiment. By this method the mind can be assisted in holding the periods together, as the particulars are understood, by the tones of voice, gestures, looks of the eye, and a gentle swaying of the body. After the periods are formed, it is a very simple operation to unite them into paragraphs, and finally, by a similar but less intricate process, to combine them all together in one perfect whole. All can be summed up in a few words. At the outset, a person has so much to read; and he must present each part as belonging intimately to what may have gone before and what is to follow. The smoother and less fragmentary and disjointed the effort appears, the more agreeable will it be to both hearer and reader. It differs very essentially from the "*pumping process*."

Each part of a statue is carefully and accurately wrought out as belonging to a whole. In its appearance as a figure we see a perfect unity, and yet each detail will bear the closest scrutiny. In a painting we observe the same effects; all the parts form the pic-

ture. Disjoin the one, or rend the other, and we have only the fragments and the pieces.

So it is with reading; each word was written with a view to some other word, each period to another period, and yet everything with an idea to a whole, and as such should all be read.

Every part of the subject, to its minutest detail, should be given, and the unity of the whole be preserved unbroken. If a man has no enthusiasm, however, all will avail him nothing, for *rules* will be only *rules* to him, and he will display the words obtrusively, coldly, and unfeelingly.

When terrible or lofty feelings are pent up in the soul, then is a proper time to look within and carefully study those emotions—to be auditor, as it were, to them, to yourself.

Habits of this kind will enable you, when you understand thoroughly the meaning, to *commune* with and study the appropriate expression.

POETRY should be read very nearly like prose; and whatever pauses are made as to the melody alone, especially at the end of every line, should be of the suspensive kind denoting a continuation of the sense; this prevents that abominable sing-song style so common among cultivated persons, but not correct readers.

The reader should not dwell on the rhymes, but read them smoothly, aiming at the sense, and preserving just enough of the melody to distinguish the poetry from prose. Great skill and frequent practice are required to enable a person to read blank verse correctly.

PERSONATION.

Dialogues are excellent for practice, as, in reading them, the voice must frequently be changed in its tones

to represent the different persons ; and furthermore, the reading of them very nearly resembles ordinary conversation, or natural expression, and thus an interest is awakened.

In this style of reading, in public, as a general rule, the face must be turned a little aside, presenting to the audience only about a three-quarter's view, while the chest is kept directly to the front.

Each time a change of character occurs, the reader must so change his voice, his position, and direction of face, as to keep before the hearer a distinct picture of the entire group.

The face must be alternated according to circumstances, so as to show its right or left side to the audience ; and also regulated as to the distance it shall turn.

The face must *not front* the audience, nor be turned at exactly right angles from them, but have a direction between these extremes, in a general relationship with the characters represented.

But, above everything else, see that the chest has a *full front* to the auditors ; *never* turn the *side* to them if it can be helped, and what is far *worse*, the *back*. The audience wish to *see* the *face* and *chest*, not the *side* and *back* of the reader.

It is a difficult study to represent truthfully various men and women, both old and young. The author would recommend, as a practice, first to analyze each character by itself, as regards the tones of the voice, or the peculiarities of expression that may belong to the person represented. In the meantime, the last lines of each character that directly precedes it can be given, if desired, to assist the appearance of conversation with another.

In the recitation of poetry combining description

and colloquy, the descriptive parts, even to the minutest details, should be given directly to the audience.

Each word of either character is given as in dialogue, with the face partly turned from the audience, as though no one but yourself and the *seeming* characters were present, and yet with the full impression that they hear and thoroughly understand the sentiments, as if delivered directly to them.

The following will illustrate this style:—

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—" This to me," he said ;
" An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head."

All except what Marmion is made to utter should be delivered directly to the audience ; but the instant he is represented as speaking, the voice should change, and the head turn to an angle from the hearers ; to represent him as talking to Douglas ; but the words " he said," should be given with the face to the front again, and *immediately*, in continuing the colloquy, the angle should be resumed as before.

When two or more persons read or speak in dialogue they should feel the sentiments, listen to the language, and look at each other, as in earnest conversation. Each speaker should be interested in all that is said. This gives it an air of reality, and brings out the full meaning.

Shakspeare furnishes the best examples for practice in pure dialogue ; Milton (*Paradise Lost*) for lofty description and colloquy combined.

The practice of humorous description, and also amusing dialogue are by no means to be neglected, as their exercise is still more naturalizing in its effects, if not degraded into buffoonery, than any other means.

The practice of the lighter kinds of expression, embracing wit, especially in the form of satire and irony, gives one a greater ease and confidence in the grander flights of fancy and imagination, as it takes away the tendency to rigidity and mock solemnity, so likely to be induced by reading the sober and dignified styles of language.

Garriek, the great tragedian, was admirable in comedy, and even in farce. Daniel Webster, with all his profundity, Henry Clay, with all his skill, were both remarkable for their wonderful powers of mimicry, and either could "set the table in a roar."

Shakspeare excelled in writing comedy as well as tragedy ; he courted the comic as well as the tragic muse ; and in the midst of the highest tragedy he gives us the lowest comedy.

He puts the crazed King Lear and the Fool out in the same terrible storm ; and in Hamlet he gives us the unhappy Prince and the witty grave-diggers, even amidst the solemnities of burial, in jocular repartee.

Our best and most successful orators are those who are witty as well as wise. Their finest arguments are set off with illustrations of the most diverting and amusing character.

The young are too frequently discouraged in their attempts at wit, or in the recitation of humorous selections, from the fear of contracting light and frivolous habits. But this is wrong and highly injudicious.

To be a *well*-balanced, not a *one*-sided orator, a person should have an unerring command over expressions of both wit and gravity. *Dry-as-dust* oratory is not for the *present* age.

ACTION.

Action is infinitely various, and requires to be well set off by great propriety of motion, by study and minuteness in the disposition of the body. Awkward attitudes and gestures detract the mind from the matter to the manner.

As it is in reading with expression, so the basis of real effective action is *real* feeling. So important is this that it will compensate defects; but there is no incongruity between feeling and the highest grace in action. When the feelings are truly enlisted these graces will increase their power, for they will come spontaneously from previous practice.

Even in pausing, the speaker should retain the expression, attitude and action, for they fill the chasm as though more were coming. By suspending the voice and changing to silence, the attention is arrested, and it seems as though nature were dictating; as though the speaker were reflecting. Cicero says, that the boat moves on from its momentum after the rowers have ceased their efforts.

In highly dramatic styles of language, attitudes are ravishing when graceful, appropriate, and occasional; but disgusting when crowded and awkward.

It is highly improper to get ready to start, in a passion. In nature sudden terror has no action of its own, but rivets us to the posture we are in; or at most averts the head from, or projects the arm against the object.

There should be no anticipation of sprawling, jerking, or distortion. In reading Shakspeare's Hamlet, for example, it is outrageous to make preparation to boldly stare the ghost in the face. It would be far

better for the reader to forget for a moment his own power a little, and think of the shadow.

The graces of gesture and action are simplicity, smoothness, and variety. They consist in changing from one position to another in the free, untrammelled movements of the ductile limbs, added to general symmetry and harmony; but before variety of grace can be obtained there must be flexibility.

The most awkward person may give expression, but rigidity of muscle and stiffness of body destroy graceful action.

The habits of students are especially awkward and ungraceful, from their physically inactive life which is continually cramping and restraining nature. They daily weaken vocal and muscular power and lose confidence in themselves as speakers. There should be no restriction on the mind such as uncertainty, bashfulness, and timidity.

The head should *slightly imitate* the hands in *every* motion. The speaker should not stand too erect, but gently wind his body in graceful keeping with the sentiments, using great judgment. The lower limbs should change with the ideas, but great caution must be observed, especially in dignified discourse.

Imitative gesture should be limited to the light styles of expression and never used in serious delivery.

When a man clenches *one* fist the *other* does not lie in a *quiescent* condition. While the *face* is stern and vindictive, there is energy in the *whole frame*; when a man rises from his seat in impassioned feeling, there is a certain tension and straining in every limb and feature.

If one of those parts were active while the others were in repose, he would present a cramped and spasm-like appearance.

The character must be uniform or there will be no

truth in the expression. Even in the most animated language some persons are like statues.

There should be nothing violent, no contortions, no forced attitudes for effect, but we should do just as we would even in the most exciting situations. Exaggeration of physical action is often mistakenly given for the quiet of deep mental emotion.

By long practice we acquire the power to appear *perfectly natural*, easy, and unlabored, without rule or apparent effort. Different styles of language require different styles of gesture. Tragedy, epic poetry, lyric odes and sublime description require bold, magnificent, graceful, and varied action in their highest cultivation. Orations, generally speaking, especially those abounding with plain arguments, need merely energetic, simple and slightly varied movements.

The gestures of the public speaker must be few and vary according to circumstances of situation, audience, and language, but they must be decided rather than merely graceful; earnest and manly, not delicate and effeminate.

The speaker should be cautious of adding the slightest trait to the simple but grand character of natural action, for instead of making the appeal stronger it is sure to weaken it. Each gesture should have a sufficient reason for its being used. Vigor is given by excitement of the breast, lips, and nostrils; while the posture and the look of the eye add direction and meaning.

By a *just energizing* of the functions we can work out *all the capability of expression* in the words as they severally make up the sense. We must never drop a gesture until the period has closed; but vary the movement in a suspensive manner as we continue until the voice falls at a cadence in the language.

The speaker must not alternate his gestures, by using one hand and then the other, in the same period of language. .

In speaking of lake and river, of hill and valley, of the east and the west, use but one hand, in indicating the direction of each feature; or, what may sometimes be still better, in denoting extreme distance, bring up one hand to mark the first object or direction, and suspend it while the other is also raised to denote the opposite idea, and keep both hands out until the sense is concluded. In noting several consecutive objects, the one hand or both should be used in the same manner as in representing opposites. Sometimes the eye follows the gesture for a very short time, but never continuously. We should closely watch children before they become cramped and enervated by artificial habits. We should patiently, carefully observe statues and paintings from the best masters. We should not seem to have studied gestures, but conceal the art so as not to present the least appearance of design.

The bold flight of the hawk and the eagle might be given as illustrations of bold, free, and sweeping gestures.

In private, lay about lustily, to acquire the bold, sweeping, graceful style; in public, use gesture sparingly, but when used make it effective. The speaker should learn to stand still; to move to the word; to know how and when to move. Sometimes he must change instantly; at other times modulate through the language.

If the ideas are numerous, but similar, the gestures and actions should be few and similar; if dissimilar, then the actions should be varied. The practice of gesture and action may be cultivated to the highest state. Every part of the body and limbs must be

carefully and patiently exercised; even the neck can be used effectively in some situations; great flexibility of the fingers is positively needed in elegant and refined expression, and the eye can add wonders if properly used.

THE PASSIONS.

The passions are the impelling forces of life; and without these, a man is as useless in the world as if he were without brains. He cannot be good, he is only innocent. God gave us passions for a full, natural, symmetrical development; and the grandest type is one with these thoroughly trained. Eloquence is a complete paradox; one must have the power of strong feeling, or he can never command the sympathy of a varied, crowded auditory; but one must control his own sensations, for their indulgence would enfeeble execution. One must practise effects beforehand in his own mind.

The actor never improvises a burst of passion; everything is the result of pre-arrangement and forethought. The instantaneous agony, the joy that gushes forth involuntarily, the tone of the voice, the gesture, the look, all which pass for sudden inspiration, have been rehearsed again and again.

He who expects to excel must study from himself, and compare his own proved sensations under grief, happiness, anger, pain and all ordinary variations of human events and feelings, with the emotions he represents. His skill lies in the excellence of the imitative reality; for he is not nature, but art producing nature.

But whatever the sublimity, the terror or beauty, the necessary vigor of the action to convey the passion, we must not forget that there is a limit to all human expression. beyond which is distortion and grimace.

Men are subject to the laws of nature, and the most frenzied fancy is compelled to abide by them.

To counteract exaggerative effects, we should pay attention to living, breathing models; we should take every opportunity in the streets and in the social circle, to argue with persons and watch them. We should learn expression, by observing men and children—anxious, active, eager to talk; we should especially notice the terror and anguish of persons in scenes of danger and trouble; see their faces, hear their voices, particularly when their movements are unconscious. We should also turn to the calmer scenes of life and study the nobler but subdued passions, so greatly touching; the repressed softness of strong, great souls. Both should be well understood.

In the thorough acquirement of these extremes great skill is necessary, for every excellence borders on some deformity; the simple upon the cold and inanimate, the bold and expressive upon the blustering and overcharged, the graceful upon the precise and affected; the one becomes, the other distorts expression.

The greatest effects can be produced naturally by rules, yet as if unconsciously.

Nature will show you nothing if you set yourself up as her master. You must forget self and try to obey her; you will thus find obedience easier than you think.

Instead of servilely copying the style of another, imitate conceptions; do not tread in footsteps, but keep the same road; labor on principles to get the spirit.

Study not only the effect of the passions upon others but also the effect upon your own face, that you may distinguish the difference between an alteration of the features expressing the feelings, and the grimaces

that attend a play of the muscles. Errors will continually offend not only the informed, but even the uncultivated, although they cannot tell the reason.

Want of simplicity is destructive of dignity. There is a pure, chaste modesty, as it may be called, in opposition to a bold, impudent, glaring color of passion; but some think they cannot have enough of this violent contrast.

There is frequently more eloquence in a look than it is possible for any one to express in words. We are charmed, awed, incensed, softened, grieved, rejoiced, raised, or dejected according as we catch the fire of the speaker's passion from his face. The look muscularly stamped on the face makes the same impression on the body.

When a passion is lengthy in expression, stop and decrease the power; then burst again to shade the emphatic parts.

Highly intensive states of mind, such as alarm, terror, anger, and similar conditions, suppress the force of utterance; feeling gets control, and the whole soul, mind and heart are to be thrown into a few words.

Perturbation, confusion, perplexity, and like states of excitement have an aspirated, explosive energy; not pure quality or vocality.

In *terrible paroxysm* the *soul quivers* in majestic nakedness. In frenzy the tones of voice are dignified but terrible; although just before it the person is sometimes quiet.

In great excitement and intense feeling, the eye has a wild, frantic, savage, leopard-like glare. But the most awful idea of agony is a forcible burst of passion and then a sinking into the utmost softness.

By a strong effort the outward tokens of passionate grief must be restrained, for men will not have its

violence obtruded upon them. To preserve the dignity of his "character" the true actor permits those uncontrollable signs of suffering, alone, to escape which betray how much he feels and how much he restrains; and in quivering motions, gentle smiles, slight convulsive twitchings he shows the truth of nature. It is then that we have the most afflicting picture of human anguish. It is effected by a perfect, harmonious action of the heart, lungs, chest, neck and face.

Pausing in passion, when properly used, gives one an idea of vastness; if too frequent, it tortures the ear of the hearer. To re-commence after a pause with a single blow—a crash, is startling in its effects.

Imitate the passions until the habit becomes reality. As an assistant, conceive strongly first the image, or idea of the passion in fancy to move the same impressive springs within your own mind which form that passion when it is undesigned and natural.

Exercise very cautiously—be delicate even in the boldest expression; powerful, unguided emotion kills at a stroke. Public speakers have died in a burst of eloquence.

Though a person be in perfect health, mental agony will force blood from the nostrils, and cause instant death. Culture regulates and balances excessive tendencies; it teaches us to avoid apathy on the one hand, and overstrained energy on the other.

By their amazing powers of eloquence many orators have surpassed the best of actors. The orator inculcates great living truths; the actor plays only the semblance.

Mentally, Shakspeare illustrates the passions in their highest possible condition; he not only gives them, from the most delicate to the most furious, but he also minutely describes their appearance and effects.

Intellectually, Shakspeare was the Master of the passions and the human heart.

THE FEATURES.—When the soul is at rest the features are tranquil. Their proportion, harmony and union seem to mark the serenity of the mind. When the soul is excited the visage becomes a living picture. Each emotion is designated by some corresponding feature, where every impression anticipates the will and betrays it.

THE EYES.—The passions are particularly painted and soonest perceived in them. The eye seems to share every emotion, and belong to the soul more than any other feature; it receives and transmits impressions until general. The whole heart sometimes looks from the eyes, and speaks more feelingly than all the bursts of eloquence.

THE EYE-BROWS.—The eye-brows are the most apparent feature, and are seen farther than any other. Le Brun thinks they are the most expressive. The more movable they are in elevation and depression the more noticeable they become. The other features are not so much at command in this respect.

In pride and pleasure they are raised; in pain and thought, depressed. Those who have this feature most at command are most likely to excel in expression; but an excessive and improper use is disgusting.

THE NOSE.—The nose has slight motion in strong passions. Widening, it adds boldness.

THE MOUTH AND LIPS.—The passions have great power over them in different degrees.

The face with its muscles does more in expressing the passions, than the whole human frame besides. In Anger it is red, or pale; in Fear, pale. The mouth opened shows one state, and shut, another; the forehead smooth shows one, wrinkled, another.

The eyebrows can be arched, or drawn down. The eye has a different appearance in every different state. Joy opens and Grief half closes it; while it flashes in Hatred and Anger. Animation will light even heavy features. The expression of the face goes beyond and increases vocality in its effects.

THE GREAT MASTERS OF THE PASSIONS.

Those who seem to have had the greatest command of the passions were Demosthenes, Cicero, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Curran, Grattan, Pitt, Henry, Kossuth, Webster and Clay as orators; and Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Talma, the elder Kean, the elder Booth, and Macready as actors.

We can append only a few ideas gathered from various sources that relate particularly to the passions, as illustrated only by actors. We have no traditional account of orators in this particular respect.

But first a word from the celebrated Dr. Rush. He says: "The actor holds, both for purpose and opportunity, the first and most observed position in the art of Elocution, and should long have been our best and all-sufficient Master in its school. The Senate, the Pulpit, and the Bar, with the verbal means of argument or persuasion almost exclusively before them, have so earnestly or artfully pursued these leading interests, that they have not observed nor indeed wished to observe, how far the cultivated powers of the voice might have assisted the honest or the ambitious purpose of their oratory. But with the stage, distinction is attained through speech alone. The stage, however, has not fulfilled the duties of its position; for though holding the highest place of influential example in the art, and enjoying the immediate rewards of popularity, it

has done little more than keep up the tradition of its business and routine; without one serious thought of turning a discriminative ear to their vocal excellence, and thereby affording available instruction on the means of their success."

MRS. SIDDONS—DR. RUSH.

"If she could now be heard, I would point in illustration to Britain's great mistress of the voice; since that cannot be, let those who have not forgotten the stately dignity of Mrs. Siddons, bear witness to the effect of that swelling energy by which she richly enforced the expression of Joy, and Surprise, and Indignation. A whole volume of elocution might be taught by her instances.

"All that is smooth and flexible, and various in intonation, all that is impressive in force, all that is apt upon the countenance, and consonant in gesture gave their united energy, and gracefulness and grandeur to this one great model of Ideal Elocution."

EDMUND KEAN.

His acting was a return to nature. He produced startling and wonderful effects, the most extraordinary and sudden contrasts. His acting was electric, vivid, terrific. He had the power of sending forth supernatural glances of the eye, which gave his utterance a fearful reality.

G. V. BROOKE.

He had a majestic carriage and delicate tenderness. He could evince subdued, yet most appalling despair, on discovering innocence after murder. (*Othello*.) In Sir Giles Overreach, he was an incarnate demon, blasted, paralyzed by lightning at the moment of triumph.

MACREADY.

In the fifth act of *Werner* he could utter a cry or yell of agonized despair that was horrible; like the fearful utterance of a disembodied wretch upon the rack. It was wrung by Gabor from miserable, shrinking *Werner*, with his heart torn and lacerated till it breaks.

THE ELDER BOOTH.

Everything he uttered came with all the point and effect of which the matter was susceptible; every thought seemingly concentrated on the subject. His hate was violent and unrelenting. His villainy, bold and romantic, and he gloated in the sweet satisfaction of revenge.

ISABELLA GLYNN.

Her death-scenes were poetic in conception, and supernatural in manner. Emotions by her were carried to the terrible. In *Margaret, the Prophetess*, her inspiration was marvellous, towering above till the beholder shrunk with shuddering dread; awfulness to her became familiar.

In *Cleopatra*, in the death-scene with the asp, there was a glory upon her countenance as she anticipated the meeting in the shades. She had a sublime, fearful energy in jealousy and rage, and possessed a physical nerve little suspected. She had great judgment, however, in deferring manifestation of power. Upon the whole it was rather that she was informed by metaphysical power, interpreted by mental indications, than material forces. Her mind was masculine, and endowed with extraordinary intellectual strength. She had a strong sense of independence and honor. Her life was

spent in close study and practice. Her excellence was founded upon principles; each character was a new application of them.

She knew the value of long pauses; had great flexibility of voice, and not a word was lost in quick or slow time.

HABITS OF THE ORATOR.

THE PUBLIC SPEAKER should bathe frequently, and after drying the body, apply a gentle friction, for a few moments, by rubbing or patting the chest to keep the lungs healthy and active. He should also take exercise in the open air.

He should stoutly resist the temptations of smoking or chewing tobacco, as decidedly injurious to the pure quality of the voice.

The excessive use of sweetmeats, nuts, and confections of any kind, has a clogging character on the vocal organs.

Warm bread, pastry, rich puddings, cake, and highly-seasoned, greasy, or salt food, affect the voice through the instrumentality of the stomach. In short anything that injures the latter affects the former.

It is highly injurious to speak just after a hearty meal, for the digestive and mental powers cannot operate well at the same time. The blood is drawn to the brain and throat at such a time, when it is needed to warm the stomach to aid it in assimilating the food.

The teeth should be kept clean as an aid to distinct articulation. It is well to brush them a short time before speaking.

Have the clothing *loose* to allow a free circulation of the blood. Be especially careful about the *neck* ;

have the collar-band *very loose*, and never *bandage* nor muffle the throat.

The muscles of the throat become soft and unelastic when kept from the air. A speaker absolutely needs them strong and firm, or he *cannot intone* his syllables with accuracy and purity of sound.

Clergymen abuse their throats by winding thick cloths about them, which produces a cramped and tender condition of the muscles, and induces irritation, huskiness, and "clergymen's sore throat"—the disease so prevalent among them.

A few things that tend to improve the quality of the voice for any *special* occasion, are figs, apples, soft-boiled eggs, oysters, raw—or, if cooked, without milk or butter—stale bread, crackers, or similar diet ; no milk, tea or coffee, but plain water, and by no means, stimulants. Plain sugar clears the voice.

The ancients used onions and garlic freely, to promote the tone and purity of the voice, but the age has so advanced in some respects that we might deem them objectionable.

For hoarseness do not take troches, or similar nostrums. They contain drugs which stimulate for the moment, but eventually destroy the voice. Habit begets the necessity of using them. Instead, take simple remedies ; drink cold water at night, or use plain syrup or molasses, or some other means as simple. Do not eat lemons or use acids for such a purpose just before speaking ; such things only clog the stomach, inflame the throat, and, consequently, cannot instantly improve, but rather injure, the voice.

If necessary to walk about much, or to any distance, before speaking, do it gently, not rapidly, so as to become fatigued and exhausted. Sit quiet, if possible, a short time before speaking.

Abstain from the use of water while speaking. It requires digestion to a certain extent, and must, therefore, more or less interfere with the oratorical powers. It is only a vicious habit to stop every few moments to swallow a large draught of water. A person must reform this habit, which he blindly commenced, if he desires an untrammelled use of his mental and vocal powers.

Even in the warmest weather, and when perspiration is freely induced, there is no necessity of drinking at the time of speaking, even if it should occupy an hour or more. A moderate quantity of water, not too cold, may be drunk half an hour before, or very soon afterward.

Form the habit of breathing while going to the place of public speaking. Sound the voice gently, in deep undertones, that you may appear in good condition when you commence to speak.

All this can be done without attracting the attention of passers by on the road or street, whether in the village or the city.

DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR STUDENTS.

In moving from your seat to the stage, rise easily, but firmly. As you approach the place, *feel* your *whole weight*, by a manly, dignified, yet simple walk. Do not bend the knees mincingly, but swing the lower limbs easily and gracefully at each step.

Let the lungs be slowly, quietly filled, until the moment of commencing; this efforts sends the blood to the brain, and gives it power to act with firmness and decision.

It prevents nervousness, and gives the voice fulness to start well. It prevents a burst of loudness, so common to young orators in commencing their orations.

In bowing to the President and other officers, (on public occasions,) let the movement be one of great respect. The whole form should bend slightly, and the hands should hang loosely by the side. To the auditors, however, as you turn to them, the effort should be but a slight inclination of the head.

The orator at that moment should see his audience, even to the farthest person *before* him, and *above* him, if the building have galleries.

The motion should be general in its character ; not with the mere formal idea of bowing, but feeling that the motion is really but the opening expression of the first sentence of the oration. It should be a kind of looking around the place, and a gathering together of the attention of the hearers *immediately* preparatory to the positive use of the voice.

There should be hardly a perceptible difference of effect between the bow and the beginning of the speech. Students, especially, often err in isolating the bow, by a protracted time in its application, from the vocality that follows. It is a part of the oration, not a separate, distinct feature, and if not given properly, there is a void—a something that cannot be agreeably filled, but must be forgotten as the orator proceeds.

The only way of doing this correctly is, slightly and slowly to bend the head, not the body, searching around with the eyes, and *seeing* the audience, and then to step forward and *begin* to speak, *while* the head is gradually resuming its natural upright position, thus beginning with the bow itself, and not after it is made.

You look into the eyes of persons with whom you converse, and you must do the same with an audience, from the moment you turn to them until you leave them.

Ordinarily there should be no gestures in commenc-

ing ; the look of the eye and the slight movements and swaying of the head and body being sufficient.

In reading an essay it is proper to make a slight bow, but seeing the audience as in speaking. While uttering the first sentence move easily forward a few steps.

When you become deeply interested in your subject move occasionally, but do not step and walk needlessly about. Either extreme, of standing still, or of walking all over the stage, is to be avoided. There is a simple mean, which is, moving as though you were *impelled* to do so.

Become so thoroughly imbued with your subject, by frequent and repeated communings with it, that standing still will become almost impossible, and *stepping* about will disturb rather than assist you.

Be careful that every vocal expression is to the purpose, and that you have a good *reason* for every gesture, look, and movement. Speak and gesticulate as though you could not help speaking, and in just *that* manner, as though any other could not possibly answer the purpose.

Do not make mere motions, but study the *necessity* of gestures. Avoid alternating gestures ; use the same hand for pointing out different objects and localities, when enumerated in the same period of language. Vary the direction of the hand, and give another form to the motion, but do not drop one hand and raise the other, but if necessary use both. Be sure to sustain each gesture, by varying its direction, until the idea has closed with a cadence of the voice.

In preparing an oration or exercise for a public occasion, the first thing is to have a *general* understanding of the *whole* composition, by reading it all over carefully a number of times. Think of its prevailing spirit, and get a plan of it fixed in your mind.

Do not begin by memorizing the first sentence and then the second. That begets the depraved habit of only knowing the words. Study the entire oration in *meaning* first ; next separate the ideas ; then take the phraseology, and lastly the words.

It is only in some such manner that you will ever get the spirit of the language ; and learn to *listen* to *yourself*, with the assurance of having others listen to you with gratification and pleasure.

Even after the oration is well committed, review and reflect upon it sentence by sentence, until you get all you can out of each, especially just before using it in public, or it will only sound like a mere declamation.

The night before is an excellent time to make it fresh for the next day, no matter how often you may have previously looked at it. Search it through and through in a variety of ways. Study the words as so many links, and have their tone and full grammatical and expressional meaning. Keep it together as a whole in your mind.

Be especially cautious in the pronunciation of common words, such as been, again, against, often, little, and, none, nothing, ignorant, patriot, patriotism, national, government, &c., which are often frightfully distorted by students.

PROMPTING.—Of this I wish to make a special note. Above all things never allow yourself to be *prompted*. It is extremely annoying and disagreeable to refined and sensitive people to feel that a person has committed merely so many *words*, but it is far worse to know that another is ready with a manuscript to *prompt* his uncertain memory.

With such an exhibition, one "*spouting*," another *prompting*, "primary" children might be pardoned, but students ought to be ashamed.

It evinces the grossest indifference to the feelings of the audience, and betrays a servile dependence upon mere terms, instead of having thoroughly imbibed the true spirit of the subject.

To be sure, the words are necessary, but let them be *well committed*, and do not sacrifice, in the few minutes only, the patience of the *many* by the mere laziness of purpose in an *individual*.

It is even better and far more manly to take the manuscript from your pocket and read, than to be prompted. The best way is, to study it so completely that you will not need to do even that.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

Begin with a moderate voice. Try to feel at ease by looking around, and shaking off any stiffness of position. Keep your mind composed and collected. Guard against bashfulness, which will wear away by opposition. Think of what you are going to say, and not merely of the audience.

Be manly but simple. You must acquire assurance—*First*, by thoroughly mastering your subject, and the consciousness that you can make what you are to deliver worth hearing. *Secondly*, by wholly engaging in it, with the mind intent on it, and the heart warmed with it.

Never be influenced and moved by outside circumstances. Be *yourself* and *know yourself*.

Have a *presence* that fills the limits. Whatever changes you may have occasion to make in voice and gesture, should be simple and easy, so as not to detract from the interest. Have your gestures in argumentative language aimed directly to your audience; look into their eyes and not into a vacuum.

Make them *feel* that it is to *each* of them that you are speaking ; yet speak to *all* at once. Search and penetrate the entire mass of listeners. Have the power to *distribute* expression.

The tendency of youthful orators is to look point blank directly in front of them, and to lean with the body towards the *right hand alone*. The position should be imperceptibly changed sufficiently often to keep the attention of *each* hearer constantly on the alert. Be sure that every one is listening to you, and yet do not *individualize*, as it is extremely disagreeable to an auditor to find himself selected from the rest.

Look around frequently from side to side, from end to end, quietly and easily, and control all your hearers. Instead of simply making them hear you, have them listen to each word by your pronouncing it clearly and distinctly.

Do not speak too loud, but have the intonations of the voice full, strong, and sonorous. Do not betray *mannerisms* in either voice or action.

Whether you speak before a large assembly, or in a small room, do it naturally, but in either case have the requisite power to properly *fill* the space with your voice. Address yourself, at each moment, however light the sentiment, to the farthest person in the place, for *everybody* wishes to hear.

When you have attained the strength beyond which you cannot go without forcing the voice, stop there until you have acquired the requisite power by elementary drill. Never raise the pitch, but increase the force.

In echoing buildings, speak slowly and distinctly, pause often, and try to adapt the voice to the peculiarities of the place.

Even under the most annoying circumstances, be composed and listen to your own ideas as if you were an auditor instead of the orator. This will prevent declamation.

Never get out of breath, nor appear to be fatigued. Breathe unconsciously, by forming the habit ; every kind of puffing and panting is disagreeable.

By breathing deeply we stir the blood, animate the thinking powers, and *prevent* nervousness and hesitation.

Never lose or relax entirely the grasp in expression ; increase or diminish the force, raise or lower the pitch, but never entirely slacken the nervous power that holds all together to the end.

Even in the *lightest* sentiments *breathe* out the expression, so that the *meaning* of *each* word is felt by *all*.

Deliberate, reflect, think, as it were, from head to foot, of what you are saying, word by word, and yet spanning it as a whole ; retaining the meaning, by intonations, looks, and actions, and still collecting ideas that follow, till the entire subject is brought to a satisfactory termination. This makes an audience *listen* rather than simply *hear*.

They can then understand line by line, idea after idea, each exactly and accurately as a part of the whole.

The mind must act *comprehensively*, and hold sway over the *entire* subject, as the voice intones and deals out the parts ; the sense is to be held *suspended* and swayingly, without break or interruption, to its close.

Appropriate gesture and action will assist very materially to hold and bind it together in this desired manner. It helps to point out, to note the meaning by the movement of the hands, the head, the eyes, the body and feet—in fact by all parts of the frame. Ges-

ture is not absolute, yet must not be merely impulsive motions.

In reading from a book or manuscript, hold it low enough to allow everybody present to see your face; a good rule is, that the top of it would touch your chin if inclined toward the body.

In reading look from the book or paper as frequently as possible, as if you were speaking, but with less action. Practice first in private, in a conversational manner, and when in public give satisfactory force.

SHORT HINTS.

Be natural ; do not aim at *too much* ; do not try to *read*, but to *feel* ; do not declaim, but talk ; be colloquial, yet not prosaic ; be *forcible*, but not ranting. Be in earnest, profoundly in earnest. Be moderate in gesture ; be impetuous and ardent ; do not command by sympathy, but by power, passion, will—*indomitable will*. Keep the body firm and braced in high excitement ; keep the sinews braced up like the strings of a harp or violin ; be simple and without parade. Speak as though the *whole* thought was your own ; give passionate thoughts a rapid condensation ; give the words a vibratory intonation ; *suppress* force, and treasure strength and power. *Concentrated* tones of passion are better than the *highest fury*. Imbue each thought with *all* its capability of expression, and conceive *fullest* force in *each* particular. Be *intense* and *passionate* in *intonation*, the *whole* soul absorbed. In the *severest* passions *delineate* to *appal* ; be *real* ; let the *form fill* the eye of the listener. Effect by tone of voice, the power of the eye, the motion of the hand, and the quality of the sound given. Fervor is *sure* to effect. Read like one possessing good sense *unconsciously* ; be the character,

forget self. *Conception* of character, or passion, comes *long before execution*, is not imitation but *reality* of *feeling*. To be a hero, feel to be so. Do not despise *trifles*. Do not *guess* but *determine* abilities. Practice *often*, for the vocal organs become *paralyzed* for want of *action*.

BEAUTIES OF DELIVERY. (ABBREVIATED).—DR. BARBER.

Voice—full, strong, agreeable.

Simple Melody—not monotonous.

Enunciation—exact, audible ; not affected preciseness.

Recurrent Melody—not monotonous.

High Tones—on emphatic words free from monotony.

Radical Stress—effectively used.

Quality—not drawled, or sung.

Consonants—free from drawl.

Slides—Pitch, downward. Rad., positive.

Var. Stress—not monotonous.

Cadence—proper place.

Parenthesis—*Paragraphs*—changed by transitions of Pitch, Time, and Quality of Voice.

The Sense—vividly expressed by the vocal powers.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

BREATHING.

VOICE is breath converted into sound ; and the lungs, acted upon by the muscles of the diaphragm, as the handle to the blacksmith's bellows, are the principal organs of respiration. The more breath, and the greater the power of these muscles, the stronger and fuller the voice. There should be no more action of the inner muscles and lining of the throat than is *absolutely necessary* for *complete* and *firm intonation*, for in *this manner* the throat *receives no injury*. Practice this either in the *open air*, or be sure to have *plenty of fresh air* in your room.

EXERCISE.—Stand erect, throw the shoulders back, keep the neck straight, concentrate the mind on the lower muscles that propel the air from the lungs, giving them all *possible space*. Breathe a few times naturally.

Then draw in air *slowly, steadily*, making little effort, through a *very small* orifice of the mouth, with the lips compactly “pursed” together. When the lungs are completely filled, retain the air for a moment, then breathe all out slowly and quietly, letting the chest down very gradually. Then breathe once full, then out, in the ordinary manner.

It is well, during the breathing, to gently pat the lungs with the hands. Practice this *very cautiously* at first. If dizziness ensue, stop for a while, move about, and relief will follow.

If the exercise is too severe, for beginners, do not repeat the effort often until custom has made it easier. When able to do this without injurious effects, practice it rigidly as of the first importance.

[NOTE.—The *greater length* of time occupied in this exercise the better. The author can breathe easily for two or three minutes inwardly, and then, reversing the effort, breathe out, occupying very nearly the same amount of time.

EXERCISE.—Breathe out all you can of the natural air that may be in the lungs; press the chest and ribs inwardly, and crowd them about under the arm-pits with the heels of the hands to squeeze out what air may be left, and breathe back again quickly.

Move the shoulders forward, when breathing out, and backward when breathing in to aid these efforts.

A variety of these exercises should be devised by the pupil. They promote the *expansion* and *capacity* of the *lungs*, and the *elasticity* and *mobility* of the *chest*. Immense advantage will be derived from gymnastic drills of this character.

EXERCISE.—Arms forward at right angles with the chest; breathe slowly till the lungs are comfortably filled. Draw the arms *gently* back, emptying the lungs, then project them. Then throw them *violently* forward, then backward, closing the fists as they return. Do not *overdo*. If a person should practice nothing else than the foregoing exercises, he would find the voice improving wonderfully in strength and fulness within a *few weeks*.

REMARK.—As soon as practicable, learn to breathe through the *nostrils* instead of the mouth, especially when drawing in the air, as this process is less liable to parch the throat, and produce irritation. This manner of breathing will widen the nasal cavity, strengthen the muscles of the nostrils, keep the lungs healthy, and improve the quality of the voice. Persons unaccustomed to an energetic employment of the lungs find it exceedingly difficult to use the nostrils effectively. The preceding exercises are designed to develop a little lung power first, and are not likely to prove injurious if the air is drawn *very slowly*, and through a *very small aperture* of the lips. Even when *walking*, *especially if moving rapidly*, learn to keep the mouth *firmly shut*, and breathe *exclusively* through the *nose*. Lung and even other diseases, are brought on more frequently from an *open* mouth, particularly when *sleeping*, than from almost any other cause. By putting the mind upon

it with a *determination* to succeed, the habit of keeping it shut can be acquired both for waking and sleeping hours, for the results of what is resolutely done in the *one* time will *unconsciously* be carried into the *other*. There is a philosophy in this breathing process that perhaps need not be explained in a work of this character.

EXERCISES.

AUDIBLE.—Fill the lungs slowly through the nostrils; then open the mouth, and slowly give the sound of K (*Kh*).

FORCIBLE.—Fill the lungs and cough, or explode the voice upon the sound of HA!!! or draw in the air and then expel it with the utmost vehemence without vocality.

SIGHING.—(An extreme condition.) Open the mouth, fill the lungs suddenly, and also emit suddenly.

GASPING.—Similar to sighing, but the air cannot pass in fast enough through the mouth and nostrils combined; it is an unnatural, exhausted condition, a struggle for breath.

PANTING.—Is somewhat similar to sighing and gasping. The air is drawn in quickly and violently, and emitted loudly.

LOUD WHISPER.—In this the voice is high, with pure aspiration. It is an excellent practice but must be indulged in with great caution. Count, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

EXERCISE IN VOCALITY.—Slowly fill the lungs through the nostrils, and then very deliberately count 1,—2,—3,—4,—5,—6,—7,—8,—9,—10.

EXERCISE.—Slowly fill the lungs, and then with the mouth WELL OPENED and ARCHED, gently repeat, in a pure, firm, steady-toned voice, a—e—i—o—u—oi—ou. Have the sounds strike the roof of the mouth.

NOTE.—Persons with weak lungs and throats sometimes refrain from such exercises; but the practice is even recommended as a cure for bronchitis and pulmonary complaints.

ARTICULATION.

VOWELS.—^{1 2 3 4} a, a, a, a, — ^{1 2} e, e, — ^{1 2} i, i, — ^{1 2 3 4} o, o, o, o, — ^{1 2 3} u, u, u.
DIPHTHONGS.—oi, ou.

CONSONANTS.—The consonants are given thus:—Stand firm, *every muscle braced*, fill the lungs with air, and then holding them distended a moment, pronounce the word so as to feel the *whole body* partaking of the sounds. The *lungs* should be the *chief* object of your attention in these exercises. Dwell solidly on the initial sound a moment, then pass on to the vowel sound between, and finally, firmly bear the voice upon the closing sound. If properly given, these exercises will strengthen the muscles of the mouth and neck, and remove the least tendency to irritation of the delicate membranes of the throat.

⁴ B-a-b	³ J-o-j	² P-i-p	^{ou} W-o-w	¹ Sh-u-sh
² D-i-d	² K-i-k	¹ R-o-r	^{oi} Y-o-y	² Th-in-th
¹ F-i-f	³ L-a-l	² S-e-s	² Z-u-z	¹ Th-o-th
⁴ G-o-g	² M-u-m	⁴ T-a-t	² Ch-ur-ch	² Wh-u-wh
² H-a-h	² N-o-n	¹ V-e-v	² Si-ng-i-ng	^{zh} A-z-ure

The vowels in the preceding are to be sounded as in ¹*fate*, ²*far*, ³*fall*, ⁴*fat*, — ¹*me*, ²*met*, — ¹*pine*, ²*pin*, — ¹*no*, ²*move*, ³*nor*, ⁴*not*, ¹*tube*, ²*tub*, ³*bull*. In these two exercises are all the elementary sounds of the English language, and also the combinations *oi*, *ou*, *ch*, *ng*, *sh*, *th*, (light) *th*, (heavy) *wh*, and *z* (*zh*). C, Q, and X are represented by other letters.

[NOTE.—*Pure tone* should be aimed at in all these exercises. Persons may thus distinguish pure from impure tones. A word or sound spoken with pure tone is given in such a manner that *all* the breath thus employed, is converted so completely into *clear* vocality, that if a small lamp or candle were held within an inch even of the mouth, the flame would scarcely tremble. Impure tone, on the contrary, would have so much respiration or breath as to immediately extinguish the light thus held. If the candle is not at all times convenient, the experiment may be illustrated by using the hand. A pure-toned sound cannot be felt when uttered against the back of the hand, for the sound is not forced from the mouth, but reverberates within it. An impure tone is felt, like the breath, in proportion to its impurity or aspirated character. This shows that the more intonation the breath can have, the better, except in such expressions as call for aspiration.]

However desirable distinct articulation may be, you should never DWELL on a sound, but give it forcibly and instantly change to the next without appearing to interrupt the free course of the breath.

Enunciation is the basis of the art; it is this which gives nerve and energy to accomplished speakers: which fills language with VITALITY, and renders it REAL and LIVING.

TONICS.—^{3 2 4 1 1 1 1 2 2 2}
a, a, a, a, ou, i, o, e, o, e, i.

SUBTONICS.—B, D, G, V, Z, Y, W, Th, Zh, Ng, L, M, N, R²

ATONICS.—P, T, K, F, S, H, Wh, Th, Sh.

ABRUPT ELEMENTS.—B, D, G, P, T, K. (*See Rush, on the Voice.*)

ARTICULATION.—VOWELS.

aye, age, late, gale.—He gave to the gale his snow-white sail.
bereave, redeem, agree.—Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.

tie, rye, why, mine.—The primal duties shine aloft like stars.
roll, dome, tone, woe.—The freed soul soars to its home on high.

tube, hue, value, new.—There is music in the deep blue sky.
far, bar, palm, ah.—The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm.

mat, man, and, at.—The good man has perpetual sabbath.
met, let, well, end.—Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath fled.

captain, if, hit, bit.—The sick earth groans with man's iniquities.

all, call, walk, awe.—Of all that's holy, holiest is the good man's pall.

true, doom, rule, true.—Blows were our welcome, rude bruises our reward.

full, push, wolf, foot.—For his own good alone man should not toil.

wad, blot, odd, was.—The quality of mercy is not strained.

up, come, run, muff.—Some fretful tempers wince at every touch.
soil, point, voice, oil.—It is the voice of joy that murmurs deep.
sound, loud, vow, how.—Thou look'st beyond life's narrow bound.

SIMPLE CONSONANTS.

babe, mob, bib, sob, rob.—Life may long be borne 'ere sorrow breaks its chain.
did, dead, deed, aid.—Death deals with all, of high or low degree.
fife, if, whiff, fine.—Fond fancy retraces the far off past.
gag, rag, bag, gig, log.—Life itself must go to him who gave it.
hat, how, hall, hope.—I heard—and the moral came home to my heart.
ball, pall, call.—Lonely and lovely was the silent glen.
maim, mum, mammon.—All men think all men mortal but themselves.
ninny, none, nine, noon.—To err is human; to forgive divine.
pip, pipe, apple, hope.—Wave your tops ye pines in praise and worship.
right, row, rang rope.—The rocks are riven, and rifted oaks uptorn. (trilled.)
car, star, fur, morn, warn.—His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear. (smooth.)
vive, vivid, save, vine.—Fast the wave of life is ebbing from our veins.
woe, won, went, wave.—What most we wish with ease we fancy near.
year, yarn, yoke, yes—Then from glad youth to calm decline my years would gently glide.
judge, ginger, age.—Eden's pure gems angelic legions keep.
kick, kept, cake, kite.—Where the sickle cuts down the yellow corn.
cease, miss, sister.—So sweet her song, that sadness weeping smiled.

tint, tent, bent, lent.—We *take* no *note* of *time*, but from its loss.

was, zone, rose, has.—Wisdom mounts her *zenith* to the *stars*.

song, thing, bang, rung.—It mingles with the dross of earth again, and *mingling* falls.

push, lash, flash, dash.—List to the *shout*, the *shock*, the *crash* of steel.

thin, theme, breath.—Faith touches all *things* with the hues of heaven. (light.)

than, thou, beneath thus.—Then shalt *thou* find *that thou* wilt loathe *thy* life. (heavy.)

which, when, what, where.—When and where shall we seek repose?

azure, measure, treasure.—No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed.

six, flax, mix, tax.—Empires wane and wax, are founded and decay.

bags, exact, exist.—Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

EXERCISE SLOWLY—THEN RAPIDLY, BUT DISTINCTLY.

a-b, e-b, i-b, o-b, u-b,—b-a, b-e, b-i, b-o, b-u, b-oi, b-ou.

a-d, e-d, i-d, o-d, u-d,—d-a, d-e, d-i, d-o, d-u, d-oi, d-ou.

a-f, e-f, i-f, o-f, u-f,—f-a, f-e, f-i, f-o, f-u, f-oi, f-ou.

a-g, e-g, i-g, o-g, u-g,—g-a, g-e, g-i, g-o, g-u, g-oi, g-ou.

a-k, e-k, i-k, o-k, u-k,—k-a, k-e, k-i, k-o, k-u, k-oi, k-ou.

a-l, e-l, i-l, o-l, u-l,—l-a, l-e, l-i, l-o, l-u, l-oi, l-ou.

a-m, e-m, i-m, o-m, u-m,—m-a, m-e, m-i, m-o, m-u, m-oi, m-ou.

a-n, e-n, i-n, o-n, u-n,—n-a, n-e, n-i, n-o, n-u, n-oi, n-ou.

a-p, e-p, i-p, o-p, u-p,—p-a, p-e, p-i, p-o, p-u, p-oi, p-ou.

a-r, e-r, i-r, o-r, u-r,—r-a, r-e, r-i, r-o, r-u, r-oi, r-ou.

a-s, e-s, i-s, o-s, u-s,—s-a, s-e, s-i, s-o, s-u, s-oi, s-ou.

a-t, e-t, i-t, o-t, u-t,—t-a, t-e, t-i, t-o, t-u, t-oi, t-ou.

a-v, e-v, i-v, o-v, u-v,—v-a, v-e, v-i, v-o, v-u, v-oi, v-ou.

a-z, e-z, i-z o-z, u-z,—z-a, z-e, z-i, z-o, z-u, z-oi, z-ou.

a-ng, e-ng, i-ng, o-ng, u-ng,—ch-a, ch-e, ch-i, ch-o, ch-u, ch-oi, ch-ou.

a-sh, e-sh, i-sh, o-sh, u-sh,—sh-a, sh-e, sh-i, sh-o, sh-u, sh-oi, sh-ou.

a-th, e-th, i-th, o-th, u-th,—th-a, th-e, th-i, th-o, th-u, th-oi, th-ou.

a-th, e-th, i-th, o-th, u-th,—th-a, th-e, th-i, th-o, th-u, th-oi, th-ou.

a-x, e-x, i-x, o-x, u-x,—a-x, e-x, i-x, o-x, u-x, oi-x, ou-x.

a-zh, e-zh, i-zh, o-zh, u-zh,—zh-a, zh-e, zh-i, zh-o, zh-u, zh-oi, zh-ou.

a-j, e-j, i-j, o-j, u-j,—j-a, j-e, j-i, j-o, j-u, j-oi, j-ou.

h-a, h-e, h-i, h-o, h-u, h-oi, h-ou,—w-a, w-e, w-i, w-o, w-u, w-oi, w-ou.

y-a, y-e, y-i, y-o, y-u, y-oi, y-ou,—wh-a, wh-e, wh-i, wh-o, wh-u, wh-oi, wh-ou.

COMBINATIONS OF THE CONSONANTS.

Bd.—ebb'd, sobb'd.—Prejudices are often imbibed from custom.

Bdst.—prob'dst, stabb'dst, robb'dst.—Then thou prob'dst the wound which now has healed.

Bl.—able, blow, bubble, noble.—Why should gold man's feeble mind decoy?

Bld.—disabl'd, doubl'd, trembl'd.—'Tis but the fabl'd landscape of a lay.

Bldst.—trembl'dst, hobb'dst.—Thou trembl'dst then, if never since that day.

Blz.—Bubbles, pebbles, nobles.—The heart benevolent and kind the most resembles God.

Blst.—humbl'st, troubl'st.—Hence! thou troubl'st me with vain requests.

Br.—Brave, bright, breeze.—Ocean's broad breast was covered with his fleet.

Bz.—Robes, ribs, webs.—They bowed like shrubs beneath the poison blast.

Bst.—Rob'st, robb'st.—With no gentle hand thou prob'st their wounds.

DL.—handle, ladle, meddle.—The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more.

Dld.—bridl'd, paddl'd.—Thy mind once kindl'd with each passing thought.

- Dldst.*—*handl'dst*, *fondl'dst*.—Stung by the viper thou *fondl'dst* when young.
- Dls.*—*Handles*, *bundles*.—Man seems the only growth that *dwindles* here.
- Dlst.*—*kindl'st*, *paddl'st*.—In thine upward flight thou *dwindl'st* to a speck.
- Dn.*—*gold'n*, *lad'n*, *lead'n*.—Angels drop on their *gold'n* harps a pitying tear.
- Dnd*, *sad'n'd*, *burd'n'd*.—Death never *sad'n'd* your scenes of bloom.
- Dns.*—*Gard'ns*, *ward'ns*.—Our hearts are eased of *burdens* hard to bear.
- Dr.*—*Drop*, *dress*, *drive*.—The *dread* beat of the *drum* broke the *dreamer's* sleep.
- Dst.*—*Didst*, *hadst*, *addst*.—Thou *biddst* the shades of darkness fly.
- Dth.*—*width*, *breadth*.—The *width* of the stream again *dismayed* him.
- Dths.*—*breadths*, *widths*.—It took four *breadths* of cloth to make the cloak.
- Dz.*—*buds*, *weeds*, *odds*.—These *shades* are the *abodes* of undissembled gladness.
- Dzh.*—*Edge*, *lodge*, *image*.—Oh, for a *lodge* in some vast wilderness.
- Dzhd.*—*innag'd*, *fledg'd*.—Their *winglets* are *fledged* in the sun's hot rays.
- Fl.*—*Flay*, *fleece*, *flow*.—At every *trifle* scorn to take offence.
- Fld.*—*riſt'd*, *baffl'd*.—The war drum is *muffled*, and black is the bier.
- Fldst.*—*triſt'dst*, *stiff'dst*.—Now tell me how thou *baffl'dst* thine enemy.
- Flz.*—*rifles*, *baffles*, *ruffles*.—Not to know some *trifles* is a praise.
- F'lst*—*stiff'st*, *shuffl'st*, *baffl'st*.—Thou *triſt'st* with what is not thine own.
- Fn.*—*stiff'n oft'n*, *sof'n*.—Here shall the billows *stiff'n* and have rest.
- Fnd.*—*sof'n'd*, *deaf'n'd*.—The woods are *deaf'n'd* with the roar.

Fnz.—*sof'ns, stiff'ns.*—Truth *sof'ns* the heart with its simple tones.

Fr.—*frame, friend, refresh.*—Labor is but *refreshment* from repose.

Fs.—*Whiffs, puffs, laughs.*—Mortals, on *life's* later stage, still grasp at wealth.

Fst.—*puff'st, laugh'st.*—Thou *scoff'st* at Virtue's homely joys.

Ft.—*oft, soft, waft.*—*Oft* from apparent ill our blessings rise.

Fth.—*fifth, twelfth.*—For the *fifth* time I called in vain.

Fts.—*lifts, rafts, wafts.*—Death *lifts* the veil that hides a brighter sphere.

Ftst.—*waftst, listst.*—O'er the desert drear thou *waft'st* thy waste perfume.

Gd.—*Begg'd, rigg'd.*—The very elements are *leagued* with death.

Gdst.—*bragg'dst, dragg'dst.*—Thou *begg'dst* in vain the hermit's blessing then.

Gl.—*gleam, glove, eagle.*—Through *glades* and *glooms* the mingling measures stole.

Gld.—*struggl'd, haggl'd.*—He gazed enraptured on the *span-gled* canopy.

Gldst.—*Singl'dst.*—How thou *mingl'dst* life and death.

Glz.—*eagles, juggles.*—I have roamed where the hill foxes howl, and *eagles* cry.

Glst.—*mingl'st, struggl'st.*—Thou *struggl'st*, as life upon the issue hung.

Gr.—*grow, grip, grief.*—The *groves* of Eden yet look *green* in song.

Gz.—*logs, figs, drags.*—The fisherman *drags* to the shore his laden'd nets.

Gst.—*begg'st, digg'st.*—Thou *begg'st* in vain, no pity melts his heart.

Kl.—*Cling, cliff, clove.*—The sea gems *sparkle* in the depths below.

Kld.—*sparkl'd, circl'd.*—Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.

Kldst.—*buckl'dst, circl'dst.*—Star, that *twinkl'dst* on the shepherd's path.

Klz.—*sparkles, circles.*—Time writes no *wrinkles* on thine azure brow.

Klst.—sparkl'*st*, freckle'*t*.—Thou sparkl'*st* like a gem of earth.

Kn.—tok'n, deac'n, fale'n.—By the storms of circumstance unshak'n.

Knd.—wak'n'd, dark'n'd.—With quickened step brown night retires.

Kndst.—black'n'dst, heark'n'dst.—Thou heark'n'dst not when wisdom bade thee heed.

Knz.—tok'ns, fale'ns, thick'ns.—Mist darkens the mountain, night darkens the vale.

Knst.—beck'n'st, wak'n'st.—Thou awak'n'st there a warmer sympathy.

Kr.—kraken, crime.—There crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep.

Ke.—oaks, sticks, rocks.—Ye mouldering relics of departed years.

Kst.—shak'st, wak'st, next.—Many a holy text around she strews.

Ksth.—sixth sixth.—Henry the sixth bids thee despair.

Kt.—sect, wak'd, rock'd.—He waked at the vessel's sudden roll.

Kts.—acts, sects, respects.—It gilds all objects but it alters none.

Ktst.—act'st, likd'st.—Thou act'st the manly part.

Lb.—bulb, Elbe, Albert, filbert.—The river Elbe glides gently.

Lbz.—bulbs.—The bulbs have taken root.

Ld.—gild, field, mild.—He toiled and moiled each day.

Ldz.—fields, folds, wilds.—It gilds the mountain's brow.

Ldst.—hold'st, shield'st.—Thou yiel'st to fate without a sigh.

Lf.—Self, wolf, gulf.—O how self fettered is the grovelling soul.

Lfs.—sylphs, gulfs, elfs.—It is the wolf's dreary cave.

Lft.—ingulf'd.—The lake is ingulf'd amid the hills.

Lfth.—twelfth.—Shakespeare's twelfth night.

Ldzh.—indulge, bilge.—Indulge no useless wish.

Ldzhd.—indulg'd, bilg'd.—He indulged his wit and lost his friend.

Lk.—elk, milk, bulk, silk.—List to the milkmaid's song.

Lks.—silks, elks, bulks.—In silks and satins new we worship in these days.

Lkst.—*milkst.*—Thou *mi~~ll~~'st* the kine at early dawn.

Lkt.—*milk'd.*—The goats were *mi~~ll~~ed* at eve.

Lm.—*Elm, film, realm.*—The heathen heel her *hel~~m~~* has
crushed.

Lmd.—*fil~~m~~'d, whelm'd.*—He was *overwhel~~m~~ed* with doubts.

Lmz.—*fil~~m~~s, real~~m~~s.*—*Fil~~m~~s* slow gathering dim the sight.

Lmst.—*overwhel~~m~~st.*—Thou *overwhel~~m~~st* them with the
whirlwind.

Ln.—*sto~~l~~'n, swo~~l~~'n.*—Even our *fa~~l~~len* fortunes lay in light.

Lp.—*help, pul~~p~~.*—He shrieked for *hel~~p~~* in vain.

Lps.—*pul~~p~~s, whelp~~s~~.* The *alp~~s~~* have pinnaced in clouds their
snowy *scal~~p~~s*.

Lpst.—*scal~~p~~'st, hel~~p~~'st.*—Thou *hel~~p~~'st* me now in vain.

Lpt.—*hel~~p~~'d, scal~~p~~'d.*—I was the first that *hel~~p~~'d* him.

Lxtst.—*hel~~p~~'d'st.*—Those crumbling piles thou *hel~~p~~'d'st* to rear.

La.—*Fa~~l~~se, dul~~s~~e, e~~l~~se.*—Oft by *fa~~l~~se* learning is good sense de-
faced.

Lst.—*Ru~~l~~'st, fil~~l~~'st, fa~~l~~'st.*—Life flutters convulsed in his quiv-
ering limbs.

Lt.—*Bol~~t~~, guil~~t~~, wil~~t~~.*—Misery is wed to *guil~~t~~*.

Lth.—*weal~~th~~, fil~~th~~, steal~~th~~.*—*Heal~~th~~* consists with temperance
alone.

Lths.—*heal~~th~~s, til~~th~~s.*—In drinking *heal~~th~~s*, men but invite
disease.

Lts.—*bol~~t~~s, mel~~t~~s, faul~~t~~s.*—The *assaul~~t~~s* of discontent and
doubt repel.

Ltst.—*hal~~t~~'st, mel~~t~~'st.*—Thou *mel~~t~~'st* with pity at another's
woes.

Lv.—*twel~~v~~e, val~~v~~e, sol~~v~~e.*—O, fix thy firm *resol~~v~~e* wisdom to
wed.

Lvd.—*invol~~v~~'d, resol~~v~~'d.*—No fate with mine *invol~~v~~'d*.

Lvz.—*wol~~v~~es, el~~v~~es, val~~v~~es.*—Man *resol~~v~~es*, and re-*resol~~v~~es*, then
dies the same.

Lvst.—*revol~~v~~est, dissol~~v~~est.*—Thou *sol~~v~~'st* the problem at the
expense of life.

Lz.—*toil~~s~~, steal~~s~~, call~~s~~.*—Peace *rule~~s~~* the day, when reason
rule~~s~~ the mind.

Md.—*fam'd, nam'd, bloom'd.*—Let us keep the soul *embal~~m~~ed*
in living virtue.

Mdst.—illum'dst, bloom'dst.—Thou doom'dst thy victims to death.

Mf.—nymph, triumph.—He has set the triumph-seal.

Mfs.—nymphs, triumphs.—What are man's triumphs?

Mft.—triumph'd.—Life's last rapture triumph'd o'er her woes.

Mp.—pomp.—lamp.—Through the swamp and meadow.

Mps.—lumps, lamps.—How poor the pomps of earth.

Mpst.—thump'st, damp'st.—Thou damp'st their zeal already.

Mz.—gems, plums, comes.—Thou art freedom's now and fame's.

Mst.—doom'st, seem'st.—How wretched thou seem'st.

Mt.—prompt, contempt.—Be ever prompt to answer duty's call.

Mts.—tempts, prompts.—He tempts the perilous deep at dawn.

Mtst.—tempt'st, prompt'st.—Thou prompt'st the warrior now.

Nd.—end, land, mind.—With heart and hand together stand.

Nds.—ends, blends, bonds.—The rivulet sends forth glad sounds.

Ndst.—bendst, sendst.—Answer how thou found'st me?

Ng.— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{sing, long, ring.} \\ \text{singing, swinging.} \end{array} \right.$ —Ding-dong, ding-dong! go the bells.
—Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, running, leaping.

Ngd.—wrong'd, wing'd.—The snowy winged plover.

Ngdst.—twang'dst, wrong'dst.—Thou wrong'dst thyself to write in such a case.

Ngz.—songs, fangs, rings.—Peace scatters blessings from dewy wings.

Ngst.—Ring'st, cling'st, sing'st.—Thou cling'st in vain.

Ngth.—strength, length.—He was the proudest in his strength.

Ngths.—lengths.—Short views we take nor see the lengths behind.

Ngk.—drink, rank.—His drink, the crystal well.

Ngks.—pranks, lynx.—In each low wind methinks a spirit calls.

Ngkst.—thank'st, think'st.—O, deeper than thou think'st I have read thy heart.

Ngkt.—rank'd, thank'd.—He thanked me for my trouble.

Ngkts.—precincts.—He has left the warm precincts of the cheerful day.

Ndzh.—hinge, range, fringe.—Possessions vanish and opinions change.

Ndzhd.—revenge'd, change'd.—The pine is fringed with a softer green.

Ns.—tense, sense, dance.—In search of wit some lose all common sense.

Nst.—canst, against.—Give what thou can'st.

Ntsh.—bench, launch.—Now launch the boat.

Nisht.—launch'd, wrench'd.—He wrenched the chain.

Nt.—lent, rant, went.—He went to see money made not spent.

Nth.—tenth, hyacinth.—Few speak, wild, stormy month, in praise of thee.

Nths.—tenths, hyacinths.—See the hyacinths in bloom.

Nts.—wants, tents, events.—Coming events cast their shadows before.

Ntst.—haunt'st, want'st.—Why haunt'st thou the land.

Nz.—lens, means, vane.—Slow and steady wins the race.

Pl.—plume, plaid, plod.—The ploughman plods along.

Pld.—dimpl'd, tramp'd.—Morn is gleaming in the dapp'd east.

Pldst.—tramp'd'st, peopl'd'st.—Thou tramp'd'st them down.

Plz.—temples, ripples.—Age has on their temples shed her silver frost.

Plst.—tramp'l'st, ripple'st.—Thou tramp'l'st in scorn on the flower.

Pn.—deep'n, op'n.—His ears are open to the softest cry.

Pnd.—op'n'd, sharp'nd.—There stands the ripen'd grain.

Pnz.—sharp'ns, op'ns.—The ceaseless flow of feeling deepens still.

Pr.—pride, praise, print.—Prompt to relieve, the prisoner sings his praise.

Ps.—lips, traps, hops.—Thought stops and fancy droops.

Pst.—droop'st, hōp'st.—Thou wrapp'st the world in clouds.

Pt.—wept, slept, tripp'd.—The clouds be few that intercept the light.

Pts.—precepts, intercepts.—Just precepts are from great examples given.

Ptst—accept'st, intercept'st.—Accept'st thou in kindness the favor?

Pth.—depth.—Launch not beyond thy depth.

Pths.—depths.—From the depths of air comes a still voice.

Rb.—orb, garb, curb, verb.—Curb, O curb thy headlong speed.

Rbd.—disturb'd, garb'd.—No drums disturb'd his morning sleep.

Rbdst.—curb'd'st, disturb'd'st.—Then thou curb'd'st thy mad career.

Rbz.—orbs, garbs, barbs.—Not a breath disturbs the deep serene.

Rbst.—curb'st, absorb'st.—Thou barb'st the dart that rankles sore.

Rd.—bird, cord, herd.—Embroidered sandals glittered as he trod.

Rdz.—birds, words, cords.—Silver cords to earth have bound me.

Rdst.—regard'st, reward'st.—Thou reward'st the evil and the good.

Rf.—Turf, serf, dwarf.—Every turf beneath their feet.

Rfs.—serfs, dwarfs.—When dwarfs and pigmies shall to giants rise.

Rg.—iceberg.—The iceberg has sealed their fate.

Rgs.—icebergs.—In polar seas where icebergs have their home.

Rdzh.—large, urge.—Toward the verge sweeps the wide torrent.

Rdzhd.—scourg'd, urg'd.—Like the slave scourged to his dungeon.

Rk.—dark, lark, work.—Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.

Rks.—marks, barks, larks.—He marks their tracks in the snow.

Rkst.—work'st, mark'st.—Mark'st thou, my son, yon forester?

Rkt.—lurk'd, work'd.—For this he work'd, for this forsook his bed.

Rkdst.—bark'd'st, lurk'd'st.—Of yore thou lurk'd'st in caverns.

RL.—curl, snarl, pearl.—There the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow.

Rld.—world, curl'd, furl'd.—Round his head the war-cloud curled.

Rldst.—furl'd'st, hurl'd'st.—Thou hurl'd'st the spear in triumph.

Rlds.—worlds—What are worlds of wealth?

Rlz.—pearls, curls, snarls.—They are glittering pearls.

- Rlst.*—*curl'st, furl'st.*—Against thou unfurl'st thy wings.
- Rm.*—*arm, warm, harm.*—Arm, arm! and haste to battle.
- Rmd.*—*arm'd, harm'd.*—Armed, armed say you?
- Rmdst.*—*harm'dst, warm'dst.*—Thou arm'dst the hand that laid thee low.
- Rmz.*—*arms, forms, storms.*—The surly storms are softened.
- Rmst.*—*charm'st, alarm'st.*—Thou charm'st the ear of man.
- Rmth.*—*warmth.*—With honest warmth he met me.
- Rn.*—*morn, scorn, urn.*—Live, stung by the scorn of thine own bosom.
- Rnd.*—*burn'd, scorn'd.*—Warned by the signs, they fly in haste.
- Rndst.*—*return'd'st, warn'dst.*—It is well thou learn'dst that lesson young.
- Rnz.*—*morns, urns, horns.*—On the golden wave the sunset burns afar.
- Rp.*—*harp, warp, sharp.*—Time is the warp of life.
- Rps.*—*harps, warps, sharps.*—They sing to their golden harps.
- Rpt.*—*warp'd, usurp'd.*—Trade hath usurped the land.
- Rs.*—*purse, scarce, curse.*—Fierce to the breach they sprang.
- Rsh.*—*harsh, marsh.*—O'er marsh and moor.
- Rst.*—*first, worst, burst.*—There came a burst of thunder.
- Rsts.*—*bursts.*—A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.
- Rt.*—*art, port, dirt, cart.*—How vast is art, how narrow human wit.
- Rts.*—*arts, ports, hearts.*—The sports of children satisfy the child.
- Rtst.*—*starts't, hurts't.*—With these thou flirts't, and smil'st.
- Rth.*—*earth, worth, forth.*—From this day forth give each his worth.
- Rths.*—*earths, hearths.*—Our hearths shall brightly blaze.
- Rtsh.*—*march, larch.*—We may resume the march of our existence.
- Rtsht.*—*search'd, parch'd.*—Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps.
- Rv.*—*nerve, starve, curve.*—Swerve not from duty's path however rough.
- Rod.*—*curv'd, starv'd.*—Life is thus preserved and peace restored.
- Rodst.*—*starv'dst. preserv'd'st.*—Thou preserv'dst his life.

Rvz.—*nerves, curves.*—Then the firmest *nerves* shall tremble.

Rvst.—*nerrest, swerrest.*—I thank thee ; thou *nerrest* my arm.

Rz.—*bars, stars, wears.*—We leap at *stars*, and fasten in the mud.

Sf.—*sphere, sphynx.*—The freed soul soars beyond this little *sphere*.

Shr.— { *shrill, shrink.*—The bat *shrill shrieking* flies away.
 { *shrine, shriek.*—And freedom *shrieked* as Kosciusko fell.

Sk.—*skill, skip.*—It is a land *unscathed* by *scorching* tear.

Scr.—*screen, scribe.*—Across the wiry edge he drew the *screaking* file.

Sks.—*desks, tasks.*—He *asks* no more than is right.

Skt.—*ask'st, bask's't.*—*Ask'st* thou to whom belongs this valley fair ?

Skt.—*ask'd, bask'd.*—He *risk'd* his own, another's life to save.

Sl.—*slime, whistle.*—*Slow* tolls the village clock.

Std.—*whistl'd, nestl'd.*—The loud blast *whistled* shrill.

Slz.—*nestles, thistles.*—The grass *rustles* drearily over his urn.

Slt.—*rustle't, nestl'st.*—Thou *wrestl'st* singly with the gale.

Sm.—*smile, smoke.*—The *smooth* stream now *smoother* glides.

Sn.—*snow, pers'n.*—The moonlight sleeps upon the *snow*.

Snd.—*less'n'd, list'n'd.*—He *listened* to the music.

Snz.—*list'ns, pers'ns.*—How the eye of beauty *glistens*.

Snst.—*less'n'st, hast'n'st.*—Onward thou *hasten'st* home.

Sp.—*span, speed, spar.*—*Sport* leaped up and seized his beechen *spear*.

Spl.—*spleen, splendid.*—The *splendor* of such sights.

Spr.—*spray, spring, sprig.*—In *Spring's* footsteps *sprang* herbage and flowers.

Sps.—*grasps, lisps, clasps.*—The youthful ivy *clasps* the oak.

Spt.—*clasp'd, grasp'd.*—Pope *lisp'd* in numbers, for the numbers came.

St.—*stand, stop, star.*—Hast thou a charm to *stay* the morning *star* ?

Str.—*stroll, strive, strong.*—They have *strown* the dust on the sunny brow.

Sta.—*mists, tastes, coasts.*—All things seem large which we through *mists* descry.

Stat.—*tast'st*, *lists't*.—Now, with what awe thou *list'st* the wild uproar.

Thn.—*length'n*, *strength'n*.—Who would *lengthen* life?

Thnd.—*length'n'd*, *strength'n'd*.—These proclaim my *length'n'd* years.

Thndst.—*length'n'dst*, *strength'n'dst*.—Palsied is the arm thou *strength'n'dst*.

Thnz.—*strength'ns*, *length'ns*.—He *length'ns* the hour, in vain.

Ths.—*youths*, *faiths*.—*Youth's* bright hours are fleeting.

Tht.—*betroth'd*.—She was early *betroth'd* to a Highland Chief.

Thr.—*throb*, *throne*, *thrill*.—Soft as the *thrill* that memory *throws* across the soul.

Thd.—*breath'd*, *sooth'd*, *bath'd*.—They *sheathed* their swords for lack of argument.

Thz.—*bathes*, *tithes*, *paths*.—The *paths* of glory lead but to the grave.

Thst.—*smooths't*, *writh'st*.—O guilt! thou *bath'st* the world in tears.

Thdst.—*smooth'dst*, *writh'dst*.—Thou *smooth'dst* his lonely brow.

Tl.—*title*, *cattle*, *rattle*.—The reef-points *rattle* on the sail.

Tld.—*rattl'd*, *titl'd*.—He *prattled* less, in accents void of guile.

Tldst.—*rattl'dst*, *startl'dst*.—Thou *startl'dst* the slumbering tenants.

Tlz.—*titles*, *turtles*, *battles*.—How the blood *mantles* in his cheek.

Tlst.—*startl'st*, *rattl'st*.—The wild deer thou *startlst* in the shade.

Tn.—*kitt'n*, *mitt'n*, *butt'n*.—Hew blessings *brighten* as they take their flight.

Tnd.—*whit'n'd*, *sweet'n'd*.—The snow now *whiten'd* the earth.

Tnz.—*whi't'ns*, *sweet'ns*.—Thy mercy *sweet'ns* the cup of woe.

Tr.—*tribe*, *tread*, *trade*.—Time's giddy arch with *trembling* foot we *tread*.

Tsh.—*charm*, *chime*, *church*.—Youth is not *rich* in time.

Tsht.—*touch'd*, *watch'd*.—Hence have I *watched* while others *slept*.

- Tshst.*—*snatch'dst*.—Thou touch'*dst* his wounded heart.
Ts.—*bats, roots, hats.*—Ten censure wrong, for one who writes
 amiss.
Tst.—*sitt'et, shout'et.*—Once on Phyle's brow thou satt'*et*.
Vd.—*liv'd, lov'd, sav'd.*—He sav'*d* thy life.
Vdst.—*lov'dst, sav'dst.*—Thou depriv'*dst* me of all.
Vl.—*ev'l, shov'l, hov'l.*—Their hopes still grovel on this earth.
Vld.—*shov'ld shriv'ld.*—It seared and shriv'*ld* up his
 heart.
Vlst.—*shov'let, shriv'let.*—Thou unrav'*let* the very threads
 of being.
Vldst.—*rav'ldst.*—Thou unrav'*ldst* the yarn.
Vlz.—*ev'ls, shriv'ls.*—So shriv'*ls* the leaf in the Autumn blast.
Vn.—*sev'n, driv'n, crav'n.*—Thy bonds are riven.
Vnz.—*rav'ns, heav'ns.*—Heaven's sapphire arch is its resplen-
 dent dome.
Vnth.—*eleventh, sev'nth.*—You came at the eleventh hour.
Vz.—*waves, groves, leaves.*—The groves were God's first
 temples.
Vst.—*mov'et, rav'et, prov'et.*—Weigh well thy words before
 thou giv'*et* them breath.
Zd.—*gaz'd, rais'd, us'd.*—Sudden he gaz'*d*, but knew not what
 to do.
Zl.—*haz'l, dazzle, puzzle.*—It is a puzzle indeed.
Zld.—*dazzl'd, puzzl'd.*—My eyes are dazzl'*d* with the flame.
Zldst.—*dazzl'dst, puzzl'dst.*—Thou puzzl'*dst* the brain of the
 sage.
Zlst.—*puzzlet, dazzlet.*—Thou dazzl'*et* the eye with thy rays.
Zlz.—*hazl's, puzzl's.*—He puzzl'*s* over a doubt.
Zm.—*prism, chasm.*—The sky shone through the fearful chasm.
Zmz.—*prisms, chasms.*—The billows sink to chasms low.
Zn.—*blaz'n, crims'n.*—He sinks on the frozen ground.
Znd.—*blaz'n'd, crims'n'd.*—It is blazoned forth to all.
Znz.—*seas'ns, blaz'ns.*—Thou hast all seasons for thine own.
Znst.—*reas'nt, blaz'nt.*—How well thou reason'*st*, then.

Bu- <i>lb</i> ,	<i>sph-ere</i> ,	mo- <i>rn</i> ,	me- <i>lts</i> ,
Ga- <i>rb</i> ,	icebe- <i>rg</i> ,	les- <i>s'n</i> ,	pro- <i>mpts</i> ,
Pro- <i>b'd</i> ,	(tsh)	writ- <i>t'n</i> ,	eve- <i>nts</i> ,
Abso- <i>rb'd</i> ,	be- <i>nch</i> ,	se- <i>v'n</i> ,	preci- <i>ncts</i> ,
Be- <i>gg'd</i> ,	ma- <i>rsh</i> ,	fro- <i>z'n</i> ,	pre- <i>cepts</i> ,
Belo- <i>ng'd</i> ,	ch- <i>arin</i> ,	he- <i>lp</i> ,	da- <i>rts</i> ,
(dzhd)	ma- <i>rch</i> ,	po- <i>mp</i> ,	mi- <i>sts</i> ,
Ima- <i>g'd</i> ,	wi- <i>dth</i> ,	ha- <i>rp</i> ,	thi- <i>rists</i> ,
(ldzhd)	fi- <i>fh</i> ,	sp- <i>an</i> ,	so- <i>ft</i> ,
Bi- <i>lg'd</i> ,	twe- <i>lfth</i> ,	br- <i>ave</i> ,	ingu- <i>lf'd</i> ,
(ndzhd)	wea- <i>lth</i> ,	dr- <i>eam</i> ,	trium- <i>ph'd</i> ,
Ra- <i>ng'd</i> ,	wa- <i>rmth</i> ,	fr- <i>own</i> ,	lau- <i>nch'd</i> ,
Ur- <i>g'd</i> ,	le- <i>ngth</i> ,	gr- <i>een</i> ,	tou- <i>ch'd</i> ,
Go- <i>ld</i> ,	te- <i>nth</i> ,	shr- <i>ine</i> ,	ma- <i>rch'd</i> ,
Trem- <i>bl'd</i> ,	de- <i>pth</i> ,	cr- <i>ime</i> ,	fa- <i>ct</i> ,
Pad- <i>dl'd</i> ,	no- <i>rth</i> ,	scr- <i>een</i> ,	mi- <i>lk'd</i> ,
Min- <i>gl'd</i> ,	si- <i>xth</i> ,	pr- <i>ide</i> ,	tha- <i>nk'd</i> ,
Twin- <i>kl'd</i> ,	indu- <i>lge</i> ,	spr- <i>ain</i> ,	ma- <i>rk'd</i> ,
Dim- <i>pl'd</i> ,	ra- <i>nge</i> ,	tr- <i>ibe</i> ,	ba- <i>sk'd</i> ,
Wo- <i>rld</i> ,	ba- <i>rge</i> ,	str- <i>ive</i> ,	sa- <i>lt</i> ,
(sld)	si- <i>lk</i> ,	thr- <i>ove</i> ,	(mt)
Whi- <i>stl'd</i> ,	tha- <i>nk</i> ,	pu- <i>ffs</i> ,	pro- <i>mpt</i> ,
Rat- <i>tl'd</i> ,	ma- <i>rk</i> ,	gu- <i>lfs</i> ,	wa- <i>nt</i> ,
Shri- <i>v'l'd</i> ,	ta- <i>sk</i> ,	triu- <i>mpha</i> ,	bu- <i>rnt</i> ,
Puz- <i>zl'd</i> ,	bl- <i>ind</i> ,	dwa- <i>rfs</i> ,	ke- <i>pt</i> ,
Na- <i>m'd</i> ,	cra- <i>dle</i> ,	tru- <i>ths</i> ,	he- <i>lp'd</i> ,
Whe- <i>lm'd</i> ,	fl- <i>oor</i> ,	brea- <i>dths</i> ,	wa- <i>rp'd</i> ,
Fo- <i>rm'd</i> ,	gl- <i>ove</i> ,	hea- <i>lths</i> ,	li- <i>sp'd</i> ,
La- <i>nd</i> ,	twin- <i>kle</i> ,	mo- <i>nths</i> ,	pa- <i>rt</i> ,
Har- <i>d'n'd</i> ,	pl- <i>an</i> ,	le- <i>ngths</i> ,	st- <i>eel</i> ,
Dëa- <i>f'n</i> ,	spl- <i>endid</i> ,	de- <i>pths</i> ,	pro- <i>b'st</i> ,
Dëa- <i>f'n'd</i> ,	fu- <i>rl</i> ,	hea- <i>rths</i> ,	cu- <i>rb'st</i> ,
Wa- <i>k'n'd</i> ,	sl- <i>eep</i> ,	oa- <i>ks</i> ,	di- <i>dst</i> ,
Shar- <i>p'n'd</i> ,	gen- <i>tle</i> ,	si- <i>lks</i> ,	pro- <i>b'dst</i> ,
Wu- <i>r'n'd</i> ,	sho- <i>v'l</i> ,	tha- <i>nks</i> ,	be- <i>gg'dst</i> ,
Les- <i>s'n'd</i> ,	daz- <i>zle</i> ,	ma- <i>rks</i> ,	gi- <i>ld'st</i> ,
Whi- <i>t'n'd</i> ,	rea- <i>lm</i> ,	de- <i>sks</i> ,	trem- <i>bl'dst</i> ,
Leng- <i>th'n'd</i> ,	wa- <i>rm</i> ,	pu- <i>lse</i> ,	bri- <i>dl'st</i> ,
Bla- <i>z'n'd</i> ,	sm- <i>ile</i> ,	de- <i>nse</i> ,	tri- <i>fl'st</i> ,
Gua- <i>rd</i> ,	rhy- <i>thm</i> ,	li- <i>ps</i> ,	min- <i>gl'dst</i> ,
Pro- <i>v'd</i> ,	pri- <i>sm</i> ,	whe- <i>lps</i> ,	twin- <i>kl'dst</i> ,
Reso- <i>lv'd</i> ,	la- <i>d'n</i> ,	la- <i>mbs</i> ,	tram- <i>pl'dst</i> ,
Sta- <i>rv'd</i> ,	dëa- <i>f'n</i> ,	ha- <i>rps</i> ,	cur- <i>rl'dst</i> ,
Ga- <i>z'd</i> ,	leng- <i>th'n</i> ,	li- <i>spe</i> ,	(sldst)
Brea- <i>th'd</i> ,	hea- <i>th'n</i> ,	ho- <i>rse</i> ,	ru- <i>stl'dst</i> ,
She- <i>lf</i> ,	to- <i>k'n</i> ,	foo- <i>ts</i> ,	star- <i>tl'dst</i> ,
Trium- <i>ph</i> ,	sto- <i>l'n</i> ,	tu- <i>fts</i> ,	daz- <i>zld'st</i> ,
Tu- <i>rf</i> ,	shar- <i>p'n</i> ,	fa- <i>cts</i> ,	sho- <i>v'l'dst</i> ,

see-m'dst,	min-gl'st,	(mtst)	cu-rls,
wa-rm'dst,	spar-kl'st,	pro-mpt'st,	mus-cles,
se-nd'st,	tram-pl'st,	wa-nt'st,	ti-tles,
dëa-f'n'dst,	fu-rl'st,	acce-pt'st,	(vlz)
heark'n'dst,	ru-stl'st,	he-lp'dst,	e-vils,
wro-ng'd'st,	star-tl'st,	fli-rt'st,	puz-zles,
streng-th'n'dst,	sho-v'l'st,	enli-st'st,	ti-mes,
tu-rn'dst,	daz-zl'st,	bu-rst'st,	overwhe-lms,
(sndst)	see-m'st,	lo-v'st,	sto-rms,
li-st'n'dst,	whe-lm'st,	reso-lv'st,	logari-thms,
rea-s'n'dst,	wa-rm'st,	prese-rv'st,	pri-ams,
lo-v'dst,	oa-nst,	(tht)	de-ns,
se-rv'dst,	wa-k'n'st,	betro-th'd,	ri-ngs,
rewa-rd'st,	shar-p'n'st,	twe-lce,	(dnz)
sco-ff'st,	retu-rn'st,	ne-rve,	war-d'ns,
ingu-lp'st,	(snst)	so-bs,	dëa-f'ns,
triu-mp'h'st,	li-st'n'st,	bu-lbs,	to-k'ns,
be-gg'st,	leng-th'n'st,	o-rbs,	shar-p'ns,
bri-ng'st,	rea-s'n'st,	dee-ds,	mo-rns,
ra-ng'st,—j,	hō-p'st,	fie-lds,	les-s'ns,
indu-lg'st,	he-lp'st,	wo-rlds,	streng-th'ns,
u-rg'st,	thu-mp'st,	e-nds,	mit-t'ns,
awa-k'st,	wa-rp'st,	wa-rds,	hea-v'ns,
mi-lk'st,	li-sp'st,	ba-gs,	rea-s'ns,
tha-nk'st,	wo-rst,	icebe-rgs,	wa-rs,
ma-rk'st,	shou-t'st,	sai-ls,	(vz)
ba-sk'st,	li-fl'st,	trou-bles,	gi-ves,
smoo-th'st,	tou-ch'dst,	pad-dles,	she-lves,
whi-lst,	ena-ct'st,	ruf-fles,	cu-roes,
hum-bl'st,	mi-lk'dst,	ea-gles,	brëa-thes,
fon-dl'st,	lu-rk'dst,	spar-kles,	
ruf-fl'st,	me-lt'st,	tem-ples,	

Rigidly practice upon these exercises until a distinct articulation is acquired.

ANALYSIS OF THE SIMPLE AND COMBINED SOUNDS.

Give each letter as it naturally sounds in the particular word.

Obscure sound—short. y not like ē, but i short.

a, e, i, o, u, y,—obscure.

ā-m-ī-ā-b-ī-l-ī-t-ỹ,	b-ā-r-b-ā-r-ī-t-ỹ,	ō-p-ū-l-ē-n-t-l-ỹ,
ē-v-ē-n-t-f-ū-l,	ā-l-t-ē-r-ā-b-l-ỹ,	p-ū-b-l-ī-s-h-ē-r,
i-d-ē-n-t-ī-c-ā-l-l-ỹ,	ā-c-ū-m-ī-n-ā-t-ē-d,	b-ū-l-l-f-ī-n-c-h,
ō-p-ā-l-ē-s-c-ē-n-t,	f-oo-l-ī-s-h-l-ỹ,	c-ou-n-t-ē-n-ā-n-çe,
ū-t-ī-l-ī-t-ā-r-ī-ā-n,	ā-d-ō-r-n-ī-ng,	ō-r-n-ā-m-ē-n-t,

DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS.

p-r-o-b'-d-s-t,	b-i-d-d'-s-t,	d-r-a-g-g'-d-s-t,
t-r-e-m-b-l'-d-s-t,	h-u-n-d-r-e-d-th-s,	m-i-ng-l'-d-s-t,
b-u-b-b-l'-s,	ā-b-ō-d'-s,	j-u-g-g-l'-s,
e-m-b-r-o-i-l,	b-a-f-f-l'-d-s-t,	s-t-r-u-g-g-l'-s-t,
w-e-b-s—r-i-b-s,	r-i-f-l's,	e-n-g-r-a-ve,
r-o-b-b-s'-t,	s-t-i-f-l'-s-t,	l-o-g-s—b-o-g-s,
f-l-e-d-g'-d,	s-o-f-t'-n'-d,	c-i-r-c-le,
f-o-n-d-l'-s-t,	s-t-i-f-f'-n-s,	t-w-i-n-k-l'-d-s-t,
b-u-n-d-l'-s,	r-e-f-r-e-s-h,	s-p-a-r-k-l'-s,
k-i-n-d-l'-s-t,	l-ā-u-gh-s-t,	o-i-r-c-l'-s-t,
g-o-l-d'-n,	w-a-f-t-e-d,	t-o-k'n,
g-a-r-d'-n-s,	f-i-f-th,	h-eā-r-k-n'-d-s-t,
d-r-ēa-d-f-u-l,	l-i-f-t'-s-t,	f-ā-l-c'-n-s,

W-a-k'-n'-s-t,	b-o-l-t-e-d,	l-e-n-t,
I-n-c-r-ea-se,	h-ě-a-l-t-l-s,	l-ä-u-n-ch'-d,
O-a-k-s,	m-e-l-t'-s-t,	a-g-ai-n-s-t,
S-p-ě-a-k'-s-t,	i-n-v-o-l-v'-d,	t-e-n-th-s,
S-i-x-th,	w-o-l-v'-s,	w-a-n-t'-s-t,
R-o-ck-d-r-a-k'-d,	r-e-v-o-l-v'-s-t,	g-l-e-n-s,
L-i-k'-d'-s-t,	b-a-l-l-s,	p-ě-o-p-l'-d,
B-u-l-b-s,	b-l-o-o-m'-d-s-t,	t-r-a-m-p-l'-d'-s-t,
G-i-l-d-e-d,	t-r-i-u-m-ph'-s-t,	r-i-p-p-l'-s,
F-o-l-d-s,	t-r-i-u-m-ph'-d'-s-t,	s-c-r-u-p-l'-s-t,
H-o-l-d-s-t,	s-w-a-m-p'-s-t,	sh-a-r-p'-n'-d'-s-t,
G-u-l-f-s,	g-e-m-s,—t-o-mb-s,	o-p'-n-s,
I-n-g-u-l-f'-d,	s-ee-m'-s-t,	e-m-p-r-e-s-s,
T-w-e-l-f-th,	p-r-o-m-p'-t-s-t,	s-t-o-p-s,
I-n-d-u-l-g'-d,	l-a-n-d-s,—e-n'-d-s,	d-r-o-o-p'-s-t,
M-i-l-k'-s-t,	s-e-n-d'-s-t,	r-a-p-t,
M-u-l-c-t,	s-i-ng-i-ng,	i-n-t-e-r-c-e-p-t'-s-t,
O-v-e-r-wh-e-l-m'd,	s-o-ng-s,	d-e-p-th-s,
F-i-l-m-s,	r-i-ng-s-t,	b-a-r-b'-d'-s-t,
W-h-e-l-m-s-t.	l-e-ng-th-s,	o-r-b-s,
S-t-o-l'-n,	th-i-n'-k'-s-t,	a-b-s-o-r-b'-s-t,
H-e-l-p-s't,	r-a-n-k'-d'-s-t,	a-b-s-u-r-d,
H-e-l-p'-d'-s-t,	h-i-n-g'-d,	c-o-r-d-s,
R-ö'-l-l'-s-t,	t-ě-n-se,	r-e-g-a-r-d'-s-t,

s-e-r-f-s,	p-r-e-s-e-r-v'-d-s-t,	s-t-r-e-ng-th'-n-s,
i-c-e-b-ē-r-g-s,	c-u-r-v-e-s,	f-ā-i-th'-s,
e-n-l-a-r-g'-d,	p-r-e-s-e-r-v'-s-t,	b-e-t-r-o-tl'-d,
b-a-r-k-s'-t,	s-t-a-r-s-s-t-i-r-s,	th-r-o-b'-d-s-t,
b-a-l-k'-d-s-t,	s-ph-ē-r-e,	b-r-ē-a-th'-d-s-t,
w-o-r-l-d-s,	sh-r-i-ll-sh-r-i-ne,	p-a-t-h-s,
wh-e-n-wh-a-t,	sh-r-a-n-k sh-r-i-ve	t-r-e-m-b-le,
c-u-r-l'-s-t,	s-c-r-ē-a-m-i-ng,	ch-a-r-m,
s-n-a-r-l-s,	b-a-s-k'-s-t,	w-a-t-ch'-d-s-t,
a-l-a-r-m-s,	r-i-s-k'-d,	sh-ou-t-s-t,
ch-a-r-m-d'-s-t,	wh-i-s-t-l'-d,	s-a-v'-d-st,
f-o-r-m'-s-t,	m-u-s-c-l-e-s,	r-a-v'-l-l'-d-s-t,
w-a-r-m-th-s,	n-e-s-t-l'-s-t,	sh-o-v'-l-s-t,
h-o-r-n-s,	s-m-i-l-e,	e-v-i-l-s,
r-e-t-u-r-n-d-s-t,	p-e-r-s'-n,	h-e-a-v-e-n-s,
s-c-o-r-n-s-t,	l-e-s-s-n'-d-s-t,	e-l-e-v-e-n-th,
sh-a-r-p-s,	l-i-s-t-n'-s-t,	w-a-v-e-s,
h-a-r-p'-d-s-t,	s-p-l-e-n-d-i-d,	m-o-v'-s-t,
h-o-r-s-e,	s-p-r-i-ng-i-ng,	e-x'-p-o-s'-d,
m-a-r-sh,	g-r-a-s-p'-s-t,	d-a-z-z-l'-d-s-t,
b-u-r-s-t'-s-t,	c-l-a-s-p'-d,	p-u-z-z-l'-s-t,
s-t-a-r-t'-s-t,	n-o-t-i-c'-d,	m-u-z-z-l'-s,
h-e-a-r-th-s,	m-i-n-s-t-r-e-l-s,	ch-a-s-m-s,
s-e-a-r-ch'-d-s-t,	e-n-l-i-s-t'-s-t,	b-l-a-z-o-n-s,

o-r-i-m-s-o-n'-d-s-t, r-a-tt-l'-d-s-t, m-i-tt'-n-s,
 r-ê-a-s-o-n-s-t, m-a-n-t-le-s, h-ow-e-v-e-r,
 s-m-oo-th-s-t, s-w-ee-t'-n'-d, l-e-ng-th'-n-d-s-t.

Pronounce also daily from the columns of a standard Dictionary. Exercises of this kind improve the vocal organs more rapidly than reading.

Wastes and deserts; waste sand deserts.

He could { pain nobody.
 pay nobody

He whet a wet razor on his strap.

Whoever heard of such { an ocean.
 a notion.

He ought to { prove } such a position.
 approve }

He is content { in either } place.
 in neither }

READING BY SOUNDS.

So | stâ | tely | her | bearing, | so | proud | her
 array, | the | main | she | will | traverse | for-
 ever | and | âye. He | gave | to | the | gale | his
 | snow | white | sail. The | earth | is | veiled | in |
 shades | of | night. The | sound | ing | aisles | of |
 the | dim | woods | rang. For | life, | for | life, |
 their | flight | they | ply. From | cliff | to | cliff
 | the | smok | ing | tor | rents | shine. Wild | winds
 and | mad | waves | drive | the | vessel | a wreck.

FORCE.

EXERCISE.—Commence with the *lightest whisper* and *gradually* increase to the *loudest vocality*; then reverse the practice. In either direction be careful *not* to change the *pitch* or alter the *natural* level of the voice; also not to make the *loudest* sounds other than in a *pure*, round tone. When satisfied that they can be given properly then practice the forcible sounds with **ALL** the lung power you can possibly bear on them,

increasing to the last. If given in impure tones, the exercise will severely strain the throat and induce disease. When the sounds can be given pure and mellow, on the natural pitch, the voice improves wonderfully in strength in a very limited time.

Pure tones will never affect the throat, let them be given *ever so loudly*. Even a few weeks' practice, when properly conducted, will make a great change in the voice.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

. . . a a a a a a a a a a a a a a . . .

With the foregoing severally unite Pitch, Time, Aspiration, (pure,) and the Tremor, and make a variety of exercises. Also add the same to the following:

Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!

Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!

I call to you with all my voice.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire!

He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down!

Loud surges lash the sounding shore!

EXERCISE.—Let this be moderate at first; never FORCED; solidly, firmly, promptly, especially in the loudest tones. Do not raise the pitch of the natural voice. To vary the exercise, add separately, Pitch, the Tremor, Aspiration, (pure,) and the Semi-tone; each constituting an independent practice.

1. As soft as possible.
2. Very soft.
3. Soft.
4. Rather soft.
5. MIDDLE, OR MEAN.
6. Rather loud.
7. Loud.
8. Very loud.
9. As loud as possible.

MARCH! HALT! HALLOO! WOE!

FORCE—STRESSES.

The RADICAL STRESS is the explosive or bursting style of voice. It is used to express anger, rage, fear, impetuous cour-

age, and startling emotions. "HA! dost thou not see?" "To ARMS! They come! the GREEK! the GREEK!" "STRIKE till the last armed foe expires!" "Vic-tory? vic-tory, their colors fall!"

The MEDIAN commences easily, widens out to a full, round expression, then dies gradually away. It is used for pathos, dignity, deliberation, gentleness. "HAIL! universal Lord!" "All HAIL! thou l-o-ve-l-y queen of night!"

The THOROUGH is the power placed alike on all parts strongly and firmly, for vehemence, courage, determination. "Up with my BAN-ners on the wall!" "Tried and convicted TRAITOR." "DOWN soothless insulter." (Suppressed force and vanishing stress on soothless, and aspiration on insulter).

The VANISHING commences very lightly, widens out into a full, open sound, and ends abruptly. Used for obstinacy, fixed, sullen determination, anxious alarm, peevishness. "I WILL have my bond." "I NE'ER will ask ye quarter." "Oh! ye Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all THIS?"

The INTERMEDIATE is a feeble, trembling voice: "I can go no further."

The COMPOUND (or Rad. and Van.). The radical begins and goes to the middle of the word or words, and then the vanishing does its part by ending. It is rarely used. It is an unpleasant, jerking sound. It is a national characteristic among the Irish; used in surprise, raillery, earnest questions, importunate entreaty. "ARM warriors! ARM for the fight!" "Gone to be MARRIED, gone to swear a PEACE?" "Dost thou come here to WHINE?"

THE SEMITONE.

The semitone is simply a plaintive, pitiful expression.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

THE TREMOR.

Add a trembling, shaking voice to the above, and the effect will be greatly enhanced.

"Thou *glor ious* mirror,"—a-a-a-, e-e-e, i-i-i, o-o-o, u-u-u, oi-oi-oi, ou-ou-ou.

THE LOUD WHISPER.

The loud whisper is a most admirable practice—no vocality ; a, e, i, o, u, oi, ou. It is very difficult, but will be found a great means of improvement. Not too frequent, and stop when giddy or pain is felt. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

EXAMPLE.—“Who comes here? Ha! thou art the ghost of my murdered friend! I cry you mercy. I implore you let me rest in peace. It harrows up my very soul with terror and amazement.” Add Force, Pitch, Time, the Tremor, and the Semitone; and practice each separately.

EXPLOSIVES.

The explosives are calculated to give depth and rotundity to the voice. The orotund is the orator's true voice. With some it is natural; with all ordinarily good voices it can be acquired to a remarkable degree. It is the only voice capable of rendering the more majestic and heroic styles of language. To practice the explosives, for its acquirement, and to give the voice outline and edge, the position must be erect, and the lungs filled to the greatest capacity. Hold the air thus accumulated until perfectly concentrated; then burst upon the sounds with a quick, percussive stroke of the voice. It is best to have consonants precede the vowel sounds. Let the burst of the voice come like a clear coughing sound, but be sure and have no aspiration. Let the sound be extremely pure, and no unpleasant effect will follow its emission. Hold the breath for a moment firmly on the consonant, and then burst it, like the report of a pistol, on the vowel.

EXPLOSIVES.—B-a! B-e! B-i! B-o! B-u! B-oi! B-ou!

 Practice these also with Pitch, Aspiration, and the Semitone.

EMPHASIS.—“I'm tortured to madness, to THINK of it.”

“A *cultivated* taste converses with a PICTURE.”

“Better to reign in HELL, than serve in HEAVEN.”

“God said, ‘Let their be light’—and there *was* LIGHT.”

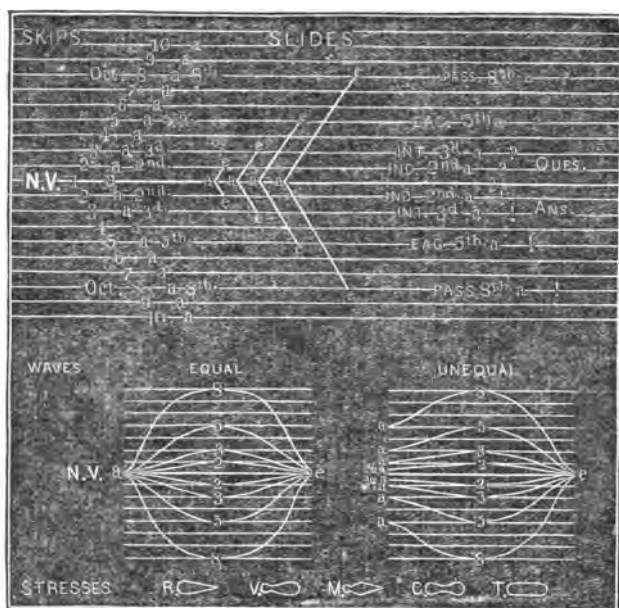
PITCH.

Begin with the natural voice, and having the lungs completely filled make the sounds rise one above the other, as you would in music, except that the sounds must be spoken, and not sung. Make each sound, as you pass up this speaking scale, full and round. Rise as though counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, &c. The number of sounds will depend upon the slowness or rapidity of enunciation. Rise beyond where the voice breaks into the falsette. Carry it up as high as it is possible to convert the air into sound. Begin again, with the natural voice, and pass down the speaking scale. Make each sound, as before, round, pure, and full, to the very lowest. Then pass up from the natural to the highest in uninterrupted sound, then down from the starting point to the very lowest note. The first manner of going up the scale may be called skipping, the latter sliding. The sounds may be called skips and slides, or discrete and concrete sounds. The skips or discrete, are used in the simplest forms of reading; the slides in very emphatic styles. The voice passing up the scale to any desired point, and then passing immediately down in one continuous movement, upon the same breath, is called a wave. It can be reversed, and commence by going down first and then rising. The greater the distance to which it rises and falls, or falls and rises, of course varies its intensity of expression. [See Exercises, page 88.]

Also, practice the Pitch with the Semitone, or Plaintive movement of voice, and afterward add the Tremor, or Tremulous style, and Aspiration.

In singing, the voice continues on the same level for each sound; while in speaking, it never rests for a single instant on the same pitch, but rises, or falls, according to the direction given to it until the sound ceases.

The Slide has great beauty; endearing in tone, and sometimes plaintive and desolate to tears.



Indifference.—QUES.—Have you my book? ANS.—No, I have my own.

Interest.—QUES.—How came he here? ANS.—I do not know.

Eagerness.—QUES.—How dare you thus provoke me? ANS.—I do not fear you.

Passion.—QUES.—How now, are we turned Turks?—ANS.—Let's kill, slay, slaughter.

HIGH PITCH.—Oh! I could mount with rapture to the very stars.

NATURAL VOICE.—Morn is gleaming in the dappled east.

LOW PITCH.—Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

SIMPLE WAVE—Direct; and inverted, thus:—

“I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
(direct) (inverted)

The waves of the third, fifth, and octave are rarely used, though, if practiced, they will assist in developing the voice. Take the sounds, and give a longer, fuller expression, until the thirds, fifths, and both octaves, direct and inverted, have been exemplified.

DIRECT AND INVERTED WAVES—Of equal thirds, fifths, octaves; unequal thirds, fifths, octaves:—a, e, i, o, u, oi, ou.

You talk of grief? You a prince's son!
(inverted unequal) (direct unequal)

The unequal waves are for different degrees of time and fulness of the contemptuous and sneering styles of expression. As represented in the diagram, the sides of the wave are of unequal length.

CONTINUED WAVE—is a number of waves, seldom used—
a, e, i, o, u, oi, ou. But it is an excellent practice.

High notes tire the muscles of the neck, but are excellent aids in *deepening* the tones of the voice, to *strengthen* and *invigorate* the vocal powers.

To *whisper* forcibly an octave *above* and then *below*, is exceedingly difficult, but is highly beneficial.

Conversation might be visibly represented by the size of the letters in which these lines are printed.

Public Speaking is only a *larger conversation*, and might proportionably be thus exemplified in *larger* type.

Drawling and *Monotony* might be illustrated in the extended style here given.

RADICAL AND VANISHING MOVEMENT.

e	e	e	e	e	e	e
a	a	a	a	a	a	a

Each vowel sound has its rad. and van. however light the latter. The following words exemplify it.

b-a	˙ t—(bat.)	f-a	˙ te—(fate.)	d-a	˙ le—(dale.)
m-o	˙ rn—(morn.)	n-oo	˙ n—(noon.)	b-i	˙ te—(bite.)
Ä—mōng	in—	nū—	mer—	a—ble	false
Un—	sha—ken,	un—	se—duced,	un—	ter—ri—fied;
His	loy—al—	ty	he	kept, his	love, his
					zeal

VOCALIZE AND ASPIRATE.

10. As high as possible.—(*Vociferation.*)—"Strike, for the sires who left you free!"
9. Extremely high.—"I repeat it sir, let it come! let it come!"
8. Very high, spirited.—"Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty."
7. High.—"The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang."
6. Rather high.—"With music I come from my balmy home."
5. MIDDLE.—(*Firm, natural.*)—"A vision of beauty appeared on the clouds."
4. Rather low.—"Friends, Romans, Countrymen!"
3. Low.—(*Modest.*)—"And this is in the night! most glorious night!"
2. Very low.—(*Sublime.*)—"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean,—roll!"
1. As low as possible.—(*Solemn.*)—"Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought."

Begin with	—1-10	}	"Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
the very highest	—2-9		Against the churches; though the yesty waves
and descend	—3-8		Confound and swallow navigation up;
line by line to	—4-7		Though bladdèd corn be lodg'd and trees blown down;
the very lowest	—5-6		Though castles topple on their war- ders' heads;
note of the voice.	—6-5		Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Then reverse by	—7-4		Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
<i>commencing</i>	—8-3		Of nature's germins tumble all to- gether,
with the very	—9-2		Even till destruction sicken, <i>answer</i> me
lowest and rising	—10-1		To what I ask you."

Afterwards add Force, Time, Aspiration, the Tremor and the Semitone to both of these exercises and practice separately with each.

MODULATION AND MELODY.

MODULATION, is the **PITCH** of *paragraphs* and *sentences*.
MELODY, is the **PITCH** of *words* and *syllables* in each sentence.
The *one* is the **GENERAL** pitch, the other the **PROGRESSIVE**.

EXAMPLES.

[illegible]

(*High.*) est
 And laugh- at the storm. | But, to Ossian, thou look-est
 in
 vain.

(*nat. voice.*) field, house,
 The fire blasted every consumed ever- y and

(*rather low*)
 destroyed every
 tem-
 ple.

(*rather low.*)
 Then shook the hills with *thunder* riv'n,
 (*rather high.*) the
 Then rush'd the steeds to bat- driv'n,
 n,
 (*high.*) heav-
 And louder than the bolts of
 (*rather low.*)
 Far flashed the red artillery.

(*rather high.*) tower,
 Ye are the things that that shine, whose smile

(*high.*) glad,
 kes
 ma- (low.)
 whose frown is ter-
 ri-
 ble.

(*r. high.*) (high.)
 Ex-ult-ing, ing, faint-
 (n. v.) rag- ing,
 trembling,

(h.)
 ed,
 (n. v.) de- light- (r. h.) (n. v.)
 Dis-turb'd, raised, re- fined.

(*rath. low.*) less, (r. l.)
 less, man- life-
 Season- herbless, tree- less—

A lump of death,— (low.)
a chaos of hard clay.

How *poor*, how *rich*, how abject, how au-
gust,

cate,
How com- pli- how wonderful
is man.

(nat. voice.) time,
For who would bear the *whips* and scorns of

con'tumely,
The oppressor's *wrong*, the proud man's

(rather high.) de-lay,
The pangs of despised *love*, the *law's*

(high.) *fice*, and (r. l.)
The insolence of *of-* the *na*,
spur-

worthy
That patient merit of the *un-* takes,

(rather low.)
When he himself, might his quietus make

(low.)
With a bare *bod-*
kin.

ILLUSTRATIONS, (in a new form,) FROM DR. RUSH.

He reads in na- in-fi-nite book of se-
ture's cre-
cy.

Ti-
He er drinks, but mon's sil- treads
nev- ver up-on his
lip.

He nev-er drinks, but Ti-mon's sil-ver treads up-on his lip.

He nev-er drinks, but Ti-mon's sil-ver treads upon his lip.

That quar-ter | most the | skil-ful Greeks | an- noy, |

Where yon wild | fig trees join the | walls of Troy. |

CADENCES.

1= Sweet' is' the' breath' of' morn.'

2= The' fanned' un'—num'— ber'd' plumes.'

3=(1st Duad.) tur'—ret' and' sleek' en'— am'—el'' d' neck.'

4=(2d Duad.) The' mean'— ing', not' the' name', I' ca'— ll'

5=(Feeble Cadence.) by' not' s'— o'.

6=(False Cadence.) Of wiles more in— ex— I boast' not.'

(10)

9 (*high.*)

8

7

6

MELODY AND MODULATION.

==NAT. VOICE.

5

4

3

2

1 (*low.*)

EXTRACT.—OTHELLO. (SHAKS.)

'and' tor' — 'ture' me',
 'dost' 'der' her'
 'If' thou' slan' —

 'Nev'—er' pray' more': 're' — morse';
 'a'—ban'—

 'hor'—ror's' 'hor'— 'ac'—
 'On' 'head' 'rors' cum'—u'-
 'late';

 'n' 'weep', all' 'earth' a'—
 'make' Heav'— 'mazed';
 'deeds' to'
 'Do'

 'For' 'noth'—ing' 'canst' thou' 'to' dam'—na'—tion'
 'add',

 'Great'—er' 'than' 'that.'

INTONATION AT PAUSES.

the' aph' Ab'— faith'—ful'
 So' spake' ser'— • diel'; found',

 mong' the' Faith'— on' ly' he.
 A'— faith'— less'. ful'

A'—mong' in'— nu'— mer'— a'—ble' false' un'—*moved'*,
 Un'— shak'—en', un'— se'—*duced'*, un'— ter'—ri'— *fied'*;
 His' loy'—al'— ty' he' *kept'*, his' love', his' sea'— l.
 Nor' num'—ber', nor' ex'— am—ple', with' him' wrought'
 To' from' change' his' stant' *mind'*,
 swer've truth'; or' con'—
 Though' sin(g)'— gle.

INTERROGATIVE SENTENCES.

(*Rising 5th*) in thorough Interrogation used on *every* syllable.

G^{ve} i^(oo)—t^u a^(ä) st^a ue^u wⁱ hⁱ c^e t^{or-}
 Br An
 Give Brutus a statue with his ancestors?

(*Another form.*)

He^(e) said^(d) you^(oo) were^(r) in⁽ⁿ⁾ com—
 pa— ra— ble?^(e)
 com—

He said you were incomparable ?

$\begin{array}{ccccccc} \underline{(oe)}^s & \underline{(e)}^s & \underline{(d)}^s & & \underline{(r)}^s & \underline{(e)}^s & \\ \underline{(i)}^s & \underline{(u)}^s & \underline{(a)}^s & \underline{(f)}^s & \underline{(o)}^s & \underline{(i)}^s & \underline{(e)}^s \\ \text{Give}^1 & \underline{(b)}^s & \text{ius}^1 & \underline{(m)}^s & \text{for}^1 & \text{his}^1 & \underline{(e)}^s \\ & \underline{(a)}^s & & \underline{(e)}^s & \text{umph}^1 & \text{de}^1 & \underline{(a)}^s \\ & & & \underline{(i)}^s & & & \text{lay}^1 ? \\ \text{Fab}^1 & & & \text{tri}^1 & & & \end{array}$

Give Fabius a triumph for his delay ?

RISEING OCTAVE.—Hath a *dog* money ?

PARTIAL INTERROGATION.—

Brother, good day ! *what means this armed guard*
That waits upon your grace ?

SEMITONE AND TREMOB.

Pit—y the rows of a *p-o-o-r*
sor— o-l-d———(d)— man'.

O 'BANquo, 'BANquo,
Our Royal master's m-u-r-der'-d.

DOWNWARD OCTAVE.

So frown'd the mighty combatants that HELL
Grew darker at their frown.

DOWNWARD FIFTH.

(Concrete) used for emphasis,

$\begin{array}{ccccccc} & & & & & i & \\ & & & & & (e) & \\ & & & & & | & \\ \text{S.} & \text{ee-} & \text{ms,} & \text{mad} & \text{—am,} & \text{it} & \text{—s !} \\ & & & & & \text{nay} & \end{array}$

Downward 5th on { Hence, horrible shadow,
each syllable. { Unreal mockery, hence.

OCTAVES.

(e) — h
 (e) —
 — o
 (i) —
 Heigh (oo) !

DOWNWARD FIFTH.—(*Discrete.*)

Yet' Bru' — says' he' ^(grave surprise.) am' — bi' —
 — was' — 'tious.'
 =tus'

DOWNWARD THIRD (*Concrete.*)

None' but' the' None' but' the' bra' —
 brave' ! but' — ve' !
 No — but' ve'
 — ne' the' bra' — de' — serve' the'
 fair.

Another Example.—(Discrete.)

Through' E' — den' their' i' — ta' — ^(prepared cadence.)
 'took' sol' — ry way.'

WAVES.

(Higher intervals seldom used.)

EQUAL WAVE OF THE SECOND.—(Used on an *average*, in the *leftist* description, on *three* syllables in *ten*. If used oftener *dawling* is the result.)

i- gh on' a' thr- ne' of r- y sta'- which f- a- r
 o- al' te',

Out' — sh- o- ne the' wealth' of O- r- mus' and' of' n- I- d,
 (er-)

Or' whe-^{e-} re o-
the' g- r-geous' rich'-est' h-^{a-} nd
East' with'

Sh-^{o-} w—ers' on' her' K-ⁱ⁻ ngs bar'-ic' p-^{ea-} rl and' go'-
ld,

Sa'— ex'— alt'—
ed' sat.'
tan'

(Another example of the same.)

S-^{o'} say'— i'— a' no'— ble' ke' he' lift'—ed' hi-^{gh'}
ng,' stro'—

Which' hu'— ng' not', but' so' swift with' t-
em'—pest' fell',

O—^(o)n ou-
the' pr- d crest' of' Sa'— tan, that no' ght,'
si'-

Nor' mo'— tion' of' swift' thought', le'-
ss' could' his' ie-
sh- ld,

Su'— ch'
r- u- in' in'— ter'—
(oo)— cept.'

Some are not *content* with the *beautiful simple* melody of speech with an *occasional wave* or *slide* of the *octave*, *fifth* and *third*; but must *continually* deal out the *higher intervals exclusively*, thus allowing no *repose* to the ear and producing a most disagreeable *drawling*, and *monotonous* delivery.

Even in the loftiest and most imaginative styles of language, the *simple rise* and *fall* of the voice greatly preponderates: and the *other intervals* are applied *occasionally* to *syllables*, and are thus *diffused* through sentences.

Proper pausing is better than the immoderate use of the wave and slide.

TIME.

Rapid.—Moderate.—Slow.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

1 2 3 4 1 2 1 2 1 2 3 4 1 2 3
a, a, a, a. e, e. i, i. o, o, o, o. u, u, u. oi,—ou.

Even in quick time, seem to be rapid, but not so quick as to make the hearer lose what he would *gladly remember*. He then hears but forgets. Have the *syllables abrupt*, but *yet take sufficient time* in reading the words to be *well* understood. It requires great skill.

Take the utmost pains to have each sound distinct. In slow time breathe deeply, make the sounds full and round, and if there is any tendency to drawling, it will disappear.

QUICK.

Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat that guards her young,
Full at Fitz James's throat he sprung.

MODERATE.

There were light sounds of reveling. With music I come from my balmy home. There is no breeze upon the lake. The waves bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider. A vision of beauty appeared on the clouds. The bells he jingled, and the whistle blew. Labor is but refreshment from repose.

SLOW TIME—(GREAT QUANTITY).

O thou Eternal One, whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Being above all beings, mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

PRACTICE.

1. As quick as possible.—Quick as the lightning's flash that illumines the night.
2. Very quick.—Charge for the golden lilies, now, upon them with the lance.
3. Quick.—Hurrah! the foes are moving.
4. Rather Quick.—Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a-wreck.
5. MEDIUM TIME.—What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted.
6. Rather slow.—Slowly and sadly we laid him down.
7. Slow.—The bell strikes one! we take no note of time, but from its loss.
8. Very slow.—Which like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.
9. The slowest time.—Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour.

Then with Aspiration, the Tremor, and the Semitone, Force and Pitch.

$a, a, a, a, a.$ $a-c.$ $a-c.$ $a-c.$ $a-c.$ $a-c.$
 a ————— $c.$ a ————— $c.$
(a)
 a ————— $c.$

Now turn to some selection in the latter part of the book, and for practice, read first very slowly, then read the same piece in moderate time, and then just as fast as is possible to read and be distinct.

The power of *suspending* the voice at pleasure, is one of the most useful attainments in the art of speaking. It enables the orator to pause as long as he chooses and still keep his hearers in *expectation* of what is to follow. When well done, the effects are wonderful.

The speaker can take advantage of the pauses to inhale imperceptibly a copious supply of air, and collect his ideas.

The pauses relieve the ear from the incessant flow of sound, and animate the meaning; they also divide and enforce the harmony of language.

RULES FOR PAUSING

- | | | |
|---------|---|---|
| AFTER. | { | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The nominative phrase. 2. The objective phrase in an inverted sentence. 3. The emphatic word or clause of force. 4. Each member of a sentence. 5. The noun when followed by an adjective. 6. Words in apposition. |
| BEFORE. | { | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. The infinitive mood. 8. Prepositions (generally). 9. Relative Pronouns. 10. Conjunctions. 11. Adverbs (generally). 12. An Ellipsis. |

GENERAL RULE.

Pause after every two or three words, and at the end of every line in poetry. Pauses are not breaks, they simply suspend the sense. They are short in rapid, long in slow reading.

EXAMPLES.—The passions³ of mankind¹ frequently³ blind them.

With famine¹ and death² the destroying angel came.

He exhibits⁴ now and then⁴ remarkable genius.

He was a man⁵ contented.

The morn⁶ was clear¹² the eve⁶ was clouded.

It is prudent³ in every man⁷ to make early provision against the wants of age¹⁰ and the chances⁸ of accident.

Nations¹¹ like men⁶ fail⁸ in nothing⁹ which they boldly attempt¹¹ when sustained⁸ by virtuous purpose¹⁰ and firm resolution.—*H. Clay.*

A people¹² once enslaved¹ may groan¹² ages⁸ in bondage.

Their diadems¹² crowns⁸ of glory.

They cried³ “Death⁸ to the traitors!”

NOTE.—Never pause between the *verb* and its objective case, in a *direct* sentence, unless other words intervene.

THE MIDDLE PAUSE.—So called because it most frequently occurs in the middle of a sentence.

EXAMPLE.—These³ are the men+to whom++arrayed⁸ in all the terrors⁸ of Government+I would say++you shall not degrade us⁸ into brutes.—*Burke.*

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight+in his guarded+tent,
 The Turk+lay+dreaming+of the hour+
 When Greece, her knee+in suppliance+bent,
 Should tremble+at his power ;
 In dreams, through camp+and court, he bore+
 The trophies+of a conqueror ;
 In dreams,+his song+of triumph+heard ;
 Then wore+his monarch's+signet-ring ;
 Then pressed+that monarch's+throne—a king ;
 As wild+his thoughts, and gay+of wing,
 As Eden's+garden bird.

An hour+passed on,—the Turk+awoke ;
 That bright+dream+was+his last ;
 He woke—to hear+his sentry's+shriek,
" To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek ! "
 He woke—to die+midst flame+and smoke,
 And shout+and groan+and sabre-stroke,+
 And death-shots+falling+thick+and fast+
 As lightnings+from+the mountain-cloud ;
 And heard, with voice+as trumpet+loud,
 Bozzaris+cheer+his band :
" STRIKE—till+the last+armed+foe+expires ;
STRIKE—for your altars+and your fires ;
STRIKE—for the green+graves+of your sires ;
 God,—and your native+land ! "

They fought+like brave men, long+and well ;
 They piled+that ground+with Moslem slain ;
 They conquered,—but Bozzaris+fell,
 Bleeding+at every+vein.
 His few+surviving+comrades+saw+
 His smile, when rang+their proud+hurrah,
 And+the red field+was won ;
 Then saw+in death+his eyelids+close+
 Calmly+as+to a night's+repose,
 Like flowers+at set+of sun.

RHYTHMUS OF SPEECH.

+ It is | now | six-teen or | seven-teen | years | + since I |
 saw the queen of | France, + | then the | Dau-phi-ness, | + at
 Ver- | sailles: | + + | + and | sure-ly | nev-er | light-ed on this
 | orb, | + which she | hard-ly | seemed to | touch, + | + a | more
 de- | light-ful | vis-ion. | + + | + + | + I | saw her | just a- |
 bove the ho- | ri-zon, | + + | dec-o-rating and | cheer-ing |
 + the | el-e-vat-ed | sphere | + she | just be- | gan to | move
 in: | + + | glit-ter-ing | + like the | morn-ing | star: | + + |
 full of | life, + | + and | splen-dor, | + and | joy. |

Oh! | what a | rev-o- | lu-tion! | + + | + and | what a |
 heart + | must I | have, | + to con- | tem-plate | + with- |
 out e- | mo-tion, | that + | + el-e- | va-tion | + and |
 that + | fall. |

+ In the | sec-ond | cent-u-ry | + of the | Christ-ian |
 e-ra | + the | em-pire of | Rome | + com-pre- | hend-ed the |
 fair-est | part of the | earth + | + and the | most + | civ-
 il-ized | por-tion | + of man- | kind.

EXPRESSION.—STYLES.

Soft and Delicate.—The swan's sweetest song is the last he sings.

Brilliant, Sparkling.—Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.

Fierce, Vehement.—Strike! till the last armed foe expires.

Spirited.—Again to the battle, Achaians!

QUALITY.—TONES OF VOICE.

{ NATURAL, OR
 { PURE.—(high.)

Cheerfulness.—When cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue.

Joy.—Rejoice such tidings good to hear!

Pathos.—Ah! poor soldier! Oh! fond mother, you are sever'd now, for aye!

Love.—The loyal winds that loved it well.

Solemnity.—(at times.)—There is a world where there falls no blight.

Sorrow.—Kindred, friends! and have I lost you all.

OROTUND.

Pathos.—And is this all that remains of Hamilton?

Solemnity.—Its solemn tones are ringing in my ear.

Joy.—(when dignified.)—Earth with her thousand voices calls on God.

FALSETTE.—(rarely used.)

Terror.—Help! help! mercy, oh! save me!

ASPIRATION.

Wonder.—Sir Richard, what think you, have you beheld it?

Amazement.—Gone to be friends? Thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard!

Excess of Anger.—Alive in triumph? and Meroutio slain?

Revenge.—If he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too!

Fear.—Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

(Pure aspiration.)

Terror.—I've done the deed—did'st thou not hear a noise?

Haste.—Haste me to know it, that I may swoop to my revenge.

Remorse.—I am alone the villain of the earth, and feel I am so most.

Despair.—Comb down his hair, look! look! it stands upright.

GUTTURAL.

Contempt.—Get thee gone, before I learn the worst.

Malice.—How like a fawning publican he looks.

Impatience.—He is my bane, I cannot bear him.

Hate.—When forth you walk, may the sun strike you with livid plagues.

Loathing.—I loathe ye with my bosom, I scorn you with mine eye.

GROUPING OF SPEECH AND EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS, is the whole life of expression. Try the *supposed* word or words, and fill in other words until *satisfied* as to which are emphatic.

Examples of GROUPING with emphatic words.—Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he who first broke *p-e-a-c-e*—in heaven, and *f-ai-th*—till then *unbroken*?

Say first, for *H-E-A-V-EN*,—*hides nothing from thy view nor the deep tract of HELL.*

Having the wisdom to *fore-s-ee*—he took measures to *pre-vent—the dis-as-ter.*

After he was so fortunate as to save himself *FR-O-M*—he took es-pecial care, never to fall again *into—THE—POLLUTED—STREAM—OF—AMBITION.*

Blew an *inspiring ai-r*—that dale and thicket ru-ng—
The hunter's *c-a-ll*,—to Faun and Dryad known.

Then *wh-en*—I am thy *cap-tive*—talk of chains.

For soon expect to feel

His *thun-der* on thy head, *de-vour-ing* fire,

Then, who cre-ated thee lamenting *learn*,

When who can *un-create* thee thou shalt *know.*

INCENTIVES TO DEVOTION.

Lo! the un-lett-ered (HIND), who never *know*
To *raise* his *mind ex-cursive* to the *height*
Of abstract *contem-plation*, as he *sits*
On the *green hillock* by the *hedge-row side*,
What time the *insect swarms* are *murmuring*,
AND MARKS, in silent thought, the BROKEN CLOUDS,
THAT FRINGE, with loveliest hue, the EVENING *sky*,
(FEELS) in his *soul* the HAND of NATURE ROUSE
The THRILL of GRATITUDE, to him WHO FORMED
The goodly PROSPECT; he *beholds* the *God*
Throned in the west: and his reposing *ear*
Hears sounds angelic in the fitful *breeze*
That floats through neighboring *copse* or *fairy brake*,
Or *lingers* playful, on the haunted stream.

* * * * *

And *shall it e'er be said*, that a poor (HIND),
Nursed in the *lap* of *ignorance*, and *bred*
In *want* and labor, (GLOWS) with noble zeal

TO LAUD his Maker's ATTRIBUTES, while (HE)
 Whom starry science in her cradle rocked,
 (CLOSES) his eye upon the holy word,
 AND, *blind* to ALL *but arrogance and pride*,
 (DARES) to *declare* his INFIDELITY,
 And o-pen-ly CONTEMN the Lord of Hosts!

Emphatic syllables *diffuse* the expression through entire sentences. See the following EXAMPLE :—

Par-don me, then *bleed-ing* piece of earth.

INTONATION.

Intonation is the act of *sounding syllables*, and resembles the strokes given to the notes of a piano by a performer.
 It is the vocalized body of the syllable.

ODE ON ART.

(Voice *suspended* at the long dashes as if going on to the next word.)

WH-EN,—from the sa-cred gar-den driven,
 Man—*fl-ed* be-fore his Ma-ker's wra-th,—
 An angel—*le-ft*—her place in heav-en,—
 An-d *crossed* the wan-der-er's sun-less path.
 'Twas—ART! sweet ART! new ra-di-ance broke—
 Where—her—light—foot flew o'er the ground:—
 And—thus—with ser-aph—voice she spoke,—
 The c-urse—a—bless-ing shall be fou-nd.
 * * * * *

He—*plu-cks* the PEAR-LS—that stud the dee-p,—
 Ad-mir-ing BEAUTY'S LAP to *fi-ll*:—
 He *breaks* the stubborn mar-ble's sleep,—
 And *mo-cks* his own crea-tor's skill.
 With THOUGHTS that *swell* his glowing sou-l,—
 He BIDS the ore ill-ume the page,—
 AND proud-ly scorn-ing Time's con-trol,—
 COM-MER-CES with an un-born a-ge,

In *fields* of air HE WRITES his na-me,—
 And TREADS the cham-bers of the sky;
 HE REA-DS the *stars*, and GRASPS the *flame*—
 That *quivers* round the *throne* on *high*.
 In *wa-r—re-nowned*, in *peace—sub-lime*,—
 HE MO-VES in *great-ness* and in *gra-ce*,—
 His POW-ER sub-du-ing spa-ce and ti-me,—
 LINKS *r-ea-lm* to *r-ea-lm*, and *race* to *RACE*.

REMARK.—Some syllables are more capable than others of receiving what may be termed *Expressive Intonation*; but the *degree* and *quality* of *this intonation* is *relative*. It depends for its application *entirely* upon the *style* of the language in which such words may be used, whether grave or gay, lively or severe.

Any one will see that if any of the few selected were given in serious discourse they would have more weight, fullness and character than in more simple language. The judgment must be on the alert, and carefully observe the relation of these and similar words to the rest of the language where they may occur.

<i>Pow-erful</i>	<i>Large</i>	<i>Broad</i>	<i>Mass-ive</i>	<i>Sad-ly</i>
<i>Ter-rible</i>	<i>Pos-itive</i>	<i>Slow-ly</i>	<i>Brill-iant</i>	<i>Sub-lime</i>
<i>Beau-tiful</i>	<i>Daz-zling</i>	<i>Tig-er</i>	<i>Lord-ly</i>	<i>In-nocent</i>
<i>Mon-strous</i>	<i>Pret-tily</i>	<i>Beast</i>	<i>Meek-ly</i>	<i>Hor-rible</i>
<i>Ang-rily</i>	<i>Joy-ous</i>	<i>Dove</i>	<i>Spark-ling</i>	<i>Glo-rious</i>
<i>Grasp-ing</i>	<i>Peev-ish</i>	<i>Ea-gle</i>	<i>Scorn-ful</i>	<i>Burst-ing</i>
<i>Ener-get-ic</i>	<i>Firm-ly</i>	<i>Man</i>	<i>Aw-ful</i>	<i>Mag-nif-icent</i>

GESTURE.—POSITION.

Gesture is rather subordinate to vocality, but yet well-timed, discriminating movements add much vigor and expression to the language. All gestures should be flowing, graceful; well out from the shoulders, not from the elbows. The arms should be lifted boldly, not mincingly. Do not push them out in angles, but lift them out in curves.

POSITION.—Stand erect, shoulders thrown well back. Brace one foot firmly to the floor, the other only lightly touching. When standing in the ordinary position, have the

feet moderately apart, the foot in front at an angle of forty-five degrees from the other, at a distance of about four to six inches, sufficient to feel firm and solid. When walking on the stage do not mincingly bend the knees, nor stride; but take the mean between these extremes, by gracefully lifting the lower limbs sideways, with the toes turned out.

The following six gestures are designed more particularly for pupils of classes *personally* taught by Mr. Frobisher; the exercises after these for all persons. [NOTE.—Make the hands feel heavy while practising.]

1st EXERCISE.—Arms out in front, horizontally, palms touching; swing back and forth with firmness.

2d EXERCISE.—Arms down at side; swing above the head and down again rapidly, a number of times. These exercises give firmness to the arms.

1st GESTURE.—Hands curved naturally, and down by the side; out in front; curving the arms, carry out to side; turn hands over and down to side.

2d GESTURE.—Hands from sides across the body, fore-fingers touching; raise hands and arms vertically; turn palms of hands up; carry hands out; turn over; down to side.

3d GESTURE.—Crook hands at sides; push boldly out in front; lift hands and arms perpendicularly; let hands fall back; push forward; out to extreme; turn over; down to side.

4th GESTURE.—Curve arms over to the breast like two circles; turn the face to one side, hands to the other; alternate the action a number of times.

5th GESTURE.—Hands to sides, pointing downward; raise out to shoulders; arms and hands to top of the head, turning the backs of the hands to head; point out; alternate in this way till the movement becomes easy.

6th GESTURE.—Hands from side lifted out straight, level with the shoulders; palms down; hands brought in; right hand across the left; the left brought over the right; turn backs of the hands to the body, and push out boldly; turn the hands over; hands down to the side.

[NOTE.—Hands at side when not used in gesticulating.]

3d EXERCISE.—Hands and arms out horizontally to the shoulders; clinch the hands, projecting the thumbs; turn the thumbs under as far as possible; rapidly twist the hands and arms.

4th EXERCISE.—Hands and arms up perpendicular from the sides, above the head; clinch the hands, the thumbs projecting; twist the hands and arms rapidly.

5th EXERCISE.—Manipulate the fingers and wrists to make them flexible and graceful in movement. (Perpendicular and horizontal, prone and supine, inward and outward.)

EXERCISES.

a, e, i, o, u, oi, ou. *Ba! be! bi! bo! bu! boi! bou! 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.*

First Gesture.—"Friends, Romans, countrymen."

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean!"

Second.—"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!"

"All hail, thou lovely queen of night!"

Third.—"Oh, forbid it, Heaven!"

"To tell thee how I hate thy beams, O Sun!"

Fourth.—"I scorn such an action."

"I warn you, do not dare to pass it."

Fifth.—"An honest man, my neighbor, there he stands."

"'T was you that took it."

Sixth.—"He woke to die 'midst flame and smoke."

"Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll."

NOTE.—Grief, Doubt, Shame and the darker emotions require a downward action and gesture, with the hands prone. Expressions of Joy, Hope and the lighter passions have an upward action, with the hands supine. Nearness of objects has a supine position of the hands; distance of objects has a prone, somewhat elevated, horizontal direction of gesture. A reference to Liberty and expressions of triumph have a high, bold, sweeping style of action and gesture.

ACTION.—GESTURE.

(FROM AUSTIN'S CHIRONOMIA.)

FINGERS.	MOTION.	th. throw
n. natural	x. extreme	cl. clinch
c. clinch'd (fist)	c. contracted	ll. collect
x. extended	m. moderate	
i. index		FACE.
l. collected (to thumb)	DIRECTION.	I. incline
h. holding (object)	a. ascends	E. erect
w. hollowed up	d. descends	As. assent
m. thumb up	r. right	Dn. deny
g. grasping	l. left	Sh. shake
	f. forward	Ts. toss
	b. backward	S. aside
	v. revolve	F. forward
	i. inward	A. avert
	o. outward	D. down
		U. up
		R. around
		V. vacancy
		FEET.
		(Below line.)
		R. 1. right 1st
		R. 2. right 2d
		L. 1. left 1st
		L. 2. left 2d
		R. F. right front
		L. F. left front
		K. kneeling
		S. aside
		x. extended
		m. x. moderate
		x. x. extreme
		C. contracted.

FINGERS.

n. natural
c. clinch'd (fist)
x. extended
i. index
l. collected (to thumb)
h. holding (object)
w. hollowed up
m. thumb up
g. grasping

PALM.

p. prone
s. supine
n. inward (to body)
o. outward
v. vertical
f. forward
b. backward

ARMS.

d. downward
h. horizontal
e. elevated
z. zenith
r. rest

ARMS TRANSVERSE.

c. across
f. forward
q. oblique
x. extended
b. backward

MOTION.

x. extreme
c. contracted
m. moderate

DIRECTION.

a. ascends
d. descends
r. right
l. left
f. forward
b. backward
v. revolve
i. inward
o. outward

MANNER.

n. noting
p. project
w. wave
fl. flourish
sw. sweep
bk. beckon
rp. repress
ad. advance
sp. spring
st. strike
pr. press
rt. retract
rj. reject
bn. bend
rc. recoil
sh. shake

th. throw

cl. clinch
ll. collect

FACE.

I. incline
E. erect
As. assent
Dn. deny
Sh. shake
Ts. toss
S. aside
F. forward
A. avert
D. down
U. up
R. around
V. vacancy

FEET.

(Below line.)
R. 1. right 1st
R. 2. right 2d
L. 1. left 1st
L. 2. left 2d
R. F. right front
L. F. left front
K. kneeling
S. aside
x. extended
m. x. moderate
x. x. extreme
C. contracted.

STEPS.	FINGERS OF BOTH HANDS.	MARGINAL.
a. advance	ap. applied	Ap. appealing
r. retire	lp. clasped	At. attention
tr. traverse	cr. crossed	Vn. veneration
c. across	ld. folded	Ls. listening
a. start	in. inclosed	Lm. lamenting
sp. stamp	wr. wrung	Dp. deprecating
sh. shock	tc. touching	Pr. pride
	nu. enumerate.	Sh. shame
HANDS. (placed.)		Av. aversion
E. eyes	BOTH ARMS.	C. commanding
N. nose	en. encumbered	Ad. admiration
L. lips	pd. reposed	Hr. horror
F. forehead	km. akimbo	Gr. grief
O. chin	B. both (precedes)	Fr. fear
br. breast		En. encouraging
		&c., &c., &c.

POSITIONS OF THE FEET.

R. 1.—The *Right* foot is in *front*, with the *leg slightly bent at the knee*, while the body rests *mainly* on the *left*.

R. 2.—The *Right* foot is advanced still further forward; *all* the weight of the body is brought on it, while the *left* slightly touches the floor, only on *one side* of it, in the rear of the other.

L. 1. and L. 2. are simply *changes* of the feet, using the *left* instead of the *right*. They are merely reverse positions.

EXPLANATIONS OF THE MOST DIFFICULT.

FINGERS.—*Extended*—Widely parted from each other.

ARMS.—*Wave*—The hand is waved out from the opposite shoulder, across the body, and outstretched to the *full length of the arm*.

Flourish—Is similar to the motion made around the head when one is hurrahing.

Sweep—Is similar to the wave, except the motion is carried down toward the knee to full extent, and swept out high in the air, far from the body.

Repressing—Is lifting up the hand above shoulder and then pushing palm downward toward the earth.

Striking—Is similar to repressing, except the latter has a percussive, while the former has a steady motion.

ARMS REPOSE—Is simply one lying above the other without entwining.

RECOILING—After the stroke the hand returns.

SPRING—Complete the action with a spring.

THROWING—Throwing the gesture.

LETTERS.

First set is for the Right hand and arm. Second is for the Left, preceded by a dash when it *follows* the first. A long dash denotes change of gesture at the letter. Small dots mean to change hands, but not to drop except at periods. Capital letters at the commencement denote posture of the head and eyes. Letters below the line indicate a change of the feet at the word.

EXERCISES.

(The Gestures in these may seem too numerous. They are intended merely for practice.)

SATAN TO HIS LEGIONS.

	veq—phx	B veq
	Princes, potentates,	
B sdq	B veq	vdq—vde
Warriors, the flower of	heaven ! once yours,	now lost,
		R. 1.
	B sdq veq—phx	
If such astonishment as	this can seize	
	R 2	
shf—sdx	B sdf	
Eternal spirits ; or have ye	chosen this place,	
	B phf	
After the toil of battle, to repose,		
	q	
Your wearied virtue for the ease	you find	
	seq—ahx	
To slumber here, as in the vales of	heav'n ?	
	R 1	
vde—vdq	veq—phx	
Or in this abject posture have you	sworn	
r L 1	L 2	

T'adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
 B veq
 a R 2

Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,
 vhe sw-phx
 R 1

With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
 B veo B phx
 R 2

His swift pursuers from heav'n's gates discern
 B seq B veq
 R 1 R 2

Th' advantage, and descending, tread us down,
 B sdq

Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
 ceq-cdx

Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
 cdf-cdb

Awake, arise, or be forever fall'n!
 veq-phx B veq B sdq B R
 R 1

GRAY'S ELEGY.

The curfew tolls—the knell of parting day!
 La veq—vhx a—Bpof—d
 a R 2

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
 F phf . . . q o'er the lea;
 r R 1

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 —phf—q Bveq
 V Bnef—d—BR
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 R Bphc—q—x

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 B vef—q

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 iec—q

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:
 vef rt phf p R
 a R 2

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 —leg n
 R 1

The moping owl does to the moon complain
^{-veq} ^U ^{-seb}
^{r L 1}

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
^{-shq}
^{-veq} ^{—p}
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
^{shf n -shf n}
^{B bdf a} ^{—vhf}
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
^D ^a ^{—B nef sp}
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
^F ^{B phf} ^{—d} ^{BR.}
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
^{—shf} ^{veq w}
^{r R 1}
 The swallow, twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
^{leq} ^a ^{—n}
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
^{idq} ^{veq w}
^a ^{—B nef sp} ^{B adfd}
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
^{a R 2}

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
^{shf}
^{r R 1}
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
^{vhf}
^{B shf p}
 Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
^{a R 2}
^{B nef a} ^D ^F ^{B shf n}
 Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.
^{r R 1}

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
^{phc} ^{—q}
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
^{sdf st}
^{seo sw} ^{—phq sp}
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
^{ceb bn} ^{—chf st}
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

B nef ————— B shf st
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,

pec sw ————— veq sw
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

shf d ————— q
But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

phc ————— x
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

B vhf rt ————— rp ————— q
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,

B vhf c B nhf p B br
And froze the genial current of the soul.

ihf
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

a ————— B pdf d ————— q
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
a R 2

shq — p
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,

phc ————— q ————— x
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

vef br — R
Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,
r L 1

ihf veq w
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;

a ————— B nef ————— d ————— B sdf
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest;
a R 2

B vhf rt ————— p A B vhc ————— x
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.
r R 1

B shf p ————— q ————— x
The applause of listening senates to command,

phf p ————— a a ————— vef — rj
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

B phc ————— q ————— B vhx sp
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

B shc ————— q ————— x
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

phf st R. phc ————— q —————
Their lot forbade — nor circumscrib'd alone

————— x B vhf rt
Their growing virtues; but their crimes confin'd,

B bdfad———vhf———eb
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 B vhf p———a———d——BR
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

R B vhf r———q peqn—pdq
 The wind was high—the window shakes;
 a R 2

veqo— vhx o
 With sudden start the miser wakes!
 s R 1 x

F pdc ad———phq
 Along the silent room he stalks;
 a R 2

B vhx—vhq o B vhf r
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks!
 s R 1 x

vhq— —vhx
 Each lock, and ev'ry bolt he tries,
 a L 2

shq o— . . —sho i
 In ev'ry creek, and corner, pries;
 a R 2

B pdq———n
 Then opes his chest with treasure stor'd,

D B seq
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard;
 R 2

B vhf o
 But now with sudden qualms possess'd,
 r R 1

ld hf———a———ld br
 He wrings his hands; he beats his breast—

g br— —veg
 By conscience stung he wildly stares;

Bahfsh
 And thus his guilty soul declares;

B sdf d———n
 Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
 a R 2

br R
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind;
 R 1

vhf—vhx U Bsef sp———a
 But virtue's sold! Good Gods what price
 a R 2

F R
 Can recompense the pangs of vice?

D Bedf d ————— n
 O bane of good! seducing cheat!
 r R 1
 B vhf — vef shf st — sdq
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
 seb sw — sdq
 Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
 r L 1
 br R
 And only left the name behind;
 B phc ————— x
 Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
 ceb sh ————— edq
 Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill:
 L 1 x
 Shf sh — sdq
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
 a R 2 x
 B vhf rj
 In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
 r R 1
 seq — sdq
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
 R 2
 B pdf d
 Virtue resides on earth no more!

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

B shf p ————— q ————— vex sp B nef B shf st
 Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause;
 a R 2 r R 1
 pef — phx phf st R B shf p
 and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine
 a R 2
 br R br pr veq sp B shf n
 honour; and have respect unto mine honour that you may
 D B pef B nhx B vef sp
 believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses
 r R 1
 B shf n B shc ————— x
 that you may the better judge. If there be any in this as-
 sdf d vef sp br R
 sembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus'
 a R 2 r R 1
 shf st ief —
 love to Cæsar, was no less than his. If, then, that friend de-
 — n veq B shf p ————— q
 mand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not

that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had
 you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that

Cæsar were dead, and live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me,

I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he

was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew
 him.

There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour
 for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base

that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I
 offended. Who's here so rude that would not be a Roman?

If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so
 vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for

him have I offended. I pause for a reply. None! Then
 none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar,

than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death
 is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated where-

in he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which
 he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark

Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall re-

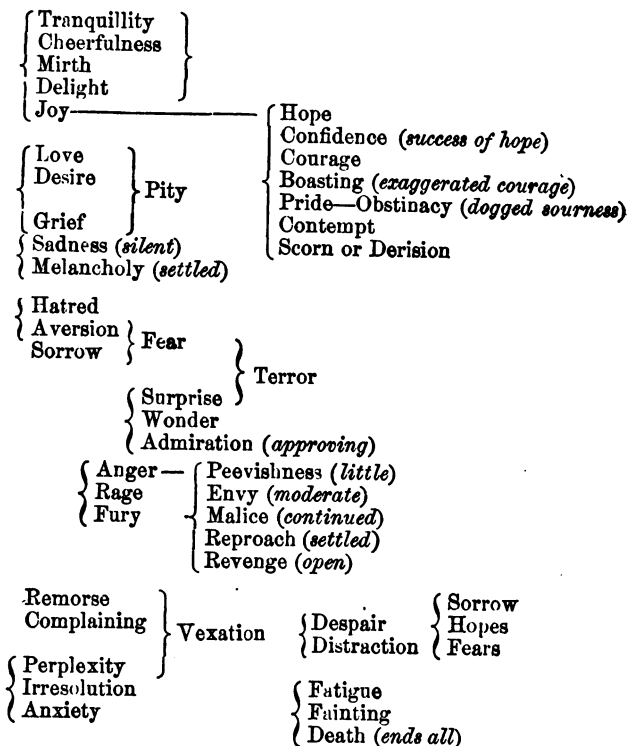
^{nef}ceive the benefit of his dying,—^{shf n}a place in the commonwealth;
^{B shc—q—x}as which of you shall not. ^{B nef—B R}With this, I depart: that, as I
^{a R 2}
^{cef}slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same
^{r L 1}
^{chf sh} dagger for myself, when it shall ^{br st R}please my country to need
^{a—B pef—d—}
^{r R 1}
^{—B R st}my death.

FROM YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

^UThe bell strikes one. ^{vef n}We take no note of time ^{B nef}
^{a R 2}
^{B shf st}But from its loss: to give it then ^Ua tongue ^{lef}
^{shf n}Is wise in man. ^{V B phq}As if an angel spoke,
^{U br R}I feel the solemn sound. ^{ihf}If heard aright
^{—ief—idq—R st}
^{R B vhc—q}It is the knell of my departed hours. ^{rt—B vhf p}
^VWhere are they? ^{ieq}With the years beyond the flood. ^{phf st}
^{B phf x}It is the signal that demands despatch: ^{B vhf q—a}
^{—sp—a—Z}
^DHow much is to be done! ^{B phf st}My hopes, and fears
^{a R 2}
^{—B vef p—a—B R st}Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
^{r R 1}
^{—B vef p—a—B R st}Look down—on what? ^{B nef sp}A fathomless abyss,
^{r R 1}
^{—B vef p—a—B R st}A dread eternity! how surely mine,
^{vef}
^{br . . .}And can eternity belong to me,
^{—vef}
^{B nef—B R}Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
^{U nef c F shf st A ohc—vhf c F B vef w}
^{r R 1}How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,

B vho———x
 How complicate, how wonderful is man!
 U a B vef sp——d B R
 How passing wonder He who made him such!
 B to br———B nhx sp
 Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!
 B vho———q
 From different natures, marvellously mix'd,
 B nefrt———pef p——q
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
 shf p———a———nef sp
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
 idf n———i Z
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!
 U shf vhf———vef
 A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
 d———phf st———a———vef sp—vhx
 Though sullied, and dishonor'd, still divine!
 vhf c U veq w
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 B nef———d———B sdf n
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
 F B phf U B veq sp D idf U veq w
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
 idf n U vef sp B shf sh———
 A worm! a God! I tremble at myself,
 V B br. vef br
 And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
 U F st—R———V vef sp—...—vhx sp
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
 V B vhf sh B vec———x
 And wond'ring at her own. How reason reels!
 vef c phf n br B
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 B vef w———B R vef sp vhf sh
 Triumphantly distress'd! what joy! what dread!
 Bahf p B vhf rt
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
 r R l
 B br B vho———x
 What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
 a———nef sp d———pdf n
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
 B veq w———B nef———B sdf st
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

THE PASSIONS.



JEALOUSY.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Love
2. Fear
3. Suspicion
4. Hatred
5. Hope
6. Shame (<i>sentiment</i>)
7. Anxiety | 8. Grief
9. Envy
10. Pride
11. Rage
12. Revenge
13. Despair
14. Distraction
15. Madness and Death |
|---|--|

SENTIMENTS.

Raillery, Sneering, Modesty, Submission, Shame, Authority, Gravity, Inquiry, Teaching, Arguing, Admonition, Commanding, Forbidding, Denying. Affirming, Differing, Agreeing, Judging, Reproving, Acquitting, Condemning, Pardoning, Dismissing, Refusing, Giving, Granting, Promising, Gratitude, Curiosity, Respect, Exhorting, Commendation, Sickness, Persuading, Tempting, Affectation, Sloth, Intoxication, Dotage, Folly, &c., &c.

1.—TRANQUILLITY.

Body—composed.

Face—open.

Forehead—smooth.

Eyebrows—arched.

Mouth—nearly shut.

Eyes—pass easily about.

2.—CHEERFULNESS.

(Adds a smile to tranquillity.)

Body—moves slightly.

Voice—pure, high.

(See Collins' Ode.)

3.—MIRTH.

Head—thrown back.

Mouth—open.

Cheeks—high, dimple.

Nostrils—drawn up.

Eyes—nearly closed, tears flow, twinkle.

Features—flushed.

Body—convulsed, hold sides, shake.

4.—DELIGHT—JOY.

Face—open, smiles, glows.

Voice—pure, high.

Brows—raised.

Eyes—heavenward, full, lively, brisk, quick, glancing, clear.

Voice—quick, sweet, clear.

(When Violent.)

Nostrils—expanded.

Hands—clapped, waved.

Body—springs exultingly.

(Extreme)—transport, semi-delirious, rapture, ecstasy, folly, eyes strained to almost wildness, sorrow, nearly madness.

5.—LOVE.

Face—serene, smiles.*Mouth*—little open.*Eyes*—languish, half shut.*Body*—all tenderness.*Hands*—entreating, clasp to breast, declare; right hand to heart.*Forehead*—smooth, enlarged.*Brows*—arched.*Voice*—pure, high, melting.

Remarks.—Longs to be agreeable; respectful, fears, dotes; delicate complaining, tender reproach, reverent rapture; eager, joyous, hesitating, confused, reposing, winning, soft, persuasive, flattering, pathetic; if unsuccessful, anxiety and melancholy.

(See *Romeo and Juliet*, *Shaks.*)

6.—DESIRE.

Body—forward.*Legs*—advance.*Arms*—out to grasp.*Face*—smiling.*Brows*—raised.*Mouth*—open.*Voice*—lively, pure, suppliant, high.

Remarks.—Eager, wistful, fluent, copious, (except sighs in distress.)

7.—GRIEF OR SORROW.

Countenance—dejected.*Head*—Hung down.*Lips*—swelled, quiver.*Eyes*—down.*Arms*—loose, sometimes little raised, suddenly fall.*Hands*—open, sometimes clasped, wrung.*Fingers*—spread.*Voice*—pure, high, or low, plaintive, long sighs, weeps, sometimes scarcely breathe, interrupted.*(Excessive.)**Face*—deadly pale.*Countenance*—distorted.*(agony.)**Voice*—loud, complaining, even shrieks.*Hands*—wrung, beat head and breast, tear the hair.

Remarks.—Throws itself upon the ground and seems to border on phrensy; high pitch; silence; abrupt extremes; paroxysm, suffocation.

8.—SADNESS AND MELANCHOLY.

Lower Jaw—falls.| *Remark*.—habitual preying.

9.—PITY.

Voice—compassionate, tender.*Hands*—raise and fall.*Countenance*—as in pain.*Brows*—drawn down, contracted.*Mouth*—open.*Eyes*—raise and fall mourningly.*Features*—together.*Remarks*.—Love for the object, grief for its sufferings.

10.—HOPE.

Countenance—up, bright, joyous.*Body*—bent forward.*Mouth*—dimples into smiles.*Head*—raised.*Arms*—spread.*Voice*—plaintive, inclines to eagerness.*Hands*—open as if to clasp.*Breath*—strongly drawn in earnest anticipation.*Eyes*—bright, eager, wistful.*Remark*.—Desire and Joy.

11.—COURAGE—CONFIDENCE.

Legs—firm, advance.*Voice*—firm, even, strong, clear, sonorous, full, bold; accents round, sometimes percussive in expression.*Head*—erect.*Breast*—projected.*Lungs*—inflated.*Hand*—sometimes out.*Body*—graceful, noble in mien.*Nostrils*—wide.*Countenance*—open, clear.

12.—BOASTING.

Arms—akimbo.*Face*—red.*Fists*—menace.*Mouth*—pouts.*Feet*—stamp.*Eyes*—stare.*Legs*—stride.*Voice*—bombastic, hollow, loud.*Head*—back. (pride.)*Brows*—down.*Remarks*.—Exaggerated, blustering courage.—See Falstaff in Shaks. Hen. IV.

13.—PRIDE. (SELF-ESTEEM.)

Head—back, pompous.
Eyes—full, lofty. (anger.)
Brows—(considerably) down.
Hands—on hips.
Elbows—forward.

Mouth—pouting.
Lips—contracted.
Legs—distant, stately stride.
Voice—slow, stiff, bombastic,
 important, with affectation.

14.—DOGGED SULLENNESS.

Obstinacy, contempt, scorn, disdain. (Very similar to pride.)

15.—HATRED.

Body—drawn back to avoid.
Face—turned away.
Eyes—angry, frown.
Brows—contracted.
Teeth—set.
Hands—spread out to keep
 off.

Lips—upper drawn up in dis-
 dain.
Voice—guttural, low, loud,
 harsh, unequal, chiding,
 surly, vehement, sentences
 short, abrupt, percussive.

Remark.—Aversion—similar to Hatred.

16.—FEAR, TERROR, CONSTERNATION.

Brows—cold sweat; high.
Eyes—wide, fixed, wildly
 searching.
Mouth—wide.
Lips—convulsive.
Nose—shortened.
Cheek—with tremor.
Face—wild, deadly pale.
Throat—gulping and catching.
Body—shrinks, trembles to
 fly.
Elbows—at sides.
Hands—open, lifted.
Fingers—spread up to breast
 to shield.

Limbs—strained with anguish.
Feet—one back to start.
Neck—active.
Shoulders—moving.
Chest—elevated.
Heart—beats violently.
Breast—with spasms.
Steps—furtive.
Breath—quick, short, impe-
 ded, gasping.
Voice—feeble, husky, aspira-
 ted, explosive, tremulous.

Remarks.—Fear with surprise, sentences short, incoherent.

17.—WONDER, SURPRISE, AMAZEMENT.

(Uncommon object suddenly seen.)

Eyes—open, prominent.
Mouth—open.
Body—fixed, contracted,
 stooping.

Hands—lifted as in Fear; if
 hold anything, let drop unconsciously.
Voice—first low, but energetic
 on each word: sometimes
 aspirated.

18.—ADMIRATION.

Mouth—open.
Tongue—seen.
Teeth—lower edge seen.
Brow—expanded, gently
 raised.

Eyes—raised.
Face—smiles.
Hands—lifted or clapped; extended.
Voice—rapturous.

Remarks.—Sight enjoyed to utmost, all else forgotten; desire of excellence; if object come slowly and gently, (approbation and wonder.)

19.—REMORSE.—(*Painful Remembrance.*)

Countenance—cast down, clouded by anxiety, pale, turgid.

Head—hung down, shaken with regret.

Nostrils—inflated to utmost.

Brow—furrowed, knit.

Eyes—just raised as if to look up, suddenly down on ground; unsteady; eye-balls strained, large; sometimes tears.

Voice—sighs; low, harsh, (Hatred,) reproachful; (excess,) strong, through teeth as in inward pain, aspirated.

Teeth—gnashed.

Lips—swell.

Mouth—opens at the corners, tremblingly.

Hands—The right beats the breast.

Hair—rises in the anguish of feeling.

Body—writhes as if with self aversion; every joint seems to curse; knees sometimes bent, humble.

20.—VEXATION.—(*Perplexity, Complaint, Fretting, Remorse.*)

21.—PERPLEXITY.

<i>Body</i> —collected as for thoughtful consideration.	<i>Head</i> —upon breast.
<i>Arms</i> —on breast.	<i>Eyes</i> —down.
<i>Hands</i> —(at times) to eyes.	<i>Lips</i> —pursed together.
	<i>Mouth</i> —shut.

REMARKS.—Quick, slow; pauses long; broken, uneven, *suddenly* altered, new discovery; then contemplating; restless; walks about, talks to self, keeps half, expresses half.

22.—ANGER.

<i>Head</i> —strained.	<i>Neck</i> —stretched.
<i>Eyes</i> —burn.	<i>Head</i> —forward.
<i>Teeth</i> —gnash.	<i>Fists</i> —clinched.
<i>Brows</i> —wrinkled.	<i>Feet</i> —stamp.
<i>Nose</i> —large, heaves.	<i>Body</i> —violent agitation.
<i>Mouth</i> —open (towards the ears.)	<i>Voice</i> —strong, high, loud; (uncommon) low; (excess) aspiration; (violent) percussive.
<i>Muscles</i> —strained.	
<i>Veins</i> —swollen.	

REMARKS.—Sudden hatred, injury.

23.—RAGE AND FURY—Anger VERY HIGH, extinguishing humanity.

24.—ENVY.—(Moderate *Anger*), PEEVISHNESS (little), REPROACH (settled), REVENGE (open).

25.—REPROACH.

<i>Body</i> —Aversion.	<i>Voice</i> —low.
<i>Head</i> —Shaken, abhorringly.	

REMARKS.—Casting censures in one's teeth

26.—REVENGE.—Like MALICE, REMORSE (more open) to injure, triumph; loud, exulting.

27.—MALICE.—(*Spite.*)

<i>Jaws</i> —set.	<i>Elbows</i> —bent, strained to body.
<i>Teeth</i> —gnash.	<i>Voice</i> —lower than anger.
<i>Fists</i> —clinchd.	
<i>Eyes</i> —flash, blast.	
<i>Mouth</i> —stretched horizontally.	

REMARKS.—Watching to return injury.

28.—DESPAIR—*Sorrow* tossed by *Hope* and *Fear* (settled); loss of all hope.

<i>Forehead</i> —clouded.	<i>Voice</i> —groans; inward torture; words few, sullen, bitter, (sometimes and often loud,) furious, in same note, (<i>excess</i> ,) aspirated.
<i>Eyes</i> —roll frightfully, sometimes fixed; see nothing; insensible.	<i>Elbows</i> —bent (at times).
<i>Body</i> —violently strained, agitated.	<i>Fists</i> —clinchd.
<i>Brows</i> —down.	<i>Muscles</i> —swelled.
<i>Mouth</i> —open, horizontally.	<i>Veins</i> —swelled.
<i>Lips</i> —bite them.	<i>Skin</i> —livid.
<i>Nose</i> —widens.	
<i>Teeth</i> —gnash.	

REMARKS.—Too frightful to dwell on. Terrible warning; (grand, terrific, not mean.)

29.—DISTRACTION—MADNESS.

<i>Features</i> —distorted, sharp.	<i>Eyes</i> —open frightfully, roll hastily, wildly about; glaring.
<i>Teeth</i> —gnash, or set.	<i>Body</i> —violently strained, rolls in the dust.
<i>Skin</i> —bound.	<i>Muscles</i> —Strong, rigid.
<i>Mouth</i> —foams, changes.	<i>Voice</i> —hideous; bellows, excretes; fierce, outrageous.
<i>Lips</i> —sometimes tight, then relaxed into an unmeaning smile; unharmonious expression of all the features.	

REMARKS.—No mental agony; utter wreck; rushes furiously on all, tears and destroys itself.

80.—FATIGUE.

<i>Body</i> —languid, stoops.	<i>Voice</i> —weak; hardly articulate to understand.
<i>Countenance</i> —dejected.	
<i>Arms</i> —listless.	
<i>Legs</i> —dragged heavily, seem to bend.	

81.—FAINTING.

<i>Body</i> —suddenly relaxed, unstrung in all parts, drops.	<i>Eyes</i> —grow dim, roll up (as insensible).
<i>Face</i> —color flies from cheek.	
REMARKS.—Helpless, senseless.	

82.—DEATH.—(*Ends all.*)

REMARKS.—Similar to fainting.—“To die—must *feel* its awful shadow.”

83.—VENERATION.

<i>Head</i> —little raised, most apparently timid, dread.	<i>Voice</i> —Submissive, timid, equable, with tremor, weak, supplicating; visible anxiety; humble, diffident, hesitating.
<i>Eyes</i> —lifted, cast down again, closed.	
<i>Body</i> —profound gravity, composed, one posture.	<i>Brows</i> —down respectfully.
<i>Knees</i> —bending forward.	<i>Arms</i> —out, up to breast.
<i>Hands</i> —open.	<i>Countenance</i> —cheerful.

34.—JEALOUSY.

Love, Hate, Hope, Fear (Shame), Anxiety, Grief, Suspicion, Pity, Envy, Pride, Rage, Cruelty, Revenge, Remorse, Despair, Distraction, Madness, Death (all the Passions).

<i>Countenance</i> —lighted, clouded, composed, &c., &c.	<i>Eyes</i> —Bloody, rolling, glare at times, or darting, furious.
<i>Fists</i> —clinked, at times.	<i>Mouth</i> —tense, lips retract.
<i>Eyelids</i> —lifted so as to almost disappear.	<i>Arms</i> —folded at times.
<i>Body</i> —hurrying, at times, or quiet; restless, &c.	<i>Brows</i> —knit.
<i>Teeth</i> —show.	<i>Voice</i> —piteous at times, or roaring.

REMARKS.—Great misery, terrible passion, reflects on her charms, then her deception, destroys both her and himself.
[See Shaks. *Othello*.]

REMARK.—Envy is sometimes considered small Jealousy.

EXAMPLES.

8. MIRTH.—[See *Shakspeare's Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet*.]

“A fool, a fool I met a fool i' the forest.
A motley fool, a miserable varlet;
As I do live by food I met a fool,
Who laid him down and basked in the sun.”

4. JOY. (*Inexpressible madness*.) [See *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Othello*.]

“Imoinda, oh! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me! You appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,
To guide me on to happiness.”

4. (*Approaching transports*.)

“Oh! Joy, thou welcome stranger, twice three years,
I have not felt thy vital beam, but now
It warms my veins, and plays about my heart;
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount to the very stars with rapture.”

5. LOVE.—(*Romeo and Juliet*).

Rom. “With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.”

Jul. “If they do see thee, they will murder thee.”

Rom. "Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity."

9. PITY.

"Oh, rose of May,—
Dear maid, *kind sister*, sweet Ophelia!"

7.—GRIEF, SORROW. { (*settled*)—MELANCHOLY.
(*silent*)—SADNESS.

Seems, madam, nay it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Together with all modes, forms, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly.

(*Approaching distraction.*)

Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel;
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doating like me, and like me banished,
Then thou mightst tear thy hair, * *
And fall upon the ground as I do now.

(*Manly.*)

O now forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content,
Farewell the plumed troop and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! O farewell,
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

10.—HOPE.

If I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;

My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

11.—COURAGE.

Now, my brave lads—now we are free indeed ;
I have a whole host in this single arm.
Death or liberty ! we shall not leave a man of them alive.

12.—BOASTING.

Perhaps you flatter yourselves with an honorable death,
that you'll fight like men, and die like heroes—you think so
because you have seen Moor exult amid scenes of carnage and
horror—Oh, never dream it—there's none of you a *Moor*.

13.—PRIDE.

I shall now talk with some pride. Go tell your august
magistrate—he that throws the dice on life and death—tell
him, I am none of those banditti who are in compact with
sleep and the midnight hour—I scale no walls in the dark,
and force no locks to plunder.

15.—HATRED—(aversion.)

(*Sudden.*)

The furies curse you then ;
When forth you walk, may the red, flaming sun
Strike you with livid plagues !
Vipers that die not, slowly gnaw your heart ;
May mankind shun you ; may you hate yourself,
Pray for death hourly yet be million of years
In expiring.

I tell thee I ne'er received a blow from mortal man
But I did pay it back with interest.

Oh! that we were on the dark wave together,
 With but one plank between us and destruction,
 That I might grasp him in these desperate arms,
 And plunge with him amid the weltering billows
 And view him gasp for life.

16.—FEAR—TERROR.

Angels! and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven
 Or blasts from hell. Be thy intent wicked
 Or charitable, thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee.

(Aspiration.)

I've done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise?
 There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried murder.

17.—SURPRISE—AMAZEMENT.

Gone to be married, gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!
 Shall Lewis have Blanche? and Blanche these provinces?

(Sudden.)

Yes;—'tis Amelia;—by and bye,—she's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death,
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving!
Still as the grave;—Shall she come in, wert—good?

21.—PERPLEXITY—*(Irresolution, anxiety.)*

Which way shall I fly? Infinite wrath and infinite despair—
 Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell,
 And in the lowest depth a lower deep,
 Still threatening to devour, opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

19.—REMORSE.

(Dreadful anguish.)

And hence became a robber and a murderer *(strikes his*

breast). Oh! fool, fool! the victim of infernal treachery, and now a murderer and assassin—(*walks*) * * (*stops*) and that poor father in a dungeon (*suppressed*), what cause have I for Rage or Complaint? (*affects composure*).

Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? no; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

7.—COMPLAINING—(EXTREME PAIN.)—*Excessive Grief.*

Oh! I am shot! a forked burning arrow
Sticks across my shoulders; the sad venom flies
Like lightning through my flesh, my blood, my marrow.
Ha! what a change of torments I endure!
A bolt of ice runs hissing through my bowels;
'Tis sure the aim of death; give me a chair;
Cover me for I freeze, and my teeth chatter
And my knees knock together.

19, 20, 21.—VEXATION—(*Perplexity, Complaining and Remorse.*)

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
* * What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? .

22.— } ANGER—(*Different styles*).

23.— } RAGE, FURY.

(*Unrestrained Fury.*)

Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now Tybalt take the villain back again
That late thou gav'st me: for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads
And thou or I must bear him company.

19, 27, 26.—REVENGE.

Revenge, revenge this violated, this profaned head; here I
 tear forever the fraternal bond; here, in the sight of heaven
 I curse him. * * * Bring him to me alive and millions
 shall be your reward.

Poison be their drink!
 Gall worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste.

27.—MALICE—(*Continued anger.*)

How like a fawning publican he looks;
 I hate him, for he is a Christian.

If I can once catch him upon the hip
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

28.—DESPAIR.

To die—to have my ashes trampled on
 By the proud foot of scorn!—Polluted!—Oh!—
 Who dares to mock my guilt?—Is't you? or you?
 Wrack me that grinning fiend!—There, see there!
 Who spits upon my grave?—I'll stab again! I'll—oh!

Alive again? then show me where he is.
 I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.—
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them—
 Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright
 Like lime-twigs to catch my winged soul!
 Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

29.—DISTRACTION—MADNESS.

Ay! laugh ye fiends! I feel the truth;
 Your task is done; I'm mad! I'm mad!

They come again! They tear my brain!
 They seize my heart!—they choke my breath.

O this poor brain! ten thousand shapes of fury
 Are whirling there, and reason is no more.

30.—FATIGUE.

I see man's life is a tedious one ;
I should be sick but that my resolution helps me.

(*Hunger*) Dear master, I can go no further ; Oh, I die for food !
Here I lie down and measure out my grave.

I must stop here. (*down*). My joints are shook asunder ; my
tongue cleaves to my mouth.

31.—FAINTING.—32.—DEATH.

Oh ! I cannot !
I have no strength ; but want thy feeble aid.—
Ah ! cruel poison !

Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story ;—
Oh ! I die, Horatio !
The potent poison quite o'erthrows my spirit—
The rest is silence.

JEALOUSY.

(*Surprise.*)

Think my lord !—By heaven he echoes me !
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown—Thou dost mean something.

If I do prove her haggard—
Though her jesses were my dear heart-strings
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.

She's gone, I am abused,—and my relief
Must be—to loathe her.

If thou dost slander her and torture me
Never pray more. Abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate, do deeds
To make heaven weep, all earth amazed ;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

33.—VENERATION.

Oh! thou Eternal one; whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Being above all beings, Mighty one,
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore.

COLLIN'S ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions, oft, to *hear her shell*,
 Throng'd around her magic cell;
 4 16 23 31
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possessed beyond the muse's painting;
 By turns, they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 23 18
 Filled with Fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round,
 They snatched her instruments of sound;
 And as they oft had heard apart,
 Sweet lessons of her tuneful art,
 Each, (for Madness ruled the hour,)
 Would prove his own expressive power.

 16
 First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

 22
 Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings owned his secret stings;
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

 28
 With woeful measures, wan Despair
 Low, *sudden* sounds his grief beguiled;
 A solemn, strange and mingled air;
 'Twas sad by fits; by starts 'twas wild.

¹⁰
 But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail;
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called Echo still through all her song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close:
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden
 hair.

And longer had she sung, but with a frown

²⁶
 Revenge impatient rose.
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
 And with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
 And ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat,
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
⁹
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied;
 Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
 his head.

³⁴
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed—
 Sad proof of thy distressful state:
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
⁵
 And now it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate.
¹⁵
 With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
⁸
 Pale Melancholy, sat retired,
 And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,

Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
 Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some stream with fond delay,
 (Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and and lonely musing,)
 In hollow murmers died away.

But Oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
²
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;
 Brown exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear.

⁴
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amid the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
⁵ ³
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
 (Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,)
 And he amid his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

READINGS.

NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and helpless; the council fire glared on the wise and the daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left his native grove; in the

fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds ; in the worm that crawled at his feet ; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind adoration. - And all this has passed away. Here and there a stricken few remain ; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors ! The Indian of falcon-glance and lion-bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone ; and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away. They must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !

And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !

Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,

Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France !

And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters :

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who would thy walls annoy.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance
of war ;

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre !

The king has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest ;

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye,
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save our lord, the king ! "

" And if my standard-bearer fall—as fall full well he may,

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where you see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving ! Hark to the mingled din

Of fife and steed and trump and drum and roaring culverin !

The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the golden lilies, now, upon them with the
lance !

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest.

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Na-
varre.

INDIAN SPEECH.

White man, there is eternal war between me and
thee ! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my
life. In those woods where I bent my youthful bow,
I will still hunt the deer. Over yonder waters I will
still glide, unrestrained, in my bark canoe. By those
dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store
of food. On these fertile meadows I will still plant my
corn. Stranger, the land is mine ! I understand not
these paper-rights. I gave not my consent when, as
thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a
few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was
theirs,—they could sell no more. How could my fa-
thers sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the
world to live upon ? They knew not what they did.
The stranger came, a timid suppliant, few and feeble,
and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and
warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little
piece of land to raise corn for his women and children ;
and now he is become strong and mighty and bold, and
spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says,
“it is mine.” Stranger, there is not room for us both.

The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup ; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly ? Shall I go to the South and dwell among the graves of the Pequots ? Shall I wander to the West ? The fierce Mohawk, the man-eater is my foe. Shall I fly to the East ? The great water is before me. No, stranger, here have I lived, and here will I die ! and if here thou abidest there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction. For that alone I thank thee : and now take heed to thy steps ; the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day my bullet shall whistle by thee ; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of night shall not protect thy rest. Thou shall plant in terror and I will reap in blood ; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes ; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping knife ; thou shalt build and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way, for this time in safety ; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cas.—(R. C.) That you have wronged me doth appear in this :

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru.—(C.) You wronged yourself to write in such
a case.

Cas.—In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru.—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas.—I an itching palm ?
You know you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru.—Remember March, the Ides of March re-
member.

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body that did stab,
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash, as may be graspéd thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas.—Brutus, bay not me :
I'll not endure it. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

* * * * *

Bru.—You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas.—You wrong me ; every way you wrong me,
Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better
Did I say better ?

Bru.—If you did, I care not.

* * * * *

Cas.—Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru.—You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius' in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces ! (*crosses to R.*)

Cas.—I denied you not.

Bru.—You did.

Cas.—I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my
heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru.—I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas.—You love me not.

Bru.—I do not like your faults.

Cas.—A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru.—(*R. c.*) A flatterer's would not, though they
do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

SONG OF THE GREEKS, 1822.

- 1 Again to the battle, Achaians !
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance ;
 Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree,—
 It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free ;
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,
 The pale dying crescent is daunted,
 And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves.
 May be wash'd out in blood from our forefathers'
 graves.
 Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
 And the sword shall to glory restore us.

- 2 Ah ! what though no succor advances,
 Nor Christendoms's chivalrous lances
 Are stretch'd in our aid ?—Be the combat our own !
 And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone ;
 For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
 By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
 By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
 By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
 That, living, we *will* be victorious,
 Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

- 3 A breath of submission we breathe not :
 The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not :
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
 Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us ;
 But they *shall* not to slavery doom us :
 If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves :—
 But we've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,
 And new triumphs on *land* are before us ;—
 To the charge !—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

GOD.

O thou Eternal One ! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight ;
Thou only God ! There is no God beside !
Being above all beings ! Mighty One !
Whom none can comprehend and none explore ;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone ;
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God—and know no more !

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God ! for thee
There is no weight nor measure ; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries ; reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark ;
And thought is lost 'ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost ;—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee ?
And what am I then ? Heaven's unnumbered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity ! O, what am I then ? Nought !

Nought ! yet the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds hath reached my bosom too ;
Yes ! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines a sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought ! yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence ; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God ! and surely thou must be.

Creator, Yes ! thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me* ! thou source of life and good !
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plentitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to thee—its author there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God ! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar ;
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good !
'Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

MARK ANTONY'S ADDRESS.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interréd with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.—

He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause witholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason !—bear with me :
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters ! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men :
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet ; 't is his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle ; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look ! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed ;
And as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark, how the blood of Cæsar followed it !—
This was the most unkindest cut of all !

For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him ! Then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity :—these are gracious drops.
Kind souls ! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look ye here !
Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny !
They that have done this deed are honorable !
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it ! They are wise and honorable !
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But as you all do know, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
And tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SALADIN AND MALEK ADHEL.

Attendant. A stranger craves admittance to your
Highness.

Saladin. Whence comes he?

Attendant. That I know not.

Enveloped with a vestment of strange form,
His countenance is hidden; but his step,
His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,
Proclaim,—if that I dare pronounce it,—

Saladin. Whom?

Attendant. Thy royal brother!

Saladin. Bring him instantly. [*Exit Attendant.*
Now, with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger. He shall die!

[*Enter Attendant and Malek Adhel.*

Leave us together. [*Exit Attendant.*] [*Aside.*] I
should know that form.

Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!
[*Aloud.*] Well, stranger, speak; but first unvail thy-
self,

For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.

Malek Adhel. Behold it, then!

Saladin. I see a traitor's visage.

Malek Adhel. A brother's!

Saladin. No!

Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.

Malek Adhel. O, patience, Heaven! Had any
tongue but thine

Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.

Saladin. And why not now? Can this heart be
more pierced

By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?
O, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!
For open candor, planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness and love,
Forever banished! Whither can I turn,
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie, bound to support, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love:
The smiles of friendship, and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void,—
His brother has betrayed him!

Malek Adhel. Thou art softened;
I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst,—
My tongue can never utter the base title!

Saladin. Was it traitor? True!
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes!
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate!
Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow;
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
Forever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel!
Thinkest thou I'm softened? By Mohammed! these
hands

Should crush these aching eye-balls, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate! O monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee; for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read;
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,

O, what a wretch art thou! O! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?

Malek Adhel. Go on! go on!

'Tis but a little time to hear thee, Saladin;
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence, at least.

Sal. That were an end
Too noble for a traitor! The bowstring is
A more appropriate finish! Thou shalt die!

Mal. Ad. And death were welcome at another's
mandate.

What, what have I to live for? Be it so,
If that, in all thy armies, can be found
An executing hand.

Sal. Oh, doubt it not!
They're eager for the office. Perfidy,
So black as thine, effaces from their minds
All memory of thy former excellence.

Mal. Ad. Defer not then their wishes. Saladin,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seem'd grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer:—Oh, lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing!
Let me die speedily!

Sal. This very hour!
[*Aside.*] For, oh! the more I look upon that face,
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch softens, and the judge is lost
In all the brother's weakness; yet such guilt,—
Such vile ingratitude,—it calls for vengeance;
And vengeance it shall have! What, ho! who waits
there? [*Enter Attendant.*

Atten. Did your highness call.

Sal. Assemble quickly

My forces in the court. Tell them they come
To view the death of yonder bosom-traitor.
And bid them mark, that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
Silent obedience, from his followers.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Mal. Ad. Now, Saladin,
The word is given, I have nothing more
To fear from my brother. I am not
About to crave a miserable life.
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burden to me. Think not, either,
The justness of thy sentence I would question.
But one request now trembles on my tongue,—
One wish still clinging round the heart ; which soon
Not even that shall torture,—will it, then,
Thinkest thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,
That when thy voice hath doomed a brother's death,
The last request which e'er was his to utter
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave ?

Saladin. Speak then ; but ask thyself if thou hast
reason

To look for much indulgence here.

Mal. Ad. I have not !
Yet will I ask for it. We part forever ;
This is our last farewell ; the king is satisfied ;
The judge has spoke the irrevocable sentence.
None sees, none hears, save that Omniscient Power,
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
Two brothers part like such. When, in the face
Of forces once my own, I'm led to death,
Then be thine eye unmoistened ; let thy voice
Then speak my doom untrembling ; then,
Unmoved, behold this stiff and blackened corse.

But now I ask—nay, turn not, Saladin,—
I ask one single pressure of thy hand ;
From that stern eye, one solitary tear,—
O, torturing recollection !—one kind word
From the loved tongue that once breathed naught but
kindness.

Still silent ? Brother ! friend ! beloved companion
Of all my youthful sports !—are they forgotten ?—
Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven !
Let me not see this unforgiving man
Smile at my agonies ! nor hear that voice
Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
One little word, whose cherished memory
Would soothe the struggles of departing life !
Yet thou wilt ! Oh, turn thee, Saladin !
Look on my face—thou can'st not spurn me then ;
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
For the last time, and call him—

Sal. [*seizing his hand.*] Brother ! brother !

Mal. Ad. [*breaking away.*] Now call thy follow
ers.

Death has not now a single pang in store. Proceed,
I'm ready.

Sal. Oh, art thou ready to forgive, my brother ?
To pardon him who found one single error,
One little failing, 'mid a splendid throng
Of glorious qualities—

Mal. Ad. Oh, stay thee, Saladin !
I did not ask for life. I only wished
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
No, Emperor, the loss of Cesarea
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
What cost them many a weary hour to gain,
Should expiate his offences with his life.

Lo ! even now they crowd to view my death,
Thy just impartiality. I go !

Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
To thy proud wreath of glory. [*Going.*

Sal. Thou shalt not.

[*Enter Attendant.*

Atten. My lord, the troops assembled by your order
Tumultuous throng the courts. The prince's death
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.
The mutes have fled, the very guards rebel.
Nor think I, in this city's spacious round,
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.

Mol. Ad. O faithful friends ! [*To Atten.*] Thine
shalt.

Atten. Mine ?—Never !—

The other first shall lop it from the body.

Sal. They teach the Emperor his duty well.
Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them, too,
That ere their opposition reached our ears,
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.

Attendant. O joyful news !

I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek,
Unused to such a visitor. [*Exit.*]

Saladin. These men, the meanest in society,
The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by nature,
Hardened and rendered callous,—these who claim
No kindred with thee,—who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips,—
O, these can cast aside their vowed allegiance,
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction. While I,
I, who cannot, in all my memory,
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,

Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,
 Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter,—
 I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
 When death seemed certain, only uttered—"Brother!"
 And seen that form, like lightning, rush between
 Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast,
 Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow
 Intended for my own—I could forget
 That 'twas to thee I owed the very breath
 Which sentenced thee to perish! O, 'tis shameful!
 Thou can'st not pardon me!

Mal. Ad. By these tears, I can!

O brother! from this very hour, a new,
 A glorious life commences! I am all thine!
 Again the day of gladness or of anguish
 Shall Malek Adhel share; and oft again
 May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.
 Henceforth Saladin,
 My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever!

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

TO THE
PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

(EXTRACTS.)

Inserted as a very difficult piece of reading.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS :—The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those, out of whom a choice is to be made.

In looking forward to the moment which is to terminate the career of my political life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of Government which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so ; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad ; of your safety ; of your prosperity ; of that very Liberty, which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth ; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness ; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immoveable attachment to it ; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity ; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety ; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned ; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations.

This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish Government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

All obstructions to the execution of the Laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put, in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common counsels, and modified by mutual interests.

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to

political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest of props of the duties of Men and Citizens.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations ; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and Morality enjoin this conduct ; and can it be that faith and good policy does not equally enjoin it ? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens,) the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake ; since history and experience prove, that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial ; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connexion as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Though, in viewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it proba-

ble that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope, that my Country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

United States, September 17th, 1796.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

With bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum
And keen ring of bugles,
The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the green sward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel,
With ear-rending shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons,
The order—" *Trot out!* "
One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.

As rings the word "*gallop!* "
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank;
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrent's flow
When it pours from the crag
To the valley below!

" *Charge!* " thunders the leader:
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.
Cut right and cut left!—
For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-shattered reeds.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield case
For the surgeons to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses
And call in your men;
The trumpet sounds "*Rally*
To color!"—again.
Some saddles are empty,
Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
Lie stark on the plain;
But war's a chance game, boys,
And weeping is vain.

THE FIRST AND LAST DINNER.

Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed by their pursuits, their family connections, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed one day when they were drinking wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations :—That they should dine alternately at each other's houses on the first and last day of the year; and the first bottle of wine uncorked at the first dinner should be recorked and put away, to be drunk by him who should be the last of their number; that they should never admit a new member; that, when one died, eleven should meet, and when another died, ten should, and so on; and when only one remained, he should on these two days dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table; but the first time he had so dined, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the first bottle, and, in the first glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

Some thirty years had now glided away, and only ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled; two or three heads had not as many locks as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig—the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port and warm Madeira carried against hock, claret, red burgundy, and champagne—stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into favor—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list—the fire was in more request—and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. Two rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great coats, tying on woolen comforters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking-canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. Four little old men, of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices and dim, rayless eyes, sat down by the mercy of heaven, (as they tremulously declared,) to celebrate, for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year, to observe the frolic compact, which half a century before, they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Eight were in their graves! The four that remained stood upon its confines. Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full: and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh,) and as the wine sent their joy blood in warmer pulses through their

veins, they talked of their past as if it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them, and of their future as if it were but a busy century that lay before them.

At length came the LAST dinner ; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head four score and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was in his house, and at his table, they celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained the bottle they had then uncorked, recorked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the "frail memorial" of a youthful vow, and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years ; and his heart travelled through them all : Their lusty and blithesome spring,—their bright and fervid summer,—their ripe and temperate autumn,—their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how one by one the laughing companions of that merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own,) and as he drained the glass which he had filled, "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of an easy chair, out of which he had fallen in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct till the following day. And this was the LAST DINNER.

THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYERS.

The devil came up to the earth one day,
And into a court-house wended his way,
Just as an attorney with a very grave face
Was proceeding to argue the "points in a case."

Now a lawyer his majesty never had seen,
For to his dominions none ever had been,
And he felt very anxious the reason to know,
Why none had been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents his majesty thought,
That none of the lawyers had ever been caught,
And for his own pleasure he felt a desire
To come to the earth and the reason inquire.

Well, the lawyer who rose with visage so grave
Made out his opponent a consummate knave,
And the devil was really amused
To hear the attorney so greatly abused.

But soon as the speaker had come to a close,
The counsel opposing then fiercely arose,
And heaped such abuse on the head of the first,
That made him a villain of all men the worst.

Thus they quarreled, contended and argued so long,
It was hard to determine which lawyer was wrong,
And concluding he had heard quite enough of the fuss,
Old Nick turned away and soliloquized thus :

"If all they have said of each other be true,
The devil has surely been robbed of his due,
But I'm satisfied now, its all very well,
For the lawyers would ruin the morals of hell.

"They've puzzled the court with their villainous cavi,
And I'm free to confess they've puzzled the devil ;
My agents are right to let lawyers alone,
If I had them they'd swindle me out of my throne."

VERY DARK.

The crimson tide was ebbing, and the pulse grew weak and faint,

But the lips of that brave soldier scorned e'en now to make complaint;

"Fall in rank!" a voice called to him,—calm and low was his reply:

"Yes, if I can, I'll do it—I will do it, though I die."

And he murmured, when the life-light had died out to just a spark,

"It is growing very dark, mother—growing very dark."

There were tears in manly eyes, then, and manly heads were bowed,

Though the balls flew thick around them, and the cannons thundered loud;

They gathered round the spot where the dying soldier lay,

To catch the broken accents he was struggling then to say;

And a change came o'er the features where death had set his mark,

"It is growing very dark, mother—very, very dark."

Far away his mind had wandered, to Ohio's hills and vales,
Where the loved ones watched and waited with that love that never fails;

He was with them as in childhood, seated in the cottage door,

Where he watched the evening shadows slowly creeping on the floor;

Bend down closely, comrades, closely, he is speaking now, and hark!—

"It is growing very dark, mother—very, very dark."

He was dreaming of his mother, that her loving hand was pressed

On his brow for one short moment, ere he sank away to rest;

That her lips were now imprinting a kiss upon his cheek,

And a voice he well remembered spoke so soft, and low, and meek.

Her gentle form was near him, her footsteps he could mark,
"But 'tis growing very dark, mother—mother, very dark."

And the eye that once had kindled, flashing forth with patriot
light,
Slowly gazing, vainly strove to pierce the gathering gloom of
night,
Ah! poor soldier! Ah! fond mother, you are severed now
for aye.
Cold and pulseless, there he lies now, where he breathed his
life away,
Through this heavy cloud of sorrow shines there not one
heavenly spark?
Ah! it has grown dark, mother—very, *very* dark.

PAT AND THE PIG.

We have read of a Pat so financially flat,
That he had neither money nor meat,
And when hungry and thin, it was whisper'd by sin,
That he ought to steal something to eat.

So he went to the sty of a widow near by,
And he gazed on the tenant—poor soul!
"Arrah now," said he, "what a trate that'll be,"
And the pig of the widow he stole.

In a feast he rejoiced; then he went to a judge,
For in spite of the pork and the lard,
There was something within, that was sharp as a pin,
For his conscience was pricking him hard.

And he said with a tear, "Will your Riverence hear
What I have in sorrow to say?"
Then the story he told, and the TALE did unfold
Of the pig he had taken away.

And the judge to him said, "Ere you go to your bed
You must pay for the pig you have taken,
For 'tis thus, by me sowl, you'll be saving your sowl,
And will also be saving your bacon."

"Oh, be jabbers," said Pat, "I can niver do that—
 Not the ghost of a hap'orth have I—
 And I'm wretched indade if a penny it nade
 Any pace for me conscience to buy."

Then in sorrow he cried, and the judge he replied,
 "Only think how you'll tremble with fear
 When the judge you shall meet at the great judgment seat
 And the widow you plundered while here."

"Will the widow be there?" whispered Pat with a stare,
 "And the pig? by my sowl, is it true?"
 "They will surely be there," said the judge, "I declare,
 And, oh Paddy! what then will you do?"

"Many thanks," answered Pat, "for your telling me that,
 May the blessings upon you be big!
 On that settlemint day, to the widow I'll say,
 Mrs. Flannegan here is your pig!"

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O for one hour of youthful joy!
 Give back my twentieth spring!
 I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
 Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
 Away with learning's crown!
 Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
 And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
 From boyhood's fount of flame!
 Give me one giddy, reeling dream
 Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
 And calmly smiling, said,
 "If I but touch thy silvered hair,
 Thy hasty wish hath sped."

“ But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day ? ”

Ah, truest soul of womankind !
Without thee, what were life ?
One bliss I cannot leave behind :
I'll take—my— precious—wife !

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
“ The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too ! ”

“ And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change of years ?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years ! ”

Why, yes ; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys ;
I could not bear to leave them all :
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys !

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
“ Why this will never do ;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too ! ”

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

POP.

And there they sat, a-popping corn,
John Styles and Susan Cutter ;
John Styles as fat as any ox,
And Susan as fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of care,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper;
Till both their faces grew as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then thy shelled, and popped, and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking,
While he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate;
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine—the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve!
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter;
Till John cried out "The corn's a-fire!
Why Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it's one o'clock;
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

THE BATTLE.

After the manner of Schiller.

BY GEORGE W. BIRDSEYE.

Like a cloud of dread,
Heavy and dead,
Is the sound of their earnest anxious tread,
As, with silent life, and noiseless drum,
O'er the plain of summer green they come.
As far as the eye can see they spread,
Each to take a hand in the wild iron game
For the stakes of honor and deathless fame.

Now Fear for a moment has birth.
And, shrinking, their eyes seek the earth,
While their hearts beat madly and prompt them to fly.
But Fear must die!—

So in front, by the faces as pale as death,
Now the General gallops with quickened breath:—

“HALT!”—And the regiments stand,
Chained by the word of command.

“Men! Like a stain on the morning light,
What taunts and defies us from yonder height?
See, 'tis the foeman's flaunting flag!”

With throbbing hearts, and eyes aflame,
From soldiers' souls the answer came:—

“Yes, 'tis the foeman's curséd flag!”
It shall fall, though in falling it cost us life!
God be with you—children and wife!

Hark—the drum!—Hark—the fife!—
Through the ranks the summons pealing;
Rousing every noble feeling.

Already Fear is dead,
And rising in its stead,

A patriot courage fires each votive band,
Born of their love for home and native land!

A prayer is wafted across the plain :
" *God grant, my brother,
If not in this world, that in another
We meet again !* "

Already dart War's lightning-flashes !
The cannon-thunder booms and crashes !
Now they shudder, and shrink,
And e'en brave hearts quiver,
As they feel that they stand on the brink
Of Death's river ;—
But a shout greets their ears :—" LIBERTY ! "
And fled are their fears :—" LIBERTY ! "
'Tis their watchword, and earnest and strong
Once more are the hearts of each throng,
As they pass that great watchword along,
Whose very name makes the breast feel free :
" LIBERTY ! "

But Death—dark Death has his Liberty too ;
And roams the ranks of the warriors through !
For the battle rages
Through fiery stages,
And every spark of the soul engages ;
And, through the awful mist and cloud,
Enwrapt like a shroud
Over friend—over foe,
The iron dice the death-demons throw !

Close come the foemen for one dread embrace.
" READY ! "—That word blanches every face.
Down on their knees drop the foremost men,
Many, alas ! ne'er to rise again.
" AIM ! "—Steady for your loved-ones' sakes !
" FIRE ! "—What a gap the lead-stream makes !
Those behind leap over the corpses before,
And the front is a solid mass once more.

But reeling, and twirling,
And right and left whirling,
Now with ghastly grin, now with frightful frown,
Dark Death in his dance treads the bravest down !

Quenched is the sun, but more fiery the fight.
 Over both armies broods the black night ;
 While the prayer of anguish bursts o'er the plain :
 " God grant, my brother,
 If not in this world, that in another
 We meet again ! "

Blood—blood, the air is dense
 With the odor that sickens every sense.
 At each step there is a sucking sound,
 And blood—blood oozes from the ground.
 Living and dead lie in mingled mass ;
 And the eager, undaunted ones, as they pass,
 Over them stagger, and stumble, and fall ;
 And their feet slide and slip,
 Like a reeling ship,
 In the boiling blood that is over all.
 The dying ones, curst
 With a withering thirst,
 Cry, " Water, for God's sake !—one drop—only one ! "
 But water there's none !—
 Only blood—hot blood from war's fountains run !

Hither and thither sways the fight,
 Darker, and darker broods the night ;
 And the prayer still rises from the plain :
 " God grant, my brother,
 If not in this world, that in another
 We meet again."

Hark !—Who rush galloping by ?
 The Adjutants fly ?
 The Dragoons bear down on the foe !
 " Blow, bugles, blow ! "
 For the awful thunder and roar
 Of their cannon are heard no more.
 " Victory, brothers ! Victory ! "
 Terror bursts on the cowards all ;—
 " Huzza ! " their colors fall !

Ended, at last, is the sharp-fought fight,
 And day flashes over the conquered night.
 Now no foul stains
 Our flag retains,—
 The flag of the faithful—the flag of the right!

Hark—the drum!—hark—the fife!—
 No longer a signal for strife;
 But merrily—cheerily pealing,
 Rousing each thankful feeling,
 The wounds of sorrow healing,
 Waking old joys to life.
 In their soul's rejoice
 All unite in one mighty voice,
 And the ranks along
 Burst forth in the glorious triumph song
 Of—" *Victory! Victory!*"——
 But through hearts of joy shoot the throbs of pain.
 Oh the dead—the dead on the battle plain!
 "*Farewell, fallen brother!*
 We part in this world, but in another
 We meet again!"

THE BIRTH OF ERIN.

Wid all condescinsion,
 I'd turn yer attinshin,
 To what I would minshin iv Erin so green,
 And widhout hisitayshin,
 I'd show how dhat nayshin,
 Became iv creayshin the gim an' the queen.

 It happened wan moruin',
 Widhout iny warnin',
 That Vaynus was born in the beautiful say,
 An' be that same tokin',
 (An' shure 'twas provokin',)
 Her pinions war soakin,' an' wudn't give play.

 So Niptune who knew her,
 Began to purshue her,

In ordher to woo her, the wicked owld foo',
 An' he very nigh caught her,
 A top iv the wather,
 Great Jupither's daughter, who cried "*Poo-la-loo!*"

Bud Jove, the great Jaynious,
 Look'd down an' saw Vaynous,
 An' Niptune so haynious purshuin' her woid,
 So he roared out in thundher
 He'd tare him assundher;
 An' shure 'twas no wondher for tazing his choild.

So a sthar dhat was flyin',
 Around him espyin',
 He sazed widhout sighin', an' hurled it belyow,
 Where it tumbled loike winkin',
 While Niptune was sinkin',
 An' gave him, I'm thinkin', '*the brath is a blow!*'

An' dhat sthar was dhryland,
 Both lowland and highland,
 An' form'd a swate island, the land iv my birth!
 Thus plain is my shtory,
 Kase sint down from glory,
 That Erin so hoary's a heaven upon earth.

Thin Vaynus jumped nately,
 On Erin so shtately;
 But faynted, kase lately so bothered, an' priss'd;
 Which her much did bewildher;
 But ere it had kill'd her,
 Her father dishtilld her a dhrop iv the bisht!

An that glass so victorious,
 It made her feel glorious,
 A little uproarious I fear it might prove,
 Hince how can yez blame us
 That Erin's so faymous
For beauty, an' murther, an' whiskey, an' love!

METAPHYSICS.

One evening the old sitting-room at my Grandfather's became the scene of quite a curious and amusing conversation:

There was Dr. Sobersides, my Grandfather, Uncle Tim, Aunt Judy, Malachi, our hired man, and the schoolmaster, who had called in to warm his hands and get a drink of cider.

Something was under discussion, and my Grandfather could make nothing of it.

"Pray, Doctor," said Uncle Tim, "tell me something about Metaphysics, I have often heard of that science but never for my life could make anything out of it."

"Metaphysics," said the Doctor, "is the science of abstractions."

"I am no wiser for that explanation."

"It treats of matters most profound and sublime, a little difficult perhaps for a common intellect, or an unschooled capacity to fathom, but not the less important on that account to all human beings."

"What does it teach?" said the schoolmaster.

"It is not so much applied to the operation of teaching as to that of inquiring; and the chief inquiry is, as to whether things are, or whether they are not."

"I don't understand you," said Uncle Tim.

"Well, take for example this earth," said the Doctor, setting his foot slap on the cat's tail. "Now the earth may exist—"

"Who the dogs ever doubted that?"

"A great many men, and some very learned ones; although Bishop Berkeley has proved beyond all possible gainsaying or denial that it does not exist. The case is clear; the only thing is to know whether we shall believe it or not."

"That is a point of considerable consequence to settle," said my Grandfather.

"Now the earth may exist—"

"But how is all this to be found out?"

"By digging down to the first principles," said the Doctor.

"Ay," said Malachi, "there is nothing equal to the spade

and pickaxe ; 'tis by digging that we can find out whether the world exists or not."

"That is true, because if we dig to the bottom of the earth and find no foundation, then it is clear that the world stands upon nothing ; or in other words that it does not stand at all, therefore it stands to reason—" "Oh! I beg pardon, I use the word digging metaphorically, meaning the profoundest cogitation and research into the nature of things ; that is the way in which we may ascertain as to whether things are or whether they are not."

"But," said Uncle Tim, "if a man can't believe his own eyes, what signifies talking about it?"

"Our eyes are nothing but the inlets of sensation, and when we see anything, all we are aware of is, that we have a sensation of it ; we are sure of nothing that we see with our eyes."

"Not without spectacles," said Aunt Judy. "Plato maintains sensation of an object—"

"In common cases," said Uncle Tim, "those who utter nonsense are considered blockheads."

"But in Metaphysics it is entirely different." "Now all this is hocus-pocus to me. I don't understand a bit more of the matter than I did at first."

"As I was saying, Plato maintains sensation of an object is produced by a succession of images or counterfeits streaming off from the object to the organs of sight. Again we have it explained upon the principles of whirligigs."

"No doubt of that ; but when a man gets through doubting, what does he begin to build upon in the metaphysical way?" said my grandfather.

"Why, he begins by taking something for granted."

"But is that a sure way of going to work?"

"Why—it—is—the only thing he can do,—Metaphysics, to speak exactly—"

"That's right," said the schoolmaster, "bring it down to the science of abstractions and then we shall understand it."

"'Tis the consideration of immateriality or the mere spirit and essence of things."

"Come, come, now I begin to understand it," said Aunt Judy.

"Thus man is considered, not only in his corporeality, but in his essence, or capability of being; for a man, metaphysically, or to metaphysical purposes, hath two natures."

"What man?"

"Why any man. Malachi there, for example: I may take Malachi as Malachi spiritual, or, Malachi corporeal."

"That is *true*, for when I was in the Militia I was made a corporal and carried grog to the drummer."

"Oh! That is quite a different affair. When we speak of essence, we mean the essence of locality, the essence of duration—"

"And the essence of Peppermint?"

"The essence I mean is quite a different affair."

"Something too fine to be dribbled through the worm of a still."

"There we go again. I declare I'm all in the dark."

"It is a thing that has no matter; that is, that it cannot be felt, heard, smelt, or tasted. It has no substance nor solidity, large nor small, hot nor cold, long nor short."

"Then what is the long and the short of it?"

"Abstraction!"

"Well, Doctor, what do you say to a pitchfork as an abstraction?"

"A pitchfork would mean none in particular, but one in general, and would be a thing in abstraction."

"It would be a thing in the haymow."

"Doctor, have many such things been discovered?"

"Discovered! why all things, whether in Heaven, or on the earth, or in the waters under the earth, all may be considered abstractions."

"Indeed! well what do you think of a red cow for an example?"

"A red cow, considered as an abstraction, would be an animal possessing neither hide nor horns, bones nor flesh; it would have no color at all, for its redness would be the mere counterfeit or imagination of such. It would neither go to pasture, chew cud, give milk, nor do anything of a like nature." "A dog's foot—all the metaphysics under the sun wouldn't make a pound of butter."

"That's a fact," said Uncle Tim, and here the conversation ended.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

Though many and bright are the stars that appear
In the flag of our country unfurl'd;
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world;
Their lights are unsullied as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done,
And they 're leagued in as true and holy a tie,
In their motto of "*Many in one.*"

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
That banner of starlight abroad,
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung,
As they clung to the promise of God;
By the bayonet trac'd at the midnight of war,
On the fields where our glory was won
Oh! perish the hand, or the heart that would mar
Our motto of "*Many in one.*"

'Mid the smoke of the contest, the cannon's deep roar,
How oft it hath gathered renown;
While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,
When the cross and the lion went down.
And tho' few were the lights in the gloom of that hour,
Yet the hearts that were striking below,
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their power,
And stopp'd not to number their foe.

The oppress'd of the earth to that standard shall fly,
Wherever its folds shall be spread;
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky,
Where its stars shall float over his head;
And those stars shall increase till the fullness of time
Its millions of cycles has run;
Divide as we may in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are one.

Then up with our flag! let it stream on the air,
Though our fathers are cold in their graves;
They had arms that could strike, they had souls that could
dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves!
Up, up with that banner where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around;
A nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

CAPT. CUTLER.

VENTRILLOQUISM.

This is a faculty long supposed to have existed only with the few, considered by the multitude as especially gifted. The principles of Elocution prove that it can be acquired. As a *general* thing, we have neither necessity nor occasion to use the voice in the manner in which it is produced. Most persons, in former times, have actually believed that the voice left the body of the operator, and was thrown or "*cast*" in various directions, at will. This is impossible, and yet, with all its absurdity, it is difficult to convince many, even at the present day, to the contrary.

It is only in *seeming* that the sound comes from any indicated direction; it is merely a concentration or suppression of the voice within the lungs which gives the appearance of distance to sound thus produced. To practice ventriloquism effectively, it is necessary to begin with simple sounds, making them from the depth of the lungs. Take the vowels first, then the explosives; render them clear and full. After the voice is well established, as coming from the lungs, and not on the lips, and about the throat, then shut the teeth and endeavor to give the sounds in the mouth; having it rounded and arched, to give greater resonance.

Finally, close the lips compactly over the teeth, and give the sounds, as before, from the lungs: be sure of full and deep breathing first. To make the sounds very faint, to represent extreme distance, compress the muscles of the throat closely together, and thus prevent the sound from too audibly escap-

ing. Practice these sounds in every variety of manner until under complete control; and then let ingenuity devise as to language and characters suitable to experiments in this department of vocal science. It is very simple, and only requires practice to excel in it. Almost any person can acquire it who has ordinary good vocal organs. It is speaking from the lungs rather than from the lips and throat. It is capital practice for the voice to acquire this peculiar command over the lungs.

SCENE.

Have a box, supposed to be a hotel, Peter, the landlord, within.

OPERATOR AND PETER.

Operator. (Knocks on the box). Peter! halloo! Peter! (pause). He sleeps very sound—(to audience). Peter! (knocks), Halloo! Peter!

Peter. (Inside.) Halloo, there! what do you want?

Op. I want to come in.

Pet. No, no, I don't want you in here.

Op. If you don't open this door, I'll knock your sign down.

Pet. If you do, I'll knock you down.

Op. Well, Peter, there are some ladies out here that wish to see you.

Pet. No, they don't.

Op. Yes, they do.

Pet. Well, I know they don't.

Op. Well, are you coming out?

Pet. No, I won't.

Op. Well, then, I'll open the door. (Lifts the cover of the box.)

Pet. (Speaking louder, as the box is opened.) Shut down the door.

Op. (Shuts it down.)

Pet. (Voice as before.) I don't want to come out there.

Op. Well, have you the keys of the wine-cellar?

Pet. No, I hain't.

Op. Who has, then?

Pet. Jack has 'em.

Op. Where is Jack?

Pet. Under the table.

Op. Under the table, is he?

Pet. Yes, he is.

Op. (*Looks under the table, lifting the cloth.*) Jack, holloa there!

Jack. (*Under the table, in a gruff voice.*) What do you want?

Op. I would like to come in.

Jack. Well, why don't you come in?

Op. Have you the keys of the wine-cellar?

Jack. No, I haven't.

Op. (*Goes to box.*) Jack says he has not the keys.

Pet. Well, I have n't 'em.

Op. (*Goes to the table.*) Well, Jack, have you any good champagne?

Jack. Yes; here, hold your glass. (*Imitates popping the cork from a bottle.*)

Op. Well, that is nice; have you any more?

Jack. Oh, yes; hold your glass. (*Pops another.*)

Op. Well, good-night.

Jack. Good-night! come again when you can't stay so long.

Op. (*Again to box.*) Peter, the ladies *do* wish to see you.

Pet. No they don't.

Op. Well, what is the reason you are not coming out?

Pet. I have n't got on my boots yet.

Op. I'll wait a moment. (*Pauses.*) Have you put on your boots?

Pet. Yes, I have on my boots.

Op. Well, what is the reason you are not coming out?

Pet. I have n't put on my stockings yet.

Op. Ha! ha! ha! Why, I generally put on mine first.

Pet. Well, I don't.

Op. Why, how do you put them on?

Pet. Over my boots, of course.

Op. Come, Peter, now open this door.

Pet. I won't; no, no; go 'long off.

Op. If you don't let me in, I'll catch one of your chickens, and put him in there.

Pet. No, no, now don't; you let my chickens alone.

Op. Will you let me in, then?

Pet. No, I won't.

Op. Well then, I'll catch one. (*Imitates the peeping of a chicken, pretends to catch it and throw it in.*)

Pet. Take 'im out! take 'im out!

Op. Will you open the door? Will you open the door if I'll take it out?

Pet. Yes, I will.

Op. (*Opens the cover.*)

Pet. That's right; take him out; take him out.

Op. (*Takes out chicken, peeping.*) Now open the door.

Pet. No, I won't.

Op. You promised to.

Pet. I don't care if I did.

Op. Now, I am determined to empty you out.

Pet. No, no, now don't.

Op. Yes, I will. Here you go. (*Turns over the box, with Peter struggling to keep in it.*)

Pet. (*Loud voice.*) No, no, now don't.

Op. Yes, I will; here you go. (*Empties box.*) Where are you? I did not see you come out!

Pet. (*Beneath the floor.*) I'm 'way down in the cellar, you old fool!

Op. Good-night to you.

Pet. (*Very faint, as if still further off.*) Good-night.

THE OLD CHAPEL BELL.

Within a churchyard's sacred ground,
Whose fading tablets tell
Where they who built the village church
In solemn silence dwell,
Half hidden in the earth, there lies
An ancient chapel bell.

Broken, decayed and covered o'er
With mouldering leaves and rust;
Its very name and date concealed
Beneath a cankering rust;
Forgotten—like its early friends,
Who sleep in neighboring dust.

Yet it was once a trusty bell,
Of most sonorous lung,
And many a joyous wedding peal,
And many a knell had rung,
'Ere Time had cracked its brazen sides
And broke its tongue.

And many a youthful heart had danced
In merry Christmas-time,
To hear its pleasant roundelay,
Rung out in ringing rhyme;
And many a worldly thought been checked
To list its Sabbath chime.

A youth—a bright and happy boy,
One sultry summer's day,
Aweary of his bat and ball,
Chanced hitherward to stray,
To read a little book he had
And rest him from his play.

“A soft and shady spot is this!”
The rosy youngster cried,
And sat him down, beneath a tree,
That ancient Bell beside;
(But, hidden in the tangled grass,
The Bell he ne'er espied.)

Anon, a mist fell on his book,
The letters seemed to stir,
And though, full oft, his flagging sight
The boy essayed to spur,
The mazy page was quickly lost
Beneath a cloudy blur.

And while he marvelled much at this,
And wondered how it came,
He felt a languor creeping o'er
His young and weary frame,
And heard a voice, a gentle voice,
That plainly spoke his name.

That gentle voice that named his name,
Entranced him like a spell,
Upon his ear, so very near
And suddenly it fell;
Yet soft and musical, as 'twere
The whisper of a bell.

"Since last I spoke," the voice began,—
"Seems many a dreary year!
(Albeit, 'tis only since thy birth
I've lain neglected here ;)
Pray list, while I rehearse a tale
Behooves thee much to hear.

"Once, from yon ivied tower, I watched
The villagers, around,
And gave to all their joys and griefs,
A sympathetic sound.
But most are sleeping, now, within
This consecrated ground.

"I used to ring my merriest peal
To hail the blushing bride ;
I sadly tolled for men cut down
In strength and manly pride ;
And solemnly,—not mournfully,—
When little children died.

" But, chief, my duty was to bid
The villagers repair,
On each returning Sabbath morn,
Unto the House of Prayer,
And in his own appointed place,
The Saviour's mercy share.

" Ah ! well I mind me of a child,
A gleesome, happy maid,
Who came with constant steps to church
In comely garb arrayed,
And knelt her down full solemnly,
And penitently prayed.

" Years rolled away,—and I beheld
The child to woman grown ;
Her cheek was fairer, and her eye
With brighter lustre shone ;
But childhood's truth and innocence
Were still the maiden's own.

" I never rang a merrier peal,
Than when, a joyous bride,
She stood beneath the sacred porch,
A noble youth beside,
And plighted him her maiden troth,
In maiden love and pride.

" I never tolled a deeper knell,
Than when, in after years,
They laid her in the churchyard here,
Where this low mound appears—
(The very grave, my boy, that you
Are watering now with tears.)"

The boy awoke, as from a dream,
And, thoughtful, looked arround,
But nothing saw, save at his feet
His mother's lowly mound,
And by its side that ancient Bell,
Half hidden in the ground.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE FLEA POWDER.

A Frenchman once—so runs a certain ditty—
Had crossed the Straits to famous London city,
To get a living by the arts of France,
And teach his neighbor, rough John Bull, to dance.
But lacking pupils, vain was all his skill ;
His fortunes sank from low to lower still,
Until at last, pathetic to relate,
Poor Monsieur landed at starvation's gate.
Standing, one day, beside a cook-shop door,
And gazing in, with aggravation sore,
He mused within himself what he should do
To fill his empty maw, and pocket too.
By nature shrewd, he soon contrived a plan,
And thus to execute it straight began :
A piece of common brick he quickly found,
And with a harder stone to powder ground,
Then wrapped the dust in many a dainty piece
Of paper, labelled "Poison for de Fleas,"
And sallied forth, his roguish trick to try,
To show his treasures, and to see who'd buy.
From street to street he cried, with lusty yell,
"Here's grand and sovereign flee poudare to sell!"
And fickle Fortune seemed to smile at last,
For soon a woman hailed him as he passed,
Struck a quick bargain with him for the lot,
And made him five crowns richer on the spot.
Our wight, encouraged by this ready sale,
Went into business on a larger scale,
And soon throughout all London scattered he
The "only genuine poudare for de flea."
Engaged, one morning, in his new vocation
Of mingled boasting and dissimulation,
He thought he heard himself in anger called ;
And, sure enough, the self-same woman bawled,
In not a mild or very tender mood,
From the same window where before she stood.

"Hey, there!" said she, "you Monsher Powder-man!
 Escape my clutches now, sir, if you can!
 I'll let you dirty thieving Frenchmen know,
 That decent people won't be cheated so."
 Then spoke Monsieur, and heaved a saintly sigh,
 With humble attitude and tearful eye.
 "Ah, Madam! s'il vous plait, attendez-vous—
 I vill dis leetle ting explain to you.
 My poudare gran! magnifique! why abuse him?
 Aha! I show you *how to use him*.
 First, you must wait until you *catch de flea*;
 Den, tickle he on the petite rib, you see;
 And when he laugh—aha! he ope his throat;
 Den *poke de poudare down*!—BEGAR! HE CHOKE.

PAT AND HIS MUSKET.

I've heard a good joke of an Emerald Pat,
 Who kept a few brains and a brick in his hat.
 He was bound to go hunting; so, taking his gun,
 He rammed down a charge—this was load number one;
 Then put in the priming, and when all was done,
 By way of experiment, thought he would try,
 And see if, perchance, he might hit the "bull's-eye."
 He straighten'd himself till he made a good figure,
 Took deliberate aim, and then pulled the trigger.
 Click! went the hammer, but nothing exploded;
 "And sure," muttered Paddy, "the gun isn't loaded!"
 So down went another charge, just as before,
 Unless this contained just a grain or two more;
 Once more he got ready, and took a good aim,
 And pulled on the trigger—effect quite the same.
 "I wonder can this be still shootin'?" said Pat;
 "I put down a load now I'm certain of that;
 I'll try it again, and then we shall see!"
 So down went the cartridge of load number three!
 Then trying again with a confident air,
 And succeeding no better, gave up in despair.

Just at that moment he happened to spy
His friend Michael Milligan hurrying by.
"Hollo, Mike! come here, and just try on my gun:
I've been tryin' to shoot till I'm tired and done!"
So Mike took the gun, and pricked up the powder,
Remarking to Pat, "it would make it go louder;"
Then placing it firmly against his right arm,
And never suspecting it might do him harm,
He pointed the piece in the proper direction,
And pulled on the trigger without more reflection—
When off went the gun! like a country election,
And Michael "went off" in another direction!
"Hold on!" shouted Pat, "hold on to the gun!
I put in three loads, and you've fired off but one!
Get up, and be careful, don't hold it so livel,
Or else we are both of us gone to the devil!"
"I'm going," says Michael, "it's right that I wint,
I've got myself kicked, and it's time for the hint."

MULROONEY.

"Mulrooney, come here; I want you to put about two double-hands-full of bran into a bucket of warm water, and after stirring the mixture well to give it to the black fillies. That's what we call a bran mash in this country. Now do you understand me?" "Good luck to yer honor, and what 'ud I be good for if I didn't? an' shure its the ould counthry mash afther all."

"I thought as much, so now away with you and be sure you don't make any mistake."

"'Tisn't at all likely I'll do that, sir; but about the warm wather and the nagur, shall I tell her 'tis yer 'onor's ordhers?"

"*Certainly!*" Away he went. About ten minutes after, Mrs. Stanley entering the room remarked, "I do wish you would go into the kitchen. I am afraid there is something wrong between that Irishman and Phillis; they are quarrelling about orders he says you gave him."

"Oh! it is nothing, my dear, I sent Mulrooney into the kitchen to get some water that he might feed the horses, and

I presume Phillis has refused to let him have any." All at once we heard a distant crash like sound of plates and dishes. Mrs. Stanley started in alarm. "Do go and see what the matter is, I am sure there is something wrong, that Irishman will be the death of Phillis one of these days." I now passed through the hall, and as I approached, the noise increased. First of all came the shrill voice of Phillis, "Ha' dun, I say; I tell ye I won't hab nuffin to do wid de stuff no way; go way, you poor white trash; I tell yer I won't."

"Yer stupid an' contrary old nagur, don't I tell ye tish the master's ordhers?"

"Tain't no such thing, I tell yer I won't; who eber heerd of a cullerd wooman a-takin' a bran mash afore, I'd like to know?"

"You haythin ould nagur, don't I tell ye 'tish the masther's ordhers?"

"Taint no such thing, I'll call missus, dat I will."

I thought the joke had proceeded far enough, so I flung open the door. The floor was strewn with broken dishes, tables were overturned, and in the midst was Phillis seated on a broken chair sputtering and gasping as Mulrooney had at this moment seized her. Her head was under his left arm while with his right he was conveying a tin-cup of the warm bran-mash to her up-turned mouth. "An' sure, sir, what'ud I be doin' but given' black Phillis the bran mash accordin' to yer orders?" "Oh! you stupid Irishman."

He walked away muttering, "An' if they calls horses Phillis, an' Phillis horses, I'd like to know how I'm ever to find out the difference."

EARLY RISING.—*John G. Saxe.*

"God bless the man that first invented sleep!"

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep,
 (I really can't avoid the iteration ;)
 But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
 Whate'er the rascal's name, or age or station,
 Who first invented, and went round advising
 That artificial out-off—early rising !

“ Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed ;”
 Observes some solemn, sentimental owl.
 Maxims like these are very cheaply said ;
 But e'er you make yourself a fool or fowl,
 Pray, just inquire about the rise—and fall,
 And whether larks have any bed at all.

The “ time for honest folks to be in bed,”
 Is in the morning, if I reason right ;
 And he who cannot keep his precious head
 Upon his pillow till 'tis fairly light,
 And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
 Is up to knavery ; or else—he drinks !

Thomson, who sung about the “ Seasons,” said
 It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season ;
 But then he said it—*lying—in his bed*
At 10 o'clock A. M.—the very reason
 He wrote so charmingly ! The simple fact is,
 His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
 Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
 But when, alas ! a nice review we take
 Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
 The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep,
 Are those we passed in childhood, or—asleep.

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile,
 For the soft visions of the gentle night ;
 And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
 To live, as only in the angel's sight,
 In sleep's sweet realm so easily shut in,
 Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin.

So let us sleep, and give the maker praise.

I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

SHORT EXTRACTS ARRANGED FOR SPEAKING.

ELOQUENCE.

With gifts which raise man far above the brute creation, God has coupled powers of expression which are equally pre-eminent, and without which, those gifts would have been all but useless. But, until duly trained, they are crude, irregular, and impulsive. As an art, eloquence would cultivate all the capacities of the soul with reference to its own specific object. It teaches how the orator is to deal with his powers, and by what means he is to train them to their perfect maturity; how he is to discipline judgment, enrich and yet chasten imagination, refine taste, and strengthen those generous sentiments which assure him access to the hearts of others. It aims to give him, too, a high idea of the power and dignity of his art, and to inspire him with an ambition for its greatest achievements. All this is inculcated, not in precept merely, but by noble examples of the art, and also by frequent exercises; and when, by such means, the faculties of the orator are unfolded, this art strives to subject them to his complete control, so that, when he bids, they shall come forth obediently, and do their appropriate work. The eloquence of the uncultivated is called forth by occasions and emergencies. It is not at com-

mand. When wanted, they are not always at hand ; and when drawn forth by circumstances, they often transport him beyond the mark. But the eloquence of the trained and cultivated speaker is a power, though often dormant, yet always ready for use : when summoned it comes, though there be no favoring circumstances. It can speak even to reluctant ears, and compel an audience to listen. Neglected and despised truths it can invest with majesty, such that they shall bow men's hearts : and a taste, however fastidious or hypercritical, if just, it can satisfy and delight.

THE PURIFYING INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

Poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with religion,—that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions : but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power ; and when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness and misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn and indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions ; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command, awe, and excite a deep, though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life ; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emo-

tion. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting, and as men multiply bodily comforts, to prevent them from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.

SHAKSPEARE.

Shakespeare, by general concession, is the greatest name in literature. Such various, and at the same time, such exalted powers, probably never met together in the mind of any other human being. Whether we regard the kind or degree of his faculties, he not only is, but is everywhere allowed to be, the prodigy of our race. Of the various excellencies of literary production, whether as a thinker or a speaker, in none has he a superior, in many he has no equal, in some he has scarcely a competitor. He is emphatically the eye, tongue, heart of humanity, and has given voice and utterance to whatever we are, and whatever we see. On all scores, indeed, he is the finest piece of work human nature has yet achieved; in the whole catalogue of uninspired men, there is no other name that could not better be spared.

In vital powers, Shakspeare's mind seems as inexhaustible as nature is in the materials for their embodiment. For boundless variety and perfect individuality of character, he is quite proverbial. All his characters, from the least to the greatest, numerous as they are, stand out in the most intense individual life, perfectly rounded in with the distinctness of actual persons, so that we know them as well and remember them as distinctly as we do our most intimate friends; and whether the development of them be concentrated into a few lines, or extended through a whole play, it seems free alike from deficiency and from redundancy, so that nothing can be added or taken away without injuring the effect. For aught that we can see, he might have gone on until now, had he lived so long, creating characters just as vital, as original, as individual, as any he has given us. He seems, indeed, to have wanted nothing but length of days, to have rivalled nature herself in the number as well as the truth of his characters.

THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

By the irretrievable disasters of the Russian campaign, the empire of the world was effectually placed beyond the grasp of Napoleon. The tide of conquest had ebbed, never to return. He was no longer the Invincible. The weight of military power which had kept down the spirit of nations was removed, and their long-smothered sense of wrong and insult broke forth like the fires of a volcano. Bonaparte might still, perhaps, have secured the throne of France, but that of Europe was gone. This, however, he did not, could not, would not understand. He had connected with himself too obstinately the character of the world's master, to be able to relinquish it. Amidst the dark omens which gathered round him, he still saw, in his past wonderful escapes, and in his own exaggerated energies, the means of rebuilding his fallen power. To a mind which has placed its whole happiness in having no equal, the thought of descending to the level even of Kings is intolerable. Napoleon's mind had been stretched by such ideas of universal empire, that France, though reaching from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, seemed narrow to him. He could not be shut up in it. Accordingly, as his fortunes darkened, we see no signs of relenting. He could not wear, he said, "a tarnished crown," that is, a crown no brighter than those of Austria and Russia. He continued to use a master's tone. He showed no change, but such as opposition works in the obstinate; he lost his temper and grew sour. He heaped reproaches on his generals and the legislative body. It is a striking example of retribution that the very vehemence and sternness of his will, which had borne him onward to dominion, now drove him to the rejection of terms which might have left him a formidable power, and thus made his ruin entire. Thus fell Napoleon.

ENTHUSIASM.

Enthusiasm in its highest condition is that ecstasy of mind, that lively transport of the soul, which is excited by the pursuit or contemplation of some great and noble object, the

novelty of which awakens attention, the truth of which fixes the understanding, and the grandeur of which, by firing the fancy, engages the aid of every passion, and prompts the mind to the highest undertakings. A just and rightly formed enthusiasm is founded in reason, and supported by nature, and carries the mind above its ordinary level, into the unexplored regions of art and science. The rational enthusiast, indeed, rises to an elevation so far above the distinct view of vulgar eyes, that common understandings are apt to treat him either with blind admiration, or cool contempt, only because they are incapable of comprehending his real character; and while some bow to him as an extraordinary genius. The powers of enthusiasm, however, when founded upon proper principles, so strengthen and invigorate the faculties of the mind, as to enable it to resist danger undismayed, and to surmount difficulties that appear irresistible. Those, indeed, who have possessed themselves of this power to any extraordinary degree, have been considered as inspired, and their great achievements conceived to have been directed by councils, and sustained by energies of a divine or supermundane nature. Certain it is, we owe to the spirit of enthusiasm whatever is great in art, sublime in science, or noble in the human character.

THE VANITY OF MAN.

What an insignificant being does man appear, when he compares himself with the magnificence of creation, and with the myriads of exalted intelligences with which it is peopled! What are all the honors and splendors of this earthly ball, of which mortals are so proud, when placed in competition with the resplendent glories of the sky! What is there in the situation of man that should inspire him with lofty looks, and induce him to look down on his fellow-men with supercilious contempt? He derived his origin from the dust, he is allied with the beasts that perish, and he is fast hurrying to the grave, where his body will become the food of noisome reptiles. He is every moment depending on a superior Being for every pulse that beats, and every breath he draws, and for all that

he possesses; he is dependent even on the meanest of his species for his accommodations and comforts. He holds every enjoyment on the most precarious tenure,—his friends may be snatched in a moment from his embrace; his riches may take to themselves wings and fly away; and his health and beauty may be blasted in an hour, by a breath. His knowledge is circumscribed within the narrowest limits, his errors and follies are glaring and innumerable, and he stands as an almost undistinguishable atom amidst the immensity of God's works. Still, with all these powerful inducements to the exercise of humility, man dares to be proud and arrogant.

How affecting to behold all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, big with an idea of their own importance, and fired with pride and revenge at the least provocation, whether imaginary or real! How inconsistent the manifestations of such tempers, with the many humiliating circumstances of our present condition, and with the low rank which we hold in the scale of universal being.

PLATO.

A grasp and a capacity of mind the most astonishing—a spirit inquisitive and scrutinizing—subtlety painfully acute—a comprehensiveness which could embrace with equal ease the smallest and most lofty knowledge—a suppleness which, with almost incredible facility, could descend from the deepest abstraction to the commonest topics of the world—a temper which, in the heat of disputation, could preserve the most perfect self-possession, and throw into disquisitions, which must have been the result of long study, solitude, and profound meditation, all the graces of society and the qualifying embellishments of the most perfect good-breeding—these are the qualities which seem to have been inherent in the mind of Plato, and with these he has accordingly endowed the person whom he in general selected for the organ of conveying their joint sentiments to the world.

To Plato, the past, the present, and the future seem alike; he has amassed in himself all the knowledge of the first, he paints the present to the life, and, by some wonderful instinct,

he has given dark hints, as if the most important events which were to happen after his time had not been wholly hidden from his sight. Less scientific in the arrangement of his materials than his great scholar, he has infinitely more variety, more spirit, more beauty, evincing, at every step, that it was in his own choice to become the most profound of philosophers, the most pointed of orators, or the most sublime of poets, or, by a skilful combination of all, to form such a character as the world had never yet seen, nor was ever after to witness.

AMUSEMENTS.

An inordinate love of amusement tends to degrade all the powers of the understanding. It is the eternal law of nature, that truth and wisdom are the offspring of labor, of vigor, and perseverance in every worthy object of pursuit. The eminent stations of fame, accordingly, and the distinguished honors of knowledge, have, in every age, been the reward only of such attainments, of that cherished elevation of mind which pursues only magnificent ends, and of that heroic fortitude which, whether in action or in speculation, pursues them by the means of undeviating exertion.

The mighty instructor, experience, may show you in every rank of life what these effects are. It will show you men born with every capacity, and whose first years glowed with every honorable ambition, whom no vice even now degrades, and to whom no actual guilt is affixed, who yet live in the eye of the world only as the objects of pity or of scorn—who, in the idle career of habitual amusement, have dissipated all their powers and lost all their ambition—and who exist now for no purpose but to be the sad memorials of ignoble taste and degraded understanding. The great duties of life, the duties for which every man is born, demand, in all situations, the mind of labor and perseverance.

We may see around us everywhere the fatal effects of unrestrained pleasure; the young sickening in the midst of every pure and genuine enjoyment; the mature hastening, with hopeless step, to fill up the hours of a vitiated being.

Think, with the elevation and generosity of your age, whether this is the course that leads to honor and fame; whether it was in this discipline that they were exercised who, in every age, have blessed or enlightened the world, whose shades are present to your midnight thoughts—whose names you cannot pronounce without the tear of gratitude or admiration.

ON THE PLEASURE OF ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

In every period of life, the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind. But in youth, there are circumstances which make it productive of higher enjoyment. It is then that everything has the charm of novelty; that curiosity and fancy are awake; and that the heart swells with the anticipations of future eminence and utility. Even in those lower branches of instruction which we call mere accomplishments, there is something always pleasing to the young in their acquisition. They seem to become every well-educated person; they adorn, if they do not dignify, humanity; and, what is far more, while they give an elegant employment to the hours of leisure and relaxation, they afford a means of contributing to the purity and innocence of domestic life.

But in the acquisition of knowledge of the higher kind in the hours when the young gradually begin the study of the laws of nature, and of the faculties of the human mind, or of the magnificent revelations of the gospel—there is a pleasure of a sublimer nature; and, while they see, for the first time the immensity of the universe of God, and mark the majestic simplicity of those laws by which its operations are conducted, they feel as if they were awakened to a higher species of being, and admitted into nearer intercourse with the Author of Nature.

To feel no joy in such pursuits, to listen carelessly to the voice which brings such magnificent instruction, to see the veil raised which conceals the counsels of the Deity, and to show no emotion at the discovery, are symptoms of a weak and torpid spirit—of a mind unworthy of the advantages it

possesses, and fitted only for the humility of sensual and ignoble pleasure. Of those, on the contrary, who distinguish themselves by the love of knowledge, who follow with ardor the career that is open to them, we are apt to form the most honorable anticipations.

GREATNESS.

There are different orders of greatness. Among these the first rank is unquestionably due to moral greatness, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom, virtue, and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever "ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind.

Next to moral, comes intellectual greatness, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge; and, not satisfied with what is finite, frames to itself ideal excellence, loveliness and grandeur. Next comes the greatness of action; and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving and executing bold and extensive plans: constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and accomplishing great outward effects.

SHAKSPEARE'S SENSIBILITY.

Shakspeare's sensibility is in proportion with his other gifts. His heart is as great and as strong as his mind. He feels the beauty and the worth of things as truly and as deeply as he discerns their relations; is alive to the slightest and equal to the strongest impression. He sympathizes, calmly yet intensely, with all that he finds and all that he makes; he *loves* all things; his soul gushes out in warm virgin-like affection over all the objects of his contemplation, and embraces them in its soft, heavenly radiance. He discerns a soul, a pulse of good even in things that are evil; knows, indeed, that nothing can exist utterly divorced from good of some sort: that it must have some inward harmony to hold it in existence. To this harmony, this innate, indestructible worth, his mind is ever open. He is, therefore, a man of universal benevolence; wishes well of all things; will do his best to benefit them: not, indeed, by injuring others, but by doing them justice; by giving them their due, be they saints or be they sinners. He is strictly and inexorably impartial, and even shows his love of perfect justice by shedding the sunshine and the rain of his genius alike on the just and on the unjust. For his feelings are the allies, not the rivals, of his other powers; exist in sympathy, not in antagonism with them, and therefore never try to force or tempt him from his loyalty to truth. Many think him deficient in moral sensibility; whereas, in fact, he shows the perfection of such sensibility in altogether preferring truth to them both; for there is really nothing more vicious or more vitiating than, what some people seem greatly in love with, the attempting to teach better morality than is taught by nature and Providence.

THE GREATNESS OF WASHINGTON.

Great he was, preëminently great, whether we regard him sustaining alone the whole weight of campaigns all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage; presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes,

or directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man; or, finally, retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required,—retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants.

This is the consummate glory of Washington; a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior, whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required!

To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a captain, the patriot of peace; and a statesman, the friend of justice.

THE LIGHT OF INTELLECT.

Magnificent indeed, was the material creation, when, suddenly blazing forth in mid space, the new-born sun dispelled the darkness of the ancient night. But infinitely more magnificent is it when the human soul rays forth its subtler and swifter beams; when the light of the senses irradiates all outward things, revealing the beauty of their colors, and the exquisite symmetry of their proportions and forms; when the light of reason penetrates to their invisible properties and laws, and displays all those hidden relations that make up all the sciences; when the light of conscience illuminates the moral world, separating truth from error, and virtue from vice. The light of the newly-kindled sun, indeed was glorious. It struck upon all the planets, and waked into existence their myriad capacities of life and joy. As it rebounded from them, and showed their vast orbs all wheeling, circle beyond circle, in their stupendous courses, the sons of God shouted for joy.

But the light of the human soul flies swifter than the light of the sun, and outshines its meridian blaze. It can embrace not only the sun of our system, but all suns and galaxies of suns; aye! the soul is capable of knowing and of enjoying Him who created the suns themselves; and when these starry lustres that now glorify the firmament shall wax dim, and fade away like a wasted taper, the light of the soul shall still remain; nor time, nor cloud, nor any power but its own perversity, shall ever quench its brightness. Again I would say, that whenever a human soul is born into the world, God stands over it and pronounces the same sublime fiat, "Let there be light!" And may the time soon come, when all human governments shall coöperate with the divine government in carrying this benediction and baptism into fulfillment.

MEN OF PRINCIPLE.

Sometimes, in unfamiliar countries, the traveller finds himself shrouded in fog and the way so hidden, the features of the country so singularly changed from the reality, that he cannot safely move. But if some friendly mountain side lets him ascend a few hundred feet above, he finds himself suddenly in a clear atmosphere with a blue sky and a shining sun. Below him the smaller objects that misled and bewildered him lie hidden; before him stand out, salient and clear, the leading ridges and great outlines of the country which point out to him the right way, and show him where he may reach a place of security and repose for the night, and he goes on his journey confidently. And so it is with those men who devote their lives, unflinchingly and singly, to the public good—to the maintenance of principles and the advocacy of great reforms. They live in a pure atmosphere. And such ought also to be the character of the men whom we elevate to our high places. Raised into that upper air, and charged with the general safety, they are expected to be impersonal; they are expected to see over and beyond the personal ambitions and individual interests which of necessity influence men acting individually; their horizon is universal, and they see broadly defined the great principles which lead a

nation continuously on to a settled prosperity and a sure glory. And as a condition of our material safety we should see to it that only such men are put in such places—men capable of receiving a conviction and realizing a necessity—men able to comprehend the spirit of the age and the country in which we live, and fearless in working up to it.

LIMIT TO HUMAN DOMINION.

God has given the land to man, but the sea He has reserved to Himself. "The sea is His, and He made it." He has given man "no inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on." If he enters its domain, he enters it as a pilgrim and a stranger. He may pass over it, but he can have no abiding place upon it. He cannot build his house, nor so much as pitch his tent within it. He cannot mark it with his lines, nor subdue it to his uses, nor rear his monuments upon it. It steadfastly refuses to own him as its lord and master. Its depths do not tremble at his coming. Its waters flee not when he appeareth. All the strength of all his generations is to it as a feather before the whirlwind; and all the noise of his commerce, and all the thunder of his navies, it can hush in a moment within the silence of its impenetrable abysses. Whole armies have gone down into that unfathomable darkness, and not a floating bubble marks the place of their disappearing. If all the populations of the world, from the beginning of time, were cast into its depths, the smooth surface of its oblivion would close over them in an hour; and if all the cities of the earth, and all the structures and monuments ever reared by man, were heaped together over that grave for a tombstone, it would not break the surface of the deep, or lift back their memory to the light of the sun and the breath of the upper air. The sea would roll its billows in derision, a thousand fathoms deep, above the topmost stone of that mighty sepulchre. The patient earth submits to the rule of man, and the mountains bow their rocky heads before the hammer of his power and the blast of his terrible enginery. But God alone controls the mighty sea.

THE CITY OF OUR LIBERTY.

But now that our service of commemoration is ended, let us go hence and meditate on all that it has taught us. You see how long the holy and beautiful city of our liberty and our power has been in building, and by how many hands, and at what cost. You see the towering and steadfast height to which it has gone up, and how its turrets and spires gleam in the rising and setting sun. You stand among the graves of some—your townsmen, your fathers by blood, whose names you bear, whose portraits hang up in your homes, of whose memory you are justly proud—who helped in their day to sink those walls deep in their beds, where neither frost nor earthquake might heave them,—to raise aloft those great arches of stone,—to send up those turrets and spires into the sky. It was theirs to build; remember it is yours, under Providence, to keep the city, to keep it from the sword of the invader, to keep it from licentiousness and crime and irreligion, and all that would make it unsafe or unfit to live in, to keep it from the fires of faction, of civil strife, of party spirit, that might burn up in a day the slow work of a thousand years of glory. Happy, if we shall so perform our duty that they who centuries hence shall dwell among our graves may be able to remember, on some such day as this, in one common service of grateful commemoration, their fathers of the *first* and the *second* age of America, those who through martyrdom and tempest and battle sought liberty, and made her their own, and those whom neither ease nor luxury, nor the fear of man, nor the worship of man, could prevail on to barter her away!

THE AMBITION OF WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster was an ambitious man. He desired the highest office in the gift of the people. But on this subject, as on all others, there was no concealment in his nature. And ambition is not a weakness unless it be disproportioned to the capacity. To have more ambition than ability is to be at once weak and unhappy. With him it was a noble passion, because it rested upon noble powers. He was a man cast in a heroic

mould. His thoughts, his wishes, his passions, his aspirations, were all on a grander scale than those of other men. Unexercised capacity is always a source of rusting discontent. The height to which men may rise is in proportion to the upward force of their genius, and they will never be calm till they have attained their predestined elevation. Lord Bacon says, "As in nature things move violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority, settled and calm." Mr. Webster had a giant's brain and a giant's heart, and he wanted a giant's work. He found repose in those strong conflicts and great duties which crush the weak and madden the sensitive. He thought that, if he were elevated to the highest place, he should so administer the government as to make the country honored abroad, and great and happy at home. He thought, too, that he could do something to make us more truly one people. This, above everything else, was his ambition. And we, who know him better than others, felt that it was a prophetic ambition, and we honored and trusted him accordingly.

CALIFORNIA.

It is a trite saying, that we live in an age of great events. Nothing can be more true. But the greatest of all events of the present age is at hand. It needs not the gift of prophecy to predict that the course of the world's trade is destined soon to be changed. But a few years can elapse before the commerce of Asia and the islands of the Pacific, instead of pursuing the ocean track, by way of Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, or even taking the shorter route of the Isthmus of Darien, or the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, will enter the Golden Gate of California, and deposit its riches in our own city. Hence, on bars of iron, and propelled by steam, it will ascend the mountains and traverse the desert; and having again reached the confines of civilization, will be distributed, through a thousand channels, to every portion of the Union, and of Europe. New York will then become what London now is—the great central point of exchange, the heart of trade, the force of whose contraction and expansion will be felt

throughout every artery of the commercial world; and San Francisco will then stand the second city of America. Is this visionary? Twenty years will determine.

The world is interested in our success; for a fresh field is opened to its commerce, and a new avenue to the civilization and progress of the human race. Let us, then, endeavor to realize the hopes of Americans, and the expectations of the world. Let us not only be united amongst ourselves, for our own local welfare, but let us strive to cement the common bonds of brotherhood of the whole Union. In our relations to the Federal Government, let us know no South, no North, no East, no West. Wherever American Liberty flourishes, let that be our common country! Wherever the American banner waves, let that be our home!

THE CLASSICS.

He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning, loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who that meditates over the strains of Milton does not feel that he drank deep at

"Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God,——"

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

It is no exaggeration to declare, that he who proposes to abolish classical studies, proposes to render, in a great measure, inert and unedifying the mass of English literature for three centuries; to rob us of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages; to blind us to excellencies which

few may hope to equal, and none to surpass; to annihilate associations which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant times and countries a presence and reality, as if they were in fact his own.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

I know not what more munificent donation any government can bestow than by providing instruction at the public expense, not as as a scheme of charity, but of municipal policy. If a private person deserves the applause of all good men, who founds a single hospital or college, how much more are they entitled to the appellation of public benefactors, who plant a school of letters! Other monuments of the art and genius of man may perish, but these, from their very nature, seem, as far as human foresight can go, absolutely immortal. The triumphal arches of other days have fallen; the sculptured columns have crumbled into dust; the temples of taste and religion have sunk into decay; the pyramids themselves seem but mighty sepulchres hastening to the same oblivion to which the dead they cover have long since passed. But here, every successive generation becomes a living memorial of our public instruction, and a living example of its excellence. Never, never may this glorious institution be abandoned or betrayed by the weakness of its friends or the power of its adversaries! It must forever count in its defence a majority of all those who ought to influence public affairs by their virtues or their talents; for it must be that here they first felt the divinity of knowledge stir within them. What consolation can be higher, what reflection prouder than the thought that in weal or woe our youth are under the public guardianship, and may here gather the fruits of that learning which ripens for eternity!

TRUE GLORY.

Whatever may be the temporary applause of men, or the expressions of public opinion, it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that no true and permanent fame can be

founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.

Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, has attracted, perhaps, a larger share of romantic history than any of the gallant generals in English History. We behold him, yet young in years, at the head of an adventurous expedition, destined to prostrate the French Empire in Canada,—guiding and encouraging the firmness of his troops in unaccustomed difficulties,—awakening their personal attachment by his kindly suavity, and their ardor by his own example,—climbing the precipitous steeps which conduct to the heights of the strongest fortress on the American continent,—there, under its walls, joining in deadly conflict,—wounded,—stretched upon the field,—faint with the loss of blood,—with sight already dimmed,—his life ebbing fast, cheered at last by the sudden cry that the enemy is fleeing in all directions,—and then his dying breath mingling with the shouts of victory. An eminent artist has portrayed this scene of death in a much-admired picture. History and poetry have dwelt upon it with peculiar fondness. Such is the glory of arms! But there is, happily, preserved to us a tradition of this day, which affords a gleam of a truer glory. As the commander floated down the currents of the St. Lawrence in his boat, under cover of the night, in the enforced silence of a military expedition, he was heard to repeat to himself that poem of exquisite charms—"Gray's Elegy," and as the ambitious warrior finished the recitation, he said to his companions, in a low but earnest tone, that he "would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." And surely he was right. The glory of that victory is already dying out, like a candle in its socket. The true glory of the poem still remains with star-bright, immortal beauty.

PERSEVERANCE.

The greatest is he who toils out his glorious schemes with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations, who bears the heaviest disappointments; who is fearless under menace and frown.

We can fix our eyes on perfection, and make almost every-

thing speed us towards it. It matters not what and where we are now, but there is more of a divinity than in the force which impels the outward universe. How it slumbers in most men unperceived, unsuspected! The thought to unfold all our powers and capacities, nobly, vigorously.

We are to start with the conviction that there is something greater within us than in the whole material creation, than in all the worlds that press on the eye and ear.

We cannot only trace our powers, but guide them and impel them. A vigorous purpose makes much out of little, breathes power into weakness, disarms difficulties, and even turns them into assistants. A true faith, looking up to something better, catching glimpses of a distant future perfection, prophesying to ourselves a greatness, gives energy of purpose, gives wings to the soul, and this faith will continually grow and increase. Set your standard of knowledge high; attempt great things, expect great things, and you will accomplish great things.

BONAPARTE.

One unacquainted with human nature would think an empire whose bounds extended to the Rhine, might have satisfied even an ambitious man. But Bonaparte obeyed that law of progress to which the highest minds are peculiarly subjected and acquisition inflamed, instead of appeasing the spirit of dominion. He had long proposed to himself the conquest of Europe, of the world; and the title of Emperor added intenseness to this purpose. Did we not fear that by repetition we might impair the conviction which we are most anxious to impress, we would enlarge on the enormity of the guilt involved in the project of universal empire. Napoleon knew distinctly the price which he must pay for the eminence which he coveted. He knew that the path to it lay over wounded and slaughtered millions, over putrefying heaps of his fellow-creatures, over ravaged fields, smoking ruins, pillaged cities. He knew that his steps would be followed by the groans of widowed mothers and famished orphans; of bereaved friendship and despairing love, and that, in addition to this amount of misery, he would create an equal amount of crime, multiplying indefinitely the instruments

and participators of his rapine and fraud. He knew the price and resolved to pay it.

SELF-CULTURE.

Every man in every condition is great. It is only our diseased sight which makes him little. A man is great, as a man, be he where, or what he may. The grandeur of his nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions. It is the image of God, the image even of his infinity, for no limits can be set to its unfolding. He who possesses the divine powers of the soul is a great being, be his place what it may.

Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere. It does not lie in the magnitude of his outward agency, in the extent of the effects which he produces. Grandeur of character lies wholly in force of soul,—that is, in the force of thought, moral principles and love; and this may be found in the humblest condition of life. It is force of thought which measures intellectual, and so it is force of principle which measures moral greatness—that highest of human endowments, that brightest manifestation of the Divinity. I believe this greatness to be most common among the multitude, whose names are never heard. Among common people will be found more of hardships borne manfully, more of unvarnished truth, more of religious trust, more of that generosity which gives what the giver needs himself, and more of a wise estimate of life and death, than among the prosperous.

HEROISM.

Courage in one thing does not mean courage in everything. A man who will face a bullet will not face an audience. Heroism is the originality of action.

A cool, easy confidence is the source of daring. "Trust yourself: every heart vibrates to that iron string." Men of all conditions do grow and die in obscurity, who, in suitable circumstances, might have attained to the temple which shines afar. The hearts of Roman mothers beat an unnoted lifetime in dim parlors. Souls of fire miss their hour and languish into ashes.

Who is there that has not thought, over and over again, what else he could have done, what else he could have been? Vanity, indeed, may dupe us here, and self-tenderness be too ready to look upon the misspending of years as anything but our own fault. Regard for a moment the manner in which a vast proportion of those who, from independency of fortune, and from their education, are able to do most good in the world, spend their time, and say if there be not an immense proportion of the capability of mankind undeveloped. Many struggle for a while against the repressive influences of opinion and society, but at length yield to the powerful temptations, to nonentity. The social despotism presents the fêtes with which it seeks to solace and beguile its victims; and he who began to put on his armor for the righting of many wrongs, is soon content to smile with those who smile. Thus daily do generations ripe and rot in life unemployed, the great mission unperformed.

MORAL TASTE.

To the man whose taste has been formed on just principles, and who has been led to perceive and relish what is truly beautiful, a new world is opened. He looks abroad over nature and contemplates the productions of art, with sentiments to which those who are destitute of this faculty are strangers. He perceives in the works of God, and in the contrivances of man, all the utility for which they were destined and adapted in common with others; but besides this, his heart is filled with sentiments of the beautiful or the grand, according to the nature of the object. It is in literature that taste, in the more common use of the word, has its most extensive sphere, and most varied gratifications; yet, whether it be exercised on nature, the fine arts, or literature, we are aware how much depends on associations with life, feeling, and human character. Why does the traveller wander with such peculiar interest over the mountains and plains of Italy and Greece, but because every spot is consecrated by the memory of great events, or presents to him the memorials of departed genius? It is for this reason that poetry peoples even solitude and desolation with imaginary life; so that in ancient days, every forest had

its dryads, every fountain its nymphs, and the voice of the naiads was heard in the murmuring of the streams. It is partly in reference to the same principle that deserts and mountains, where all is barrenness and solitude, raise in the mind emotions of sublimity. It is a feeling of vastness and desolation that depends in a great degree on the absence of everything having life or action. The mere modifications of nature are beautiful, the human form from its just proportions, the human face from the harmonious combination of features and coloring; but it is only when this form is living and moving, and when this face is suffused with emotion and animated with intelligence, when the attitude and the look alike express the workings of the heart and mind, that we feel the perfect sentiment of beauty.

SKETCH OF WEBSTER.

Earnestness, solidity of judgment, elevation of sentiment, broad and generous views of national policy, and a massive strength of expression, characterize all his works. We feel, in reading them, that he is a man of principles, not a man of expedients; that he never adopts opinions without subjecting them to stern tests; and that he recedes from them only at the bidding of reason and experience. He never seems to be playing a part, but always acting a life.

The ponderous strength of his powers strikes us not more forcibly than the broad individuality of the man. Were we unacquainted with the history of his life, we could almost infer it from his works. Everything, in his productions, indicates the character of a person who has struggled fiercely against obstacles, who has developed his faculties by strenuous labor, who has been a keen and active observer of man and nature, and who has been disciplined in the affairs of the world. There is a manly simplicity and clearness in his mind, and a rugged energy in his feelings, which preserve him from all the affectations of literature and society.

He is great by original constitution. What nature originally gave to him, nature has to some extent developed, strengthened, and stamped with her own signature. We never

consider him as a mere debater, a mere scholar, or a mere statesman ; but as a strong, sturdy, earnest man.

NATIONAL ALLEGIANCE.

Every individual of every nation, barbarian or civilized, is bound by allegiance to the supreme authority which presides over that nation, whether it be king, emperor, grand duke, sultan, or constitutional republican government. Society without allegiance is anarchy ; government without allegiance is a mockery ; people without allegiance are a mob.

ALLEGIANCE in its proper sense, can be exacted only by the *supreme power*, which, in this land, is the Government created by the Constitution of the United States. This allegiance may not be put on and off, to suit the convenience and whims of the individual, as he may assume or cast off State citizenship. Once due, it is always due, unless the national Government consent to its renunciation. The native-born citizen owes it, from the cradle to the grave ; the naturalized foreigner, from the moment he acquires citizenship till his death. No such obligation exists towards a State. A State's power over any citizen begins only with his entrance upon her territory, and ends with his departure from it. The United States have an undoubted and indestructible right to call forth their citizens from every spot of their domain, to defend and uphold in battle the honor and power of the nation ; for no citizen can find a place where the title of allegiance does not bind him to the Constitution and flag of his country.

The citizen owes allegiance in return for protection by his government, and that protection is his lawful right, wherever in the world he may be. It was the certainty and swiftness of Rome's vindication of the rights of her citizens, that gave such power everywhere to the simple words, "*I am a Roman citizen ;*" and this hour, among all civilized nations, to be known as an *American* citizen, is a passport and protection. Why ? Because the United States are known throughout the world, as able and ready to protect their citizens. But on another continent than this, what would it avail to be known as a citizen of any State of the Union ? Who, in a foreign

land, would, in extremity, proclaim himself a citizen of one of the States, when his State has no power to protect him or to avenge his wrongs, except through the Government of the Union?

DUTY OF LITERARY MEN TO THEIR COUNTRY.

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland-isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. *What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier, family,—OUR COUNTRY?* We cannot think too highly of that country, or sacrifice too much for her. And let us never forget,—let us rather remember with a religious awe,—that *the union of these States is indispensable to our Literature*, as it is to our national independence and civil liberties,—to our prosperity, happiness, and improvement.

American Literature will find that THE INTELLECTUAL SPIRIT IS HER VERY TREE OF LIFE, AND THE UNION HER GARDEN OF PARADISE.

MORALITY, THE FOUNDATION OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.

When we look forward to the probable growth of this country; when we think of the millions of human beings who are to spread over our present territory; of the career of improvement and glory open to this new people; of the impulse which free institutions, if prosperous, may be expected to give

to philosophy, religion, science, literature and arts; of the vast field in which the experiment is to be made, of what the unfettered powers of man may achieve; of the bright page of history which our fathers have filled, and of the advantages under which their toils and virtues have placed us for carrying on their work;—when we think of all this, can we help, for a moment, surrendering ourselves to bright visions of our country's glory, before which all the glories of the past are to fade away?

Is it presumption to say, that, if just to ourselves and all nations, we shall be felt through this whole continent, that we shall spread our language, institutions, and civilization, through a wider space than any nation has yet filled with a like beneficent influence? And are we prepared to barter these hopes, this sublime moral empire, for conquests by force? Are we prepared to sink to the level of unprincipled nations, to content ourselves with a vulgar, guilty greatness, to adopt in our youth maxims and ends which must brand our future with sordidness, oppression, and shame? This country cannot, without peculiar infamy, run the common race of national rapacity. Our origin, institutions, and position are peculiar, and all favor an upright, honorable course.

THE WISE AND GOOD.

The relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in thoughts and hearts. We enjoy the benefits of their labors. Our institutions have been founded by them. Our knowledge and our arts are the fruits of their toil. We are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies.

Creatures of imitation and sympathy as we are, we look around us for support and countenance even in our virtues. We recur for them, most securely, to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty about living worth. The stamp has not been put upon it which precludes all change, and seals it up as a just object of admiration

for future times. There is no service which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow-creatures better than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example. If he do not confer upon them this benefit; if he have a character dark with vices but dazzling with shining qualities, it may be that all his other services had better have been forborne, and he had passed inactive and unnoticed through life. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore, as well as feeling, when a man eminent for his talents has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness and add them to the treasury of human improvement.

USES OF GREAT MEN.

It is natural to believe in great men. If the companions of our childhood should turn out to be heroes, and their condition regal, it would not surprise us.

Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society, and actually, or ideally, we manage to live with superiors.

The search after the great is the dream of youth, and the most serious occupation of manhood.

Life is a scale of degrees. Between rank and rank of great men are wide intervals. Mankind have, in all ages, attached themselves to a few persons, who, either by the quality of that idea they embodied, or by the largeness of their reception, were entitled to the position of leaders and law givers. These teach us the qualities of primary nature,—admit us to the constitution of things. These men correct the delirium of the animal spirits, make us considerate, and engage us to new aims and powers. The veneration of mankind selects these for the highest place. Witness the multitude of statues, pictures and memorials which recall their genius in every city, village and house. Happy if a few names remain so high, that we have not been able to read them nearer, and age and comparison have not robbed them of a ray. But, at last, we shall cease to

look in men for completeness, and shall content ourselves with their social and delegated quality.

WRITERS.

Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river its channel in the soil; the animal its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf, their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone. Not a foot steps in the snow or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march. Every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of its fellows, and in his own manners and face. The air is full of sounds; the sky, of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent.

In nature this self registration is incessant, and the narrative is the print of the seal. It neither exceeds nor comes short of the fact. But nature strives upward, and, in man, the report is something more than print of the seal. It is a new and finer form of the original. The record is alive, as that which is recorded is alive. In man, the memory is a kind of looking-glass, which, having received the images of surrounding objects, is touched with life, and disposes them in a new order. Man loves to communicate. Men were born to write.

Society has no graver interest than the well-being of the literary class. And it is not to be denied that men are cordial in their recognition and welcome of intellectual accomplishments.

The world is young; the former great men call to us affectionately. The secret of genius is to suffer no fiction to exist for us; to realize all that we know; in the high refinement of modern life, in arts, in sciences, in books, in men, to exact good faith, reality, and a purpose; and first, last, midst, and without end, to honor every truth by use.

ORATORS.

Oratory does not unfold all its powers, in the midst of peace and general prosperity. Great questions must agitate men's minds; deep passions must be awakened; vast expectations excited. It was so with the two great orators of antiquity. They did not live in the palmy state of their respective republics. Liberty was about to make her last struggle, and these men appeared as her chosen champions. They triumphed in her triumphs. Their most heroic efforts were made to avert her fall, and their sublimest strains poured out at her bier. They lived with the daily consciousness that on their single arm hung interests, often too mighty for computation. The same Providence, which raised them up to give the world assurance of the power and perfection of oratory, poured into their hearts the fire, the enthusiasm, the unyielding devotion to their purpose which compels success. Liberty they might not save, but they could immortalize her ruin. The resistless progress of an invader or a tyrant they might not be able to stay; but they could mingle the withering and undying flames of their eloquence even with his triumphs, and thus consign him, at the very moment of his proudest success, scathed and blackened, to the scorn and execration of mankind.

We meet with no modern orators who seem contented with nothing short of perfection; who shrink from no toil; and who at length, after incredible pains, have succeeded in enshrining their conceptions in forms so exquisite, that criticism is disarmed, and universal admiration is compelled.

LAFAYETTE.

There are few men whose history partakes so largely of the spirit of romance and chivalry as that of Lafayette. At the age of nineteen years he left his country and espoused the cause of the American colonies. His motive for this conduct must have been one of the noblest that ever actuated the heart of man. He was in possession of large estates, allied to the highest orders of French nobility, surrounded by friends and

relatives, with prospects of future distinction and favor as fair as ever opened to the ardent view of aspiring ambitious youth. Yet he left his friends, his country, his prospects of distinction, to assist a nation in its struggle for freedom, and at a time too, when the prospects of that country's success were dark, disheartening, and almost hopeless. He fought for that country, he fed and clothed her armies, he imparted of his wealth to her poor. He saw her purposes accomplished, and her government established on the principles of liberty. He refused all compensation for his services. He returned to his native land, and engaged in contests for liberty there. He was imprisoned by a foreign government, suffered every indignity and every cruelty that could be inflicted, and lived, after his release, almost an exile, on the spot where he was born. More than forty years after he first embarked in the cause of American liberty he returned to see once more his few surviving companions in arms, and was met by the grateful salutations of the whole nation. It is not possible to reflect on these facts without feeling our admiration excited to a degree that almost borders on reverence.

WASHINGTON.

Homer rose in the dawn of Greek culture, Virgil flourished in the court of Augustus, Dante ushered in the birth of the new European civilization, Copernicus was reared in a Polish cloister, Shakespeare was trained in the green room of the theatre, Milton was formed while the elements of English thought and life were fermenting towards a great political and moral revolution, Newton under the profligacy of the restoration. Ages may elapse before any country will produce a man like these, as two centuries have passed since the last mentioned of them were born. But if it is really a matter of reproach to the United States, that in the comparatively short period of their existence as a people, they have not added another name to the illustrious list (which is equally true of all the other nations of the earth,) they may proudly boast of one example of life and character, one career of disinterested service, one model of public virtue, the type of human excellence, of which all the

countries and all the ages may be searched in vain for the parallel. I need not—on this day I need not—speak the peerless name. It is stamped on your hearts, it glistens in your eyes, it is written on every page of your history, on the battle-fields of the Revolution, on the monuments of your fathers, on the portals of your Capitols. It is heard in every breeze that whispers over the fields of independent America. And he was all our own. He grew upon the soil of America; he was nurtured at her bosom. She loved and trusted him in his youth; she honored and revered him in his age; and though she did not wait for death to canonize his name, his precious memory, with each succeeding year, has sunk more deeply into the hearts of his countrymen.

HOME AND SCHOOL INFLUENCE ESPECIALLY NECESSARY IN TIME OF WAR.

The grand march of humanity stops not in its course even for war. From the cradle to the coffin, the crowding columns move on with lock-step through the successive stages of life. Childhood cannot halt in its progress for returning peace to afford leisure for education. On into the years—to manhood, to citizenship, to destiny—it rushes, whether learning lights its path and guides its steps, or ignorance involves it in error and conducts it headlong into vice. And if in peace the school is needful to rear our children to an intelligent and virtuous manhood, how much greater the need when war, with its inseparable barbarism, is drifting the nation from its onward course of peaceful civilization, back to the old realms of darkness and brute force.

High and heroic aims mitigate the evils which necessarily attend an appeal to arms. To say nothing of the physical health and prowess that camp life and military discipline develops, the love of country and love of liberty rise again from mere holiday sentiments to the grandeur and power of national passions, and the Union, made doubly precious by the blood which its maintenance may cost, attains a strength that

no mortal force can shake or destroy. History grows heroic again, and humanity itself is inspired and glorified with fresh vindication of its God-given rights and duties, in a new incarnation and triumph of the principles of Constitutional and Republican liberty.

But with all this, the barbarisms of war are too palpable and terrific to be forgotten or disregarded, and the wise and patriotic statesman will find in them a more urgent reason for fostering those civilizing agencies which nourish the growing intelligence and virtue of the people. Against the ideas and vices engendered in the camps, and amidst the battle-fields, must be raised still higher the bulwarks of virtuous habits and beliefs, in the children yet at home. We need the utmost stretch of home and school influence to save society and the state from the terrible dominations of military ideas and military forces, always so dangerous to civil liberty and free government.

THE PROBLEM FOR THE UNITED STATES.

The Union cannot expire as the snow melts from the rock, or a star disappears from the firmament. When it falls the crash will be heard in all lands. Wherever the winds of heaven go, that will go, bearing sorrow and dismay to millions of stricken hearts; for the subversion of this Government will render the cause of constitutional liberty hopeless throughout the world. What nation can govern itself, if this nation cannot? What encouragement will any people have to establish liberal institutions for themselves, if ours fail? Providence has laid upon us the responsibility and the honor of solving that problem in which all coming generations of men have a profound interest—whether the true ends of government can be secured by a popular representative system. Never before was a people so advantageously situated for working out this great problem in favor of human liberty; and it is important for us to understand that the world so regards it.

If, in the frenzy of our base sectional jealousies, we dig the grave of the Union, and thus decide this question in the

negative, no tongue may attempt to depict the disappointment and despair which will go along with the announcement as it spreads through distant lands. It will be America, after fifty years' experience, giving in her adhesion to the doctrine that man was not made for self-government. It will be freedom herself proclaiming that freedom is a chimera; Liberty ringing her own knell, all over the globe. And, when the citizens or *subjects* of the governments which are to succeed this Union shall visit Europe, and see, in some land now struggling to cast off its fetters, the lacerated and lifeless form of Liberty laid prostrate under the iron heel of Depotism, let them remember that the blow which destroyed her was inflicted by their own country.

THE POWER OF HEROIC EXAMPLE.

We must not forget the specific and invaluable influence exerted on the spirit of a people by those examples of signal heroism and chivalrous self-devotion for which a magnanimous war gives occasion, and which it exalts, as peace cannot before men's minds.

Such examples become great powers in civilization. Eloquence delights to rehearse and impress them. The *songs* of a nation repeat their story, and make their triumph sound again through the silver cymbals of speech. Legends prolong and art commemorates them. Language itself takes new images from them; and words that are themselves "half-battles," are suddenly born at their recital. The very household life is exalted; and the humblest man feels his position higher, and expresses his sense of it in a more dauntless bearing, as he sees that heroism still lives in the world; that men of his own race and stuff, perhaps of his own neighborhood even, have faced so calmly such vast perils.

And by and by we shall see more clearly than now we can, the great influence thus exerted on our own national career. When at last from the thunder and flame on the top of the mount the nation comes, as come it will, with its very face shining from the heat and the splendor which it there has encountered, then shall it appear as it cannot before, that no

life hath been more productive than that which closed before its prime, sprinkling with blood the stony steeps of this ascent! Then shall it appear that the delicate hands which have changed silk gloves for iron gauntlets have swept thereby the chords which vibrate into answers that distant ages still shall hear! Yea, then shall it appear that never yet was forum reared, or senate chamber builded to be the fit and equal theatre for eloquence so thrilling and so majestic as that imperial eloquence of great deeds which shook the soul of the whole people from the thundering bluffs this side of Leesburg! Better than new Californias every year are such examples to a nation that would be noble! Its very language and life must be lost before their force shall have ceased to inspire it.

AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

By the side of all antagonisms, higher than they, stronger than they, there rises colossal the fine sweet spirit of nationality, the nationality of America! See there the pillar of fire which God has kindled and lifted and moved for our hosts and our ages. Gaze on that, worship that, worship the highest in that. Between that light and our eyes a cloud for a time may seem to gather; chariots, armed men on foot, the troops of kings may march on us, and our fears may make us for a moment turn from it; a sea may spread before us, and waves seem to hedge us up; dark idolatries may alienate some hearts for a season from that worship; revolt, rebellion, may break out in the camp, and the waters of our springs may run bitter to the taste and mock it; between us and that Canaan a great river may seem to be rolling; but beneath that high guidance our way is onward, ever onward; those waters shall part, and stand on either hand in heaps; that idolatry shall repent; that rebellion shall be crushed; that stream shall be sweetened; that overflowing river shall be passed on foot dryshod, in harvest time; and from that promised land of flocks, fields, tents, mountains, coasts, and ships, from north and south, and east and west, there shall swell one cry yet, of victory, peace, and thanksgiving!

INFLUENCE OF REVOLUTIONS.

Think nationality first as a spring of feeling, as a motive to exertion, as blessing your country, and as reacting on you. Think of it as it fills your mind and quickens your heart, and as it fills the mind and quickens the heart of millions around you. Instantly, under such an influence, you ascend above the smoke and stir of this small local strife; you tread upon the high places of the earth and of history; you think and feel as an American for America; her power, her eminence, her consideration, her honor, are yours; your competitors, like hers, are kings; your home, like hers, is the world; your path, like hers, is on the highway of empires; our charge, her charge, is of generations and ages; your record, her record, is of treaties, battles, voyages, beneath all the constellations; her image, one, immortal, golden, rises on your eye as our western star at evening rises on the traveller from his home; no lowering cloud, no angry river, no lingering spring, no broken crevasse, no inundated city or plantation, no tracts of sand, arid and burning, on that surface, but all blended and softened into one beam of kindred rays, the image, harbinger, and promiser of love, hope, and a brighter day!

But if you would contemplate nationality as an *active virtue*, look around you. Is not our own history one witness and one record of what it can do? This day and all which it stands for,—did it not give us these? This glory of the fields of that war, this eloquence of that revolution, this one wide sheet of flame which wrapped tyrant and tyranny and swept all that escaped from it away, forever and forever; the courage to fight, to retreat, to rally, to advance, to guard the young flag by the young arm and the young heart's blood, to hold up and hold on till the magnificent consummation crowned the work,—were not all these imparted or inspired by this imperial sentiment?

THE NATIONAL ENSIGN.

Sir, I must detain you no longer. I have said enough, and more than enough, to manifest the spirit in which this flag is

now committed to your charge. It is the national ensign, pure and simple; dearer to all our hearts at this moment, as we lift it to the gale, and see no other sign of hope upon the storm-cloud which rolls and rattles above it, save that which is reflected from its own radiant hues; dearer, a thousand-fold dearer to us all, than ever it was before, while gilded by the sunshine of prosperity, and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself far more eloquently than I can speak for it.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard. There's magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories, and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and the dead: and of him, the first and greatest of them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has so long been raging—"the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not." But before all and above all other associations and memories—whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places—its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and the Laws.

THE PERPETUITY OF THE UNION.

Give up the Union? NEVER! The Union shall endure, and its praises shall be heard when its friends and its foes, those who support, and those who assail, those who bare their bosoms in its defence, and those who aim their daggers at its heart, shall all sleep in the dust together. Its name shall be heard with veneration amid the roar of the Pacific's waves, away upon the river of the North and East where liberty is divided from monarchy, and be wafted in gentle breezes upon the Rio Grande. It shall rustle in the harvest and wave in

the standing corn, on the extended prairies of the West, and be heard in the bleating folds and lowing herds upon a thousand hills. It shall be with those who delve in mines, and shall hum in the manufactories of New England, and in the cotton-gins of the South. It shall be proclaimed by the Stars and Stripes in every sea of earth, as the American Union, one and indivisible; upon the great thoroughfares, wherever steam drives, and engines throb and shriek, its greatness and perpetuity shall be hailed with gladness. It shall be lisped in the earliest words, and ring in the merry voices of childhood, and swell to Heaven upon the song of maidens. It shall live in the stern resolve of manhood, and rise to the mercy-seat upon woman's gentle availing prayer. Holy men shall invoke its perpetuity at the altars of religion, and it shall be whispered in the last accents of expiring age.

OUR HEROIC DEAD.

There is a history in almost our every home which will never be written; but the memory of kindred has it embalmed forever. The representatives of the pride and hope of uncounted households, departing will return no more. The shaft of the archer, attracted by the shining mark, numbers them among his fallen. And, beyond the Atlantic slope, every battle-field has drunk the blood of our sons. Officers and enlisted men have vied with each other in deeds of valor. This flag, whose standard-bearer, shot down in battle, tossed it from his dying hand nerved by undying patriotism, has been caught by the comrade, who in his turn has closed his eyes for the last time upon its starry folds as another hero-martyr clasped the splintered staff and rescued the symbol at once of country and of their blood-bought fame.

How can fleeting words of human praise gild the record of their glory? Our eyes suffused with tears, and blood retreating to the heart, stirred with unwonted thrill, speak with the eloquence of nature, uttered but unexpressed. From the din of the battle, they have passed to the peace of eternity. Farewell! warrior, citizen, patriot, lover, friend; whether in the humbler ranks or bearing the sword of official power, whether

private, captain, surgeon, or chaplain, for all these in the heavy fight have passed away, Hail! and Farewell! Each hero must sleep serenely on the field where he fell in a cause "sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind."

HONOR TO OUR HEROES.

The heart swells with unwonted emotion when we remember our sons and brothers, whose constant valor has sustained on the field, during nearly three years of war, the cause of our country, of civilization and liberty. The muse herself demands the lapse of silent years to soften, by the influences of time, her too keen and poignant realization of the scenes of war, the pathos, the heroism, the fierce joy, the grief of battle. But during the ages to come, she will brood over their memory. Into the hearts of her consecrated ones will breathe the inspirations of lofty and undying beauty, sublimity, and truth, in all the glowing forms of speech, of literature and plastic art. By the homely traditions of the fireside, by the headstones in the churchyard consecrated to those whose forms repose far off in rude graves by the Rappahannock, or sleep beneath the sea, embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations of parents and children, the heroic dead will live on in immortal youth.

POLITICAL MORALITY.

Remember that the greatness of our country is not in its achievement, but in its promise, a promise which cannot be fulfilled without that sovereign moral sense, without a sensitive national conscience. If it were a question of the mere daily pleasure of living, the gratification of taste, opportunity of access to the great intellectual and æsthetic results of human genius, and whatever embellishes human life, no man could hesitate for a moment between the fulness of foreign lands in these respects, and the conspicuous poverty of our own. What have we done? We have subdued and settled a vast domain. We have made every inland river turn a mill, and wherever, on the dim rim of the globe, there is a harbor, we have lighted

it with an American sail. We have bound the Atlantic to the Mississippi, so that we drift from the sea to the prairie upon a cloud of vapor; and we are stretching one hand across the continent to fulfil the hope of Columbus in a shorter way to Cathay, and with the other we are grasping under the sea to clasp there the hand of the old continent, that so the throbbing of the ocean may not toss us further apart, but be as the beating of one common pulse of the world.

Yet these are the results common to all national enterprise, and different with us only in degree, not in kind. These are but the tools with which to shape a destiny. Commercial prosperity is only a curse, if it be not subservient to moral and intellectual progress; and our prosperity will conquer us, if we do not conquer our prosperity.

OUR COUNTRY'S GREATEST GLORY.

The true glory of a nation is in an intelligent, honest, industrious Christian people. The civilization of a people depends on their individual character; and a constitution which is not the outgrowth of this character is not worth the parchment on which it is written. You look in vain in the past for a single instance where the people have preserved their liberties after their individual character was lost.

The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious, and upright people. The busy click of machinery, the merry ring of the anvil, the lowing of peaceful herds, and the song of the harvest-home, are sweeter music than pæans of departed glory, or songs of triumph in war. The vine-clad cottage of the hill-side, the cabin of the woodsman, and the rural home of the farmer, are the true citadels of any country. There is a dignity in honest toil which belongs not to the display of wealth or the luxury of fashion. The man who drives the plough, or swings his axe in the forest, or with cunning fingers plies the tools of his craft, is as truly the servant of his country as the statesman in the senate or the soldier in battle. The safety of a nation depends not alone on the wisdom of its statesmen, or the bravery of its generals. The

tongue of eloquence never saved a nation tottering to its fall; the sword of a warrior never stayed its destruction.

Would you see the image of true glory, I would show you villages where the crown and glory of the people was in Christian schools, where the voice of prayer goes heaven-ward, where the people have that most priceless gift, *faith in God*.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Next to the worship of the Father of us all, the deepest and grandest of human emotions is the love of the land that gave us birth. It is an enlargement and exaltation of all the tenderest and strongest sympathies of kindred and of home. In all centuries and climes it has lived, and defied chains and dungeons and racks to crush it. It has strewed the earth with its monuments, and has shed undying lustre on a thousand fields on which it has battled. Through the night of ages, Thermopylæ glows like some mountain peak on which the morning sun has risen, because twenty-three hundred years ago, this hallowing passion touched its mural precipices and its crowning crags. It is easy, however, to be patriotic, in piping times of peace, and in the sunny hour of prosperity. It is national sorrow—it is war, with its attendant perils and horrors, that tests this passion, and winnows from the masses those who, with all their love of life, still love their country more. We honor commerce with its busy marts, and the workshop with its patient toil and exhaustless ingenuity, but still we would be unfaithful to the truth of history did we not confess that the most heroic champions of human freedom and the most illustrious apostles of its principles have come from the broad fields of agriculture. There seems to be something in the scenes of nature, in her wild and beautiful landscapes, in her cascades and cataracts, and waving woodlands, and in the pure and exhilarating airs of her hills and mountains, that embraces the fetters which man would rivet upon the spirit of his fellow-man. It was at the handles of the plow, and amid the breathing odors of its newly-opened furrows, that the character of Cincinnatus was formed, expanded, and matured. It

was not in the city full, but in the deep gorges and upon the snow-clad summits of the Alps—amid the eagles and the thunders, that William Tell laid the foundations of those altars to human liberty against which the surging tides of European despotism have beaten for centuries, but thank God, have beaten in vain.

LOYALTY TO LIBERTY OUR ONLY HOPE.

The love of country is the gift of God—it cannot dwell in homes of sin, it has no abiding place in saloons of vice or dens of infamy, it belongs not to infidel clubs or fanatical conventions, they would tear down the sacred edifice which they have never loved; they are impatient for change, for in the seething caldron of rebellion they are brought to the surface. With nothing to lose, they have no fear of the days of terror; their only dread is in the majesty of the law. The love of country belongs to a God-fearing people; it is seen in the purity of private life, in the privacy of Christian homes, in the devotions of the closet, in the manliness of Christian character. The church is its nursing mother. Loyalty to God and to her institutions is her first and last lesson; it is the earnest cry of her loyal children “that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations.” The love of country belongs to loyal men. The power of self-government depends upon a loyal people.

The protection of the nation depends not on the wisdom of its senators, not on the vigilance of its police, not on the strong arm of standing armies: but the loyalty of a united people. Other nations have equalled us in all the arts of civilization, in discoveries, in science, in skill, and in invention: they have kept even step with us and often surpassed us in philosophy and literature; they have been brave in war and wise in council; they have clustered round their homes all that art can lavish of beauty—but ripe scholarship, cunning in art, or skill in invention never gave to the people a constitution. This is the outgrowth of a manly spirit of loyalty. It teaches men *duty*—a right manly word for right manly men.

OUR GREAT INHERITANCE.

We have the greatest country on the face of the earth. Let not our minds be so distracted by mere party strife and confusion that we shall see our government fall to pieces before our eyes, and sacrifice our country to our party, instead of being ready at all times to sacrifice our party to our country. After we become the slave of party, we dare not, in the presence of any danger to the country, turn our backs to our parties, and say that we have a country that demands our services, and to it we will give them. Are we now unable to do this? Have we lost this spirit? has it gone from among us?

Providence has given this great country to us. Our wise and valiant forefathers gave us liberty and established a government for us. Let us take care of it—take care of the Constitution and the Union. That is all we require. We have before us the prospect of a glory unknown to other nations—a prospect in which our land will become the glory of the earth. Neither Rome nor any of the great empires of antiquity or of modern times can compare with what we shall be at no distant day. We are now thirty millions strong, yet we have been but eighty years in existence as a free nation. From the year 1776 down to the present time, God Almighty has blessed us above all other people and all other nations. Where shall we be thirty years hence if such prosperity attend us? A great nation of one hundred million souls, with not enough then to develop all our resources. Every man free to think, free to speak, free to act, free to work. What must this mighty freedom produce with this mighty concurrence of hearts, of heads, of hands! What navies, what armies, what cities!

FREE HOMES FOR FREE MEN.

I would provide in our land policy for securing homesteads to actual settlers; and whatever bounties the government should grant to the old soldiers, I would have made in money

and not in land warrants, which are bought in most cases by speculators as an easier and cheaper mode of acquiring the public lands. So they only facilitate land monopoly. The men who go forth at the call of their country to uphold its standard and vindicate its honor, are deserving, it is true, of a more substantial reward than tears to the dead and thanks to the living ; but there are soldiers of peace as well as of war, and though no waving plume beckons them on to glory or to death, their dying scene is often a crimson one. They fall leading the van of civilization along untrodden paths, and are buried in the dust of its advancing columns. No monument marks the scene of deadly strife ; no stone their resting place ; the winds sighing through the branches of the forest trees alone sing their requiem. Yet they are the meritorious men of the Republic—the men who give it strength in war and glory in peace. The achievements of your pioneer army, from the day they first drove back the Indian tribes from the Atlantic seaboard to the present hour, have been the achievements of science and civilization over the elements, the wilderness, and the savage.

If rewards or bounties are to be granted for true heroism in the progress of the race, none is more deserving than the pioneer who expels the savage and the wild beast, and opens in the wilderness a home for science and a pathway for civilization.

ALL VALUE CENTRES IN MIND.

Universal education, the culture of every mind born into the world, is necessary ; if this world was made for any purpose besides the glory of God (and to contribute to God's glory is to exalt and dignify mind), unless its creation was an accident or a blunder, it was formed to be the schoolhouse of the race, to minister in its various forms of harmony, beauty, and sublimity, to the necessities of the souls that have been placed in it. It is for this that the mountain shoots up from the plain, and stands in majesty against the distant sky ; for this the earth puts on her gorgeous robes of spring and summer ; for this the sea is spread out in beauty when the winds

are hushed, or is roused into terrific sublimity when the tempest is abroad; for this the heavens put on their star-decked mantle, and make the night more glorious than the day; for this planets and suns move with measured and obedient step through an extent of space that appals even the mind to which it ministers; for this all nature, like a grand instrument, with infinite variety of parts and expression, has been uttering her voice; from the time when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Every tint of the rose, every sigh of the breeze, every glimpse of the sunshine, is laid as an offering upon the shrine of mind; and man, feeble and frail though he be, is admitted to a share of the magnificent homage.

We may depend upon it, there is nothing with which we have to do that is of so much consequence as mind. And, if so, it follows that all mind should be educated. This is the great duty of humanity.

OUR SYSTEM OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION SHOULD DISTINCTIVELY INCULCATE A LOVE OF COUNTRY.

The true American patriot is ever a *worshipper*. The starry symbol of his country's sovereignty is to *him* radiant with a diviner glory than that which meets his mortal vision. It epitomizes the splendid results of dreary ages of experiments and failures in human government; and, as he gazes upon its starry folds undulating responsive to the whispering winds of the upper air, it sometimes seems to his rapt spirit to recede further and further into the soft blue skies, till the heavens open, and angel hands plant it upon the battlements of Paradise. Its stars seem real; its lines of white symbol the purity of his heroic sires; those of red, their patriot blood shed in defense of the right. To defend that flag, is to him something more than a duty, it is a joy, a coveted privilege, akin to that which nerves the arm and directs the blow in defense of wife or child. To insult it, is worse than infamy; to make war upon it, more than treason.

A perfect civil government is the sublimest earthly symbol of Deity—indeed, such a government is a transcript of the divine will; its spirit and principles identical with those with which he governs the universe. Its vigilance, care and protection, are ubiquitous, its strong hand is ever ready to raise the fallen, restrain the violent, and punish the aggressor. Its patient ear is bent to catch alike the complaint of the rich and strong, or the poor and weak, while unerring justice presides at the trial and settlement of every issue between man and man.

Now, our government is not perfect, even in theory, and still less so in practice; but it is good, and strong, and glorious enough to inspire a loftier patriotism than animates the people of any other nation. What element is wanting to evoke the passionate love and admiration of an American citizen for his country?

LIBERTY AND THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Sir, the liberty of the press is the highest safeguard to all free government. Ours could not exist without it. It is like a great, exulting and abounding river. It is fed by the dews of heaven, which distil their sweetest drops to form it. It gushes from the rill as it breaks from the deep caverns of the earth. It is augmented by a thousand affluents, that dash from the mountain-top, to separate again into a thousand bounteous and irrigating streams around. On its broad bosom it bears a thousand barks. There genius spreads its purpling sail. There poetry dips its silver oar. There art, invention, discovery, science, morality and religion, may safely and securely float. It wanders through every land. It is a genial, cordial source of thought and inspiration, wherever it touches, whatever it surrounds. Upon its borders there grows every flower of grace, and every fruit of truth. Sir, I am not here to deny that that river sometimes oversteps its bounds. I am not here to deny that that stream sometimes becomes a dangerous torrent, and destroys towns and cities upon its bank.

But I am here to say that, without it, civilization, humanity, government, all that makes society itself, would disappear, and the world would return to its ancient barbarism. Sir, if that were possible, though but for a moment, civilization would roll the wheels of its car backward for two thousand years, and the fine conception of the poet would be realized :

“ As one by one, in dread Medea’s train,
Star after star fades off the ethereal plain,
Thus at her fell approach and secret might
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
Philosophy, that leaned on heaven before,
Sinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, morality expires.”

A CATEGORICAL COURTSHIP.

I sat one night beside a blue-eyed girl—
The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother;
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
Making faint shadows, blending in each other;
’Twas nearly twelve o’clock, too, in November,
She had a shawl on, also, I remember.
Well, I had been to see her every night
For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion
To pop the question, thinking all was right,
And once or twice had made an awkward motion
To take her hand, and stammered, coughed and stuttered,
But somehow nothing to the point had uttered.
I thought this chance too good now to be lost;
I hitched my chair up pretty close beside her,
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I crossed,
Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her;
She looked as if she knew what next was coming,
And with her foot upon the floor was drumming.
I didn’t know how to begin, or where—
I couldn’t speak, the words were always choking;
I scarce could move—I seemed tied in my chair—

I hardly breathed—'t was awfully provoking;
The perspiration from each pore was oozing,
My heart and brain and limbs their power seemed losing.
At length I saw a brindle tabby cat
Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her;
An idea came, electric-like, at that—
My doubts, like summer clouds, began to scatter,
I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,
And said, "Come, Puss, ask Mary if she'll have me?"
'Twas done at once—the murder now was out,
The thing was all explained in half a minute;
She blushed, and turning pussy cat about,
Said, "Pussy, tell him, yes!" Her foot was in it!
The cat had thus saved me my category,
And here's the catastrophe of my story.

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A man very lame was a little to blame,
To stray far from his humble abode;
Hot, thirsty, bemired, and heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined, a man who was blind,
Came by and entreated his aid:
"Deprived of my sight, unassisted to-night,
I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give of the place where you live,"
Said the cripple, "perhaps I may know it;
In my road it may be, and if you'll carry me,
It will give much pleasure to show it.

"Great strength you have got, which alas! I have not,
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;
For the use of your back, for the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man, "What an excellent plan!
Pray get on my shoulders, good brother;
I see all mankind, if they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another."

THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still, furz you can look
or listen,

Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill, all silence an' a ghsten.
Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown, an' peeked in thru the
winder,

An' there sot Huld, all alone, with no one nigh to hinder.

A fire-place filled the room's one side with half a cord o' wood
in,—

There warn't no stoves till Comfort died, to bake ye to a
puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out towârd the pootiest, bless
her!

An' leetle flames danced all about the chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crooknecks hung, and in amongst 'em
rusted

The ole queen's-arm that gran'ther Young fetched back from
Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in, seemed warm from floor to
ceilin',

An' she looked full ez rosy agin ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom come to look on sech a blessed cretur,

A dogoose blushin' to a brook aint modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1, clean grit an' human natur,

None could'nt quicker pitch a ton, nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals, he'd squired 'em, danced
'em, druv 'em,

Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—all is, he couldn't love
'em.

But long o' her, his veins 'ould run all crinkly, like curled
maple,

The side she breshed felt full o' sun ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice had sech a swing as hisn in the choir;

My! when he made Ole Hundred ring, she *knowed* the Lord
was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer, when her new meet-
in-' bunset

Felt, somehow, thru its crown, a pair o' blue eyes sot upon it.
Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*! she seemed to 've gut
a new soul,

For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come, down to her very shoe-
sole. •

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, 'tu, a-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins' flew, like sparks in burnt-up
paper.

He kin' o' loitered on the mat, some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat, but hern went pity-Zekle.

An' yit, she gin her cheer a jerk, ez though she wished him
further,

An' on her apples kep' to work, parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?" "Wal—no—I come
designin'"—

"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es agin to-morrer's
i'nin."

To say why gals act so or so, or don't, would be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no* comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust, then stood a spell on t'
other,

An' on which one he felt the wust, he couldn't ha' told ye,
nuther.

Says he, "I 'd better call agin." Says she, "Think likely,
Mister."

That last word pricked him like a pin, an'—wal, he up an'
kissed her.

When Ma, bimeby, upon 'em slips, Huldly sot, pale as ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips, an' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jest the quiet kind, whose naturs never vary
Like streams thet keep a summer mind snow-hid in Jenooary.
The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued too tight for all ex-
pressin',

Till mother see how matters stood, an' gin 'em both her
bles-sin'.

Then her red come back, like the tide down to the Bay o'
Fundy,

An' all I know is, they was cried in meetin' come nex' Sun-
day.

JONTEEL HOMME.

In Angleterre, I vas vat you call de emigrant; because in de revolution, ma foi! ven my countree, dat I love so much, vant to cut off my head, I take to my feet, and run away very fast, so dat de guillotine can no cut short my valk over de sea—not at all. Here I make the montre, vat you call the vatch. I am de horologer, de clock-maker, and get de living by de *tick*. Mais dans Paris, in my own countree, I vas very large man, indeed; vas nobleman, and stood very high indeed in de grand armee Royale.

De oder day, I vas valk in vat you call you Park, and dere I see sit on de bench, un pauvre homme. He seem very hungry, very cold; he looked very dirty, very ragged, and very poor, indeed—but he appear very jonteel man for all dat. I go to him, and I say to him—for I see in de twinkle of de eye he vas von Frenchman—vas my countree-man: “Mon ami, my friend, my countree-man, for vat you sit on dis bench here, vy you not go to de cook-shop, de restaurateur, vere dey eat de beef and de mouton, and de sallad, and de pomme de terre?” He say to me: “I am brave Français, I am jontil homme,—I am one of de first men in all France, but I am sans sous, point d’argent, I have not one single farthing dans tout le monde, not a penny in all de vorld, and no credit at all.”

Den he show me his pockets filled vid very large holes, but noting else; but he appear a very jontil-homme for all dat. And all at vonce, immediately, instantment, in de half second, I recollect to have seen him in Paris, dress all in de silver and in de gold lace. Jontilhomme, or nobleman, I forget vich, but it vas all de same, I look again,—ma foi! he have no lace but de rags, and no silver but de gray hair dat grow out of de hole in de top of his hat, like you see de pigeon claw stick out of de pie,—but he vas a very jonteel homme for all dat.

He make de graceful bow to me. Mon Dieu! his knee come out of de pantaloons, and I see his great toe look at me out of de end of his boot. I say to him: My countree-man,

mon ami, no d'argent, no credit, no dinner! vat for you leave you logement, den?—vy you no take de refreshment, and de sleep in you bed? He say to me: "Ah, mon ami! I have no logement, no bed: I lodge in de open air, vere I pay no rent, and I sleep here: de bench is my matrass, and de tree dat hang over my head de curtain." "Ma foi! no logement, no bed! pauvre homme, my heart is melt vid de great big pity for you. My friend, my countree-man, I shall take you home to my maison, and give you de diner and de sleep for de night. My landlady is very particulaire, she no like de stranger to sleep in her domicile; so, ve vill wait, and get de bon appetite till it is dark—den, you sall pull off you shoe, and ve vill steal up de stair, and nobody sall know dat you are dere." Vell, ve valk under de tree, and talk of de grand restaurateur vere dey have de five hundred dishes for dinner, at de splendid palace of de great monarque a Versailles, till at last it grow to de dark night—den, ve steal home to my logement, and I open de door vid de littel key vat I have in my pocket; den I rub my shoe on de mat, and I leave de dirt; mon ami, my countree-man, he rub his shoe on de mat, and he leave de sole dere—but he vas a very jonteel homme for all dat. Ve have de littel joke on his loss of de sole; den I pull off my shoe, and dere is my stocking; mon ami, my countree-man, he pull off his shoe, and dere is only his foot: he have no stocking at all. Vell, ve have the littel joke because he have no stocking, and ve creep up de stair light as de feather, vidout anybody hear. Vell, ve get into my room, mon apartment, mon chambre a lit; dere I strike de light, make de fire, lay de cloth, and get my dinner from de cupboard. I pull out de large piece of bread, de neck of mouton dat vas boiled yesterday, and de great dish of soup dat I make hot; and I say: "Now, mon ami, my countree-man, ve vill have de dinner." I get up for de cloth to put under my chin, dat I may no grease my frill vid de soup; ma foi! ven I come back to help myself dere is none!—mon ami, my countree-man, he has swallow it all up. Vell, ve have de littel joke about de soup, sure not to grease my frill now, and I go to take some mouton; ma foi dere is only de bones! mon ami, mon countree-man, he have eat up all de meat—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat. Vell, ve

have de littel joke, and I laugh a littel, on de wrong side of my mouth, about my friend eat all de meat and leave me de bone: and I go to make shift vid de crust of bread—but, parbleu! dere is no bread at all! mon ami, my countree-man, he eat all de bread while I eat de soup. Ve have not de littel joke dis time, and I content myself vid de cheese paring and de bit of salt. At last it come time to go to bed; and I say: “Mon ami, my countree-man, ve vill aller coucher, put our heads in de night-cap.” Vell, I pull off my coat, and dere is my vaist-coat; mon ami, my countree-man pull of his coat, ma foi! dere is no vaist-coat at all. I say: “Mon ami, my countree-man, dere is de old sack de man bring vid de pomme de terre. Youshall make shift vid dat. Vell, he lay down on de potatoe sack, and I go to sleep.—In de moruing I vake and look for mon ami, my countree-man;—and parbleu! he is no dere! I look and he is gone!—I say I say I will put on my clothes and see if he is down stairs. I look for my tings and parbleu dey is no dere, no more is my hat, nor my stocking, nor my shoe, nor my anyting: but dere is de chapeau vid de hole in de top, de pantaloon out of de knee, de shoe dat have no sole, and very littel body, and de greasy, rusty, ragged habit of mon ami, my countree-man. Vell, I say, he has dress himself in all my tings by mistake; he have no money no credit, no logement; he make shift and sleep in my potatoe sack; he get up while I sleep and run away vid all my clothes; it is all very bad, ma foi!—Vell! I make de fire vid his old clothes, and dey vere too bad for me, and I wrap myself up in de blanket and I tink I will go to vork; ven, parbleu! I find all de vatches dat vas left by my customers, because dey would not go, had all go while I vas asleep! mon ami, my countree-man had taken dem while I vas dormi, and I vas ruin, and oblige to run away—but he vas a very jont.el man for all dat.

BILLY AND BETTY.

As Billy and Betty were sparking one night,
“Grammercy,” said he, and turned pale with affright;
“Grammercy, dear Betty, a funeral is near,
For a death-watch is ticking e’en now in my ear.”

Now Betty applied her left ear to his right,
Pit-a-pat went her heart and her hair stood upright.
Now while she was listening it happen'd just then
The clock in the parlor began to strike ten.

"I hear it," cried Betty, and panted for breath ;
" 'Tis surely a death-watch, a token of death,
Alas, for us all, what terrible signs,
Tray howls every night and the tabby cat whines.

"To-day I was spinning, and out flew a coal
And here in my bran new gown burnt a huge hole.
Last week a hen crow'd, and to-day the cat dozed
With one eye wide open and the other fast closed.

"Three times in the candle a coffin I've seen,
Which signifies death, or pray what does it mean ?"
"To be sure it means death," replied Will with a groan,
"Some one in this house will be dead very soon.

"To-day when I put on the fire an old stick,
A maggot was in it, I heard it go click.
This moment a peach-tree is in second bloom,
And the grass has decayed on the family tomb.

"Last night when I rode by the church-yard alone
A whippoorwil sat on the marble tombstone.
At that instant a shooting star came
Plump into the grave-yard and sparkled like time."

"Oh! dear," cried Betty, and seized Billy's arm :
"Oh! forgive me," said Will, "I don't mean any harm,
But as I was saying, a death will take place,
For the signs are as plain as the nose on my face.

"Last night as I was riding, old Dobbin ne'er scares,
By the gate of the church-yard, he pricked up his ears ;
Then plunging aside—with a terrible snort—
He stared at the yew-tree and breathed very short.

So I mumbled a prayer, and my bosom I crossed,
For I knew that old Dobbin was spying a ghost."
"Oh! Billy, don't frighten me so,
Good lack, don't you think the candle burns blue?"

"As blue as my coat, and I wish I may die
If I don't smell brimstone." "Oh! dear, so do I."
Now while they were staring with speechless affright
A puff from the window extinguished their light.

Each started and screamed, but sad to relate,
Their stools were capsized on the tail of the cat.
The cat squalled aloud, and the lovers both roar'd,
Which roused up a dog in the corner that snor'd.

And now there was barking, and mewling, and biting,
And scratching, and squalling, and screaming, and fighting.
This moment the old negro ran into the room,
And by the light of the fire was seen thro' the gloom.

They saw him half-clothed and blacker than night,
With bright rolling eye-balls and teeth grinning white,
And both in a panic dropt down on their knees,
Crying, "Oh! sweet Mr. Devil, oh! pray if you please."

Old Cuffy replied, with a most ludicrous stare,
"Why, I'se not de debbil, I'se Cuffy," "Why so you are!"
Thus ended the uproar, and thus ends the wrong;
In short, to be brief, one should never be long.

FORTITUDE OF THE INDIAN CHARACTER.

A party of the Seneca Indians came to war against the Katawbas, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress: on his perceiving them, he sprang off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they

intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift, and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph: but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward.

The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice; and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharper torments to which he was destined, would have so impaired his health, and affected his imagination, as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings.

Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances; but I never knew this with any of the Indians; and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies: for when they were taking him unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near the river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore.

He ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, like blood-hounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly. He chose to take leave in a formal manner, in

return for the extraordinary favors they had done, and intended to do him. So stopping a moment, he bid them defiance, in the genuine style of Indian gallantry, he put up the shrill warwhoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies.

He continued his speed, so as to run, by about midnight of the same day, as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested, till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him: he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him; but there was everything to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honor and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes.

He accordingly crept, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot, clothed himself, and took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provision as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, except when he reclined as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree.

As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had been taken prisoner and doomed to the fiery torture, after having killed seven of his enemies. The bodies of these he dug up, burnt them to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they ever had known before. In their chilled war council they concluded that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated, and even after that in his condition, he must surely be an enemy wizard; and that, as he was now well armed, he would destroy them all should they continue the pursuit; they therefore very prudently returned home.

DEFENCE OF LITERARY STUDIES IN MEN OF BUSINESS.

Among the cautions which prudence and worldly wisdom inculcate on the young, or at least among those sober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is said to result from the pursuit of letters and of science, in men destined for the labors of business, for the active exertions of professional life. The abstraction of learning, the speculations of science, and the visionary excursions of fancy, are fatal, it is said, to the study of common objects, to the habits of plodding industry which ordinary business demands. The fineness of mind which is created or increased by the study of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is supposed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which professional eminence is gained; as a nicely tempered edge applied to a coarse and rugged material is unable to perform what a more common instrument would have successfully achieved. A young man destined for law or commerce is advised to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and dulness is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddess, under whose protection the honors of station and the blessings of opulence are to be attained; while learning and genius are proscribed as leading their votaries to barren indigence and merited neglect.

In doubting the truth of these assertions, I think I shall not entertain any hurtful degree of skepticism, because the general current of opinion seems of late years to have set too strongly in the contrary direction: and one may endeavor to prop the falling cause of literature without being accused of blamable or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and experience produce of idleness, of dissipation, and of poverty, brought on by indulgence of literary or poetical enthusiasm, the evidence must necessarily be on one side of the question only. Of the few whom learning or genius has led astray, the ill success or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the sufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant

as they were poor, the fate is unknown, from the insignificance of those by whom it was endured. If we may reason *a priori* on the matter, the chance, I think, should be on the side of literature.

In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural aversion to the drudgery of business, which is seldom overcome, till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progress of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enlisted on the side of their profession, by the opening prospects of ambition or emolument. From this tyranny, as youth conceives it, of attention and of labor, relief is commonly sought from some favorite avocation or amusement, for which a young man either finds or steals a portion of his time, either patiently plods through his task, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival by deserting his work before the legal period for amusement is arrived. It may fairly be questioned whether the most innocent of these amusements, is either so honorable or so safe as the avocation of learning or of science. Of minds uninformed and gross, whom youthful spirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amusement will generally be either boisterous or effeminate, will either dissipate their attention or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by those rigid masters who exact the most scrupulous observance of the periods destined for business. The waste of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loss of much higher denomination. The votary of study or the enthusiast of fancy, may incur the first, but the latter will be suffered chiefly by him whom ignorance or want of imagination has left to the grossness of mere sensual enjoyments.

In this, as in other respects, the love of letters is friendly to sober manners and virtuous conduct, which in every profession is the road to success, and to respect, without adopting the common place reflections against some particular departments, it must be allowed that in mere men of business there is a certain professional rule of right, which is not always honorable, and though meant to be selfish, very seldom profits. A superior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the sense

of honor, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a desertion of those principles.

To the improvement of our faculties as well as of our principles, the love of letters appears to be favorable. Letters require a certain sort of application, though of a kind very different from that which business would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in themselves, as that word is used in the language of the world, yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amusement of some use, as those sports of children in which numbers are used to familiarize them to the elements of arithmetic. They give room for the exercise of that discernment, that comparison of objects, that distinction of causes which is to increase the skill of the physician, to guide the speculations of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer ; and though some professions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is scarce any branch of business in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labor. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed of all qualities the least necessary, that those who possessed it in a degree above their fellows, have found, from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and wealth.

But I must often repeat, that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity ; a truth which it may be thought declamation to insist on, which the present time seems particularly to require being told.

The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage which abject men pay to fortune ; and there is a certain classical pride, which from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown insects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge nor ennobled by virtue.

In the possession, indeed, of what he has attained in that rest and retirement from his labors, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened and his cares were smoothed, the mere man of business frequently undergoes suffering instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy as one ought is an easy art ; but to know how to be idle is a very superior accomplishment. This diffi-

culty is much increased with persons to whom the habit of employment has made some active exertion necessary ; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuse themselves with those lighter trifles in which he, who inherited idleness as he did fortune from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement. The miseries and misfortunes of the "retired pleasures" of men of business have been frequently matters of speculation to the moralist, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusements with professional labor, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his mind when unbent from business, some employment for those hours which retirement and solitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the use of one's time is not the least valuable species of freedom. This liberty the man of letters enjoys ; while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thralldom of business only to become the slaves of languor, intemperance, or vice.

But the situation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind, which letters bestow, are chiefly conspicuous, is old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumscribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminished. Unfit for the bustle of affairs, and the amusements of his youth, an old man, if he has no source of mental exertion or employment, often settles into the gloom of melancholy and peevishness, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man whose gratifications were solely derived from those sensual appetites which time has blunted, or from those trivial amusements of which youth only can share, age has cut off almost every source of enjoyment. But to him who has stored his mind with the information, and can still employ it in the amusement of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks, he feels with that literary world whose society he can at all times enjoy. There is perhaps no state more capable of comfort to ourselves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which such an old age affords ; it is then the twilight of the passions, when they are mitigated but not extinguished, and spread their gentle influence over the evening of our day, in alliance with reason and in amity with virtue.

MACKENZIE.

PSALM CXXXVII.

(SCOTCH VERSION,) AS READ BY EDWARD IRVING.

By Babel's streams we sat and wept | when Zion we thought
on ;

In midst thereof we hang'd our harps | the willow trees upon.
For there a song required they, | who did us captive bring :
Our spoilers call'd for mirth and said, | a song of Zion sing.

O how the Lord's song shall we sing | within a foreign land ?
If thee, Jerusalem, I forget, | skill part from my right hand.
My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave, | if I do thee forget,
Jerusalem, and thee above | my chief joy do not set.

Remember Edom's children, Lord, | who in Jerus'lem's days,
Ev'n unto its foundation, | Raze, raze it quite, did say.
O daughter thou of Babylon, | near to destruction ;
Bless'd shall be he that thee rewards, | as thou to us hast done.

Yea, happy surely shall he be—thy tender little ones
Who shall lay hold upon, and them | shall dash against the
stones.

SLAIN AT SADOWA.—*Bloomfield Jackson.*

The cannon were belching their last
O'er the fields where the routed were flying,
And shouting pursuers strode fast
Through the heaps of the dead and the dying.

War's rage was beginning to wane ;
The fierce cared no longer to strike ;
And the good stooped to soften the pain
Of victors and vanquished alike.

A yellow-haired Austrian lad
Lay at length on a shot-furrowed bank ;
He was comely and daintily clad
In the glittering dress of his rank.

Not so white, though, his coat as his cheek,
Nor so red the sash, crossing his chest,
As the horrible crimson streak
Of blood that had welled from his breast !

His foes approached where he was laid,
To bear him in reach of their skill ;
But he murmured, " Give others your aid ;
By our Fatherland ! let me lie still."

At dawn they came searching again,
To winnow the quick from the dead ;
The boy was set free from his pain,
And his faithful young spirit had fled.

As they lifted his limbs from the ground,
To hide them away out of sight,
Lo ! under his bosom they found
The flag he had borne through the fight.

He had folded the silk he loved well,
Lest a thread should be seen at his side :
To wave it in triumph he fell ;
To save it from capture he died.

The head of the sternest was bared
As they gazed on the shot-riven rag,
And the hand of the hardest spared
To make prey of that Austrian flag.

O'er the tomb of their brother they bowed,
With a prayer for a spirit as brave ;
And they gave him the flag for a shroud
In his narrow and nameless grave.

THE CHILDREN IN THE MOON.

Hearken, child, unto a story!
For the moon is in the sky,
And across her shield of silver,
See! two tiny cloudlets fly.

Watch them closely, mark them sharply,
As across the light they pass,—
Seem they not to have the figures
Of a little lad and lass?

See, my child, across their shoulders
Lies a little pole! and lo!
Yonder speck is just the bucket,
Swinging softly to and fro.

It is said, these little children,
Many and many a Summer night,
To a little well far northward
Wandered in the still moonlight.

To the wayside well they trotted,
Filled their little buckets there,
And the Moon-man looking downwards,
Saw how beautiful they were.

Quoth the man, "How vexed and sulky
Looks the little rosy boy!
But the little handsome maiden
Trips behind him full of joy.

To the well behind the hedgerow
Trot the little lad and maiden;
From the well behind the hedgerow
Now the little pail is laden.

How they please me! how they tempt me!
Shall I snatch them up to night?
Snatch them, set them here for ever,
In the middle of my light?

Children, ay, and children's children
Should behold my babes on high,
And my babes should smile for ever,
Calling others to the sky ! ”

Thus the philosophic Moon-man
Muttered many years ago,
Set the babes with pole and bucket,
To delight the folks below.

Never is the bucket empty,
Never are the children old;
Ever when the moon is shining
We the children may behold.

Ever young and ever little,
Ever sweet and ever fair !
When thou art a man, my darling,
Still the children will be there !

Ever young, and ever little,
They will smile when thou art old !
When thy locks are thin and silver
Theirs will still be shining gold.

They will haunt you from their heaven,
Softly beckoning down the gloom—
Smiling in eternal sweetness
On thy cradle, on thy tomb !

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

(By T. Buchanan Read.)

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay;
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan was twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The war of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold.
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there's a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight ;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs thundering South,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster ;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed, like a bark fed with with furnace ire
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
But, lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers and then the retreating troops;—
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both;
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say;
“I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!”

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American Soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!”

CLASSES—READINGS.

Persons desirous of forming classes for instruction, or wishing an evening's ENTERTAINMENT of READINGS for the public, or in the social circle, are respectfully requested to address—

J. E. FROBISHER,

NEW YORK.

TESTIMONIALS.

Odd-Fellow's Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, last night, to hear Mr. FROBISHER and his class. All our teachers have taken lessons, besides many pupils in the High and Ward schools.—*Zanesville Courier*.

We most cordially commend him as an able, efficient, and faithful teacher.—*Graduating Class and Juniors, Dartmouth College*.

Mr. FROBISHER has given entire satisfaction, and we heartily recommend him as a very able teacher.—*Students of Kenyon College*.

In our opinion he has few equals in this noble art, and we therefore commend him as a successful and industrious teacher.—*Under Graduates and Students of Franklin College*.

His Lecture before the Teacher's Association was received with rapturous applause. All were delighted.—*Cleveland Daily Herald*.

We cheerfully recommend him as an efficient and faithful teacher of Elocution.—*Students of Victoria College, Canada*.

Mr. FROBISHER delivered his Lecture before the Institute to a delighted audience.—*Port-Hope Guide, Canada*.

Mr. and Mrs. FROBISHER gave their second entertainment before a large and well-filled house, and were loudly applauded. "Hagar," by Mrs. FROBISHER, drew tears from the audience. Mr. FROBISHER has formed a number of classes, several of which are composed of young ladies. He has a large one of the members of the Ontario Literary Society, which gives fine satisfaction.—*Toronto Daily Globe, Canada.*

Mr. FROBISHER has been lecturing for the last three nights to the largest audiences. One minute you could hear a pin drop, and the next his voice would be drowned in thunders of applause.—*Bowmanville Statesman, Canada.*

As a whole, the Lecture and Readings by Mr. and Mrs. FROBISHER were superior to anything of the kind we have had in Toronto for a considerable period. Mr. FROBISHER is a lineal descendant of the great navigator, Sir MARTIN FROBISHER, of the time of Queen Elizabeth —*Toronto Daily Globe, Canada.*

The Readings were of the highest order, and the applause which so continually broke in upon them must have been very encouraging to Mr. FROBISHER.—*Boston Daily Courier.*

Professor FROBISHER is a strong advocate of the natural system of delivery, and affords in himself an excellent example of its superiority. His "Bells" are exceedingly effective, and evince an astonishing power over the voice.—*Montreal Daily Gazette.*

DAILY PAPERS OF NEW YORK CITY.

Dodworth's Hall was filled by an appreciative audience. The entertainment was a decided success.—*World.*

The Readings at Dodworth Hall were attended by a highly intelligent audience, completely filling the room. The pieces were well selected, and were received with enthusiastic applause.—*Tribune.*

The Readings by Professor FROBISHER, at Dodworth Hall, were well attended, and proved one of the most successful entertainments of the kind that has been given for some time.—*Times.*









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